THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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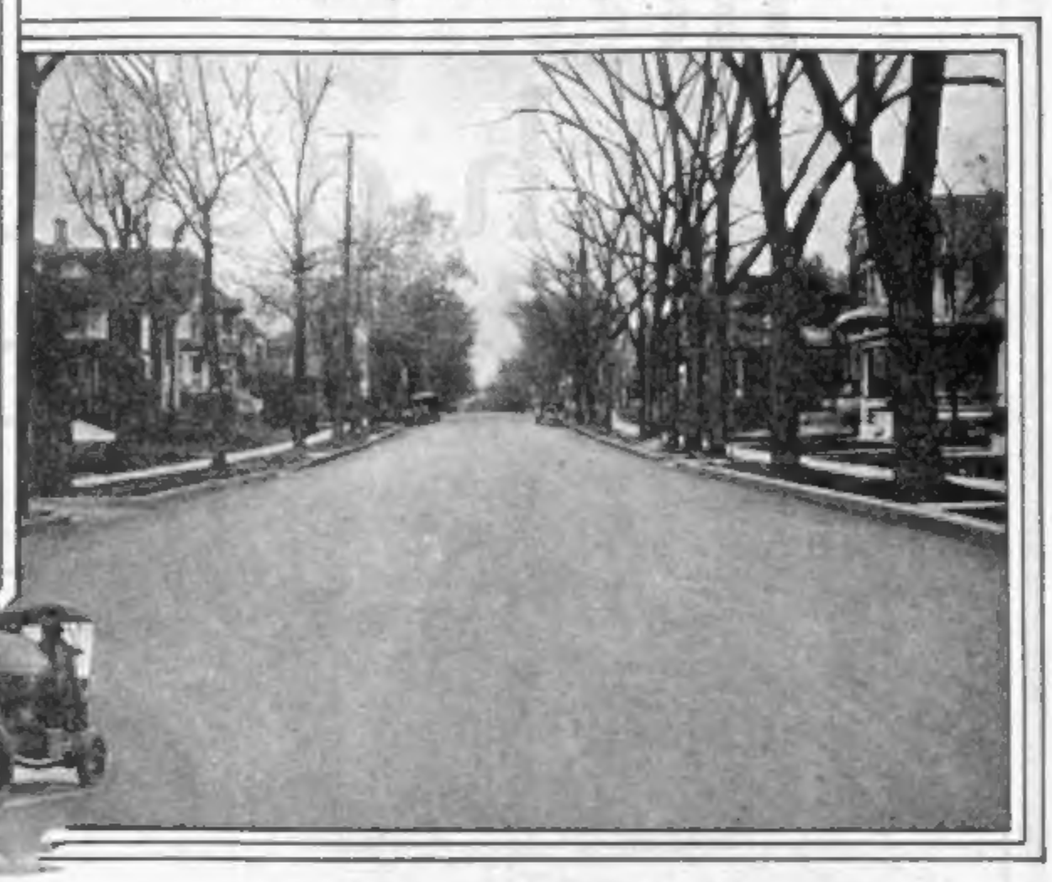

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TEMPLE DUSK

By Calvin Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

This Girl Had Left the Table When He Did and Followed a Few Steps Slowly. Then She Halted, Still Clutching the Silver Coin in Her Little Fist

IT HAS been recalled by black old Emanuel, the doorman at the Versailles, that his master, Clement Palter, gave signs of presentiment for several days before the Tuesday midnight of his taking off. This is not admitted by Palter's friend, Major Treadwell, an elaborately dressed old gentleman with a hook nose and a single gleaming eye. "Voodoo gets all you old smokes going, Emanuel," he said; "there's no such things as signs and warnings." For that matter, Palter had always been a man of peculiar finality in his actions, keeping his house in order as if expecting to be called away any day, and the major, a retired turfman, emphasized this to Emanuel: "Clem always figured that a man should know just how much good and bad he was carrying in his record, so that he would not be giving away weight when the barrier went up on the hereafter."

As a deacon in his church Emanuel was scandalized at the imputation of voodoo, but kept discreetly silent. "There's no use arguin'," he told himself, "with a white gen'l'man who talks about dyin' as a hoss race." Of course a horse would not have a presentiment. The two were debating thus as they returned from Palter's funeral together with Charley, the croupier at the Versailles. The latter did not choose to give his opinion, but was vividly reminded that last Tuesday night some new absorbing interest had occupied Palter, to the exclusion of all his worldly affairs.

Palter had called him into the office about two in the morning and shown him an account just opened in his ledger with Bunny Fish, a well-known man-about-Broadway. "Balance that for your legacy," he said. There was at that moment something unusual about the old gambler.

Silver hair and a pallid aquiline countenance gave Palter a priestly air, but his black eyes glimmered with mysteries not of the church. The thick python body had movements of incredible swiftness, and yet Palter always seemed deliberate. On Tuesday night he sat in his swivel chair and, dropping a pinch of tobacco into the bowl of a huge meerschaum, looked at Charley of the rosy boy's cheeks and dancing blue eyes, with the air of the great Brahm. "Balance that account for your legacy," he had said, touching the page of his ledger. He also sealed an envelope marked "Last will; to be opened by Charley after funeral," and told the latter to put it in the safe in the vault.

"Where it will wait a long time to be opened," laughed Charley.

Palter, without replying, looked on him through the gauze of blue smoke so remotely that the croupier began seriously to consider his situation in case the old gambler should pass out suddenly.

With a system of bookkeeping peculiarly his own, Palter would sometimes open an account with a certain man by simply debiting him with so many thousands; then he would see that this unconscious debtor was brought to play at the Versailles by some mutual friend. This system was sportsmanly in character; if the debtor made a killing at Palter's expense he was never solicited further, and the loss was charged off to the account of "Gambling."

But besides inveigling the men of Wall Street and the City Hall or renowned profiteers from other cities, Palter would sometimes open an account with a man he disliked, entering a debit so large that balancing it spelled ruin. The debit against Bunny Fish was forty-three thousand dollars.

"Clem wants this Fish cleaned out, and has put it up to me to do it," reasoned Charley. Instead of upbraiding Palter for making him win his legacy or go without, he laughed joyously. "You know me!" He had always longed for high play—just one plunge out of sight. Palter would leave him money enough to carry on the game with Fish, but he asked practically: "How am I to get such a stingy loser into a game of freeze out?"

"When does a party collect his legacy?" demanded Palter, displeased. "Why, after—the funeral," finished Palter.

His glance roved, taking in every detail of these housings of his past; clung a moment to the pages of the open ledger; then he nodded and closed the book. From that moment he would not discuss business of any kind.

"Clem knew the barrier was going up for him," reflected Charley now, but he had nothing to say to his friends as they debated, returning by train from Woodlawn.

At the station they separated, but Charley did not go home like the others; instead, he took a cab to the Versailles. He nodded to the watchman, lounging in the dusky hall, and ran upstairs to the office. At the close of their Tuesday night interview Palter had given him the combination of the strong box within the vault, and after a moment's nervous work with the tumblers Charley stood under the chandelier, reading the will.

There was a bequest to Emanuel of ten thousand in nonnegotiable bonds, and one to Major Jim Treadwell, of Kentucky; the major, already a wealthy man, inherited Palter's famous diamonds. Bunny Fish was bequeathed the Versailles itself; the residue of the estate, all in cash and negotiable bonds, went to a brotherhood of which the deceased had been a member.

The only paragraph of the will which interested Charley read: "The Versailles, with all its furniture, pictures, marbles and gaming paraphernalia with the lease of ten years, I bequeath to Bunny Fish, on condition that he preserve it intact and conduct the games of chance fairly and without limit." The young man whistled raptly. "Without limit!"

"Clem knew that nasty little loser could never be roped into a big game," he reasoned; "but no man can turn down the Versailles as a gift, and if Fish takes it he must play without a limit! Now where's my stake, Clem?"

A bank of several thousand dollars would be necessary to cope with Fish, as losses generally alternate before the final break decides a big game. Again he searched the strong box, and found, as he expected, an envelope addressed to himself. It contained forty-three thousand dollars in big currency, enabling him to engage his adversary dollar for dollar. A little note with it cautioned him: "Go as far as you like, Charley, but make a quick game. Remember you'll be on the wrong side of the table, and nobody can beat the laws of average for long." It was signed: "Affectionately, CLEM."

This money evidently did not appear in Palter's accounts; the boy could, if he had chosen, have pocketed it without risking a dollar to Fish.

"But you know me, Clem," he laughed joyously, tossing up the package of currency and catching it. "And you know if I win his money I'll win back the Versailles!"

The game Charley was to make for his legacy was the finale of a drama that had been running for five years. With a feeling that it might possibly stand him in good stead when he clashed with Fish for his legacy, Charley settled himself to reconstruct the first scene of the drama in all its details. He did so laboriously, though Palter had told him in a desultory way about all that he had not witnessed himself.

Near midnight on June 26, 1914, a noisy party had burst into the Versailles by the private entrance, and, led by Danny Sterling, Palter's partner of those days, stormed the roulette table in the main drawing-room.

Down through the suite of spacious rooms flooded with light as mellow as moonshine came the little carnival rabble, hailing the Greek figure of Chance, who lounges there dicing in marble.

Sound as well as light is deadened at the Versailles; the atmosphere of a heathen temple broods over the devotees at their games. But Charley, absently tossing up the roulette ball and catching it, had listened with a thrill to the musical echoes of the women's voices from the lofty cornices. Then the party burst on him, the girls scattering silver and tarnished little trinkets over the numbers and colors. They demanded tremendous odds from Sterling, who took the wheel himself; the butlers slipped in and out with the frosted champagne buckets.

The rightful croupier, even in those boyish days ennuied with the spectacle and hectic conversation of the gaming tables, stood looking on, shocked by the flashing of naked shoulders and arms, the faces garish with theatrical make-up, the contralto curses. One of the girls alone hung back, but peering round the shoulders of the others, quivering and eager. Charley watched her cynically, as she by turns thrust out and drew back a single silver coin. The girl gnawed her lips with tiny pearls of teeth; a wrinkle of anxiety, almost of despair, appeared between her eyes, wonderful sea-green eyes, with long brown lashes. Her skin was the color and texture of the tea-rose petal, her hair bronze and luminous and silky.

She stood close to the younger of the two men players, a slender, graceful, smiling fellow who strewed bank bills about the table with a lordly air. Once he paused and laughing out that he was broke filled out a check at a writing desk, and called his companion over to sign it. This older man was Bunny Fish, and Charley thought his manner more polished than that of either Sterling or the younger man, Dave Marlowe; but from the first Charley did not like the man with whom he was long afterward to clash over his legacy. His features were small, his eyes whitish and set too far apart; moreover, he pinched every chip he played, and laughed boisterously over his small winnings—a sure sign of a hard loser.

Fish let Marlowe draw him over to the writing desk, where he glanced at the check already made out, sulked a moment, asked a question which Marlowe laughingly answered with a clap on the shoulder. Then he signed the check impatiently.

"I've forgotten to write in the date," Dave called after as Fish hurried back to the table. So Dave sat down at the desk and filled in the date.

"The kid is one of these pale-faced drunkards," soliloquized Charley; in fact no one else suspected how deeply Marlowe was intoxicated, his step being steady, and utterance ringing.

The little bronze-haired girl had clung closely to the side of Marlowe at the roulette table, now and then looking up at him admiringly, perhaps adoringly, as he plunged with his winnings or smiled grandly at his losses. This girl had left the table when he did and followed a few steps slowly. Then she halted, still clutching the silver coin in her little fist. Charley, observing now her ill-fitting blue satin frock, of a discarded fashion, her soiled white gloves and slippers, both too big for her, began to frown upon young Marlowe.

"He's a piker," thought the observer, "not to keep that little girl of his up any better. I wonder where Dan Sterling collects his friends."

Marlowe, meeting the girl halfway back to the game, swept her to him and kissed her.

"A regular honeymooner," said one of the women dryly; "you'll soon get over that." Meeting Charley's glance she explained: "These two chickens never saw each other before to-night. Quick work, what? And this is their first party."

"Not mine," denied Marlowe loftily, and turning from the girl gave Sterling the check, speaking in an undertone. Sterling nodded and pushed him a stack of green checks which had not been used in the game before.

"What's the idea?" said Fish.

"Ten centers," smiled Marlowe; "a man can't afford to plunge on borrowed money."

It Was a Moment of Triumph for Ember, Looking Reverend Marlowe Full in the Face. There Seemed Nothing Human in the Man

The others laughed, but Fish reproved them. "The kid's right," he said owlishly.

"The kid lied," thought Charley; "and you and Sterling are too full to notice it."

However, he could not have explained why he thought so, though he remained there a few moments longer to observe Marlowe, who refused the wine now and laid his wagers with lips compressed and cursing softly.

Meantime the red-haired girl, having been in a way repulsed by Marlowe, walked back to the table and laid her coin on a number. Sterling swept the board that time, grinning like a satyr at the babel which followed. The women were stripping off rings; even plumes and handkerchiefs were thrown on the table.

"My shoes and stockings!" cried one.

Sterling nodded. Traces of grease paint streaked the cheeks of the girls; they daubed the faces of the men with their fingers; there was a volley of champagne corks.

"The limit's off!" shouted Sterling, to the applause of his patrons. Never had the Versailles witnessed such an orgy.

Charley looked round for the red-haired girl; she had disappeared. With a shrug of disgust Charley turned his back on the others and sauntered away.

He came upon the girl again in the office. She had stolen upstairs, made afraid by the madness of her friends, and wandered listlessly down the corridor looking at the paintings. Stepping across the threshold of Palter's sanctuary she had spoken with gay bravado, but receiving no answer from the great silver-haired sphinx of a man sitting over beyond, had remained apparently transfixed. Charley felt sorry for her and said, "Take a chair, Ember"—that being the name he had heard her called by. She did so, and remained watching them, mouselike.

Old Clement ignored her.

"When Danny comes in to-morrow," he told Charley, "tell him I said this was not much of a party compared with the one I had with Major Treadwell when his eye was put out and Boss Terry was killed. I staged some big ones when I was young like him. You tell him I said so."

"I will, sir," replied the croupier, with a vast respect for Palter's consideration.

It was traditional in the sporting world that neither he nor the major had touched cards or dice, or gambled more than a dime limit, since the night of the tragedy referred to. Charley knew the reminiscence was painful to Palter, and that he was to repeat it to Dan Sterling only to assuage the latter's remorse, which would be terrible on the morrow.

After that the two talked over the National League situation, and the batting averages of their favorites, the girl sitting across the room dumbly, her hands clasped in her lap. Downstairs the game had broken up suddenly, with much wild laughter and a crash or two; then the street door had slammed faintly and silence settled over the Versailles.

"They seem to have forgotten you," said Charley to the girl. "Don't you want me to send you home in a cab?" She had been listening intensely, but made no move when she heard her friends departing.

"Oh, Mr. Marlowe will not forget me," she assured with a bright smile. "He can't. Besides, I don't know where to go home."

Palter did not even glance at her; the domestic affairs of the chorus were matters of police court jurisdiction; he looked with strong disapproval on Broadway, and never set foot thereon if he could avoid it.

Charley started downstairs to collect the cash from the different games, which had all closed down, and halfway along the corridor met Dave Marlowe, who asked the way to Mr. Palter's office. "Straight ahead; you'll find her there waiting you." Then Charley noticed that the young man's eyes were closed tightly, but he walked straight along without groping, like a sleep walker who locates himself by instinct.

Thus he entered the office. "I have lost nine hundred at roulette," he announced.

Palter nodded. "I might have lost nine thousand dollars to you," he explained.

"It wasn't mine; I raised a check—from nine dollars." Palter studied the young man, who added: "If I had won I could have redeemed the check from you and torn it up."

"Your relatives won't see you go to jail for that."

"My father hasn't a dollar. What do you think of that?" said the young man scornfully. "Not a dollar to help his son out of trouble!"

"How do you financiers who forge and embezzle," asked Palter with genuine curiosity, "calculate your profits? You will do a stretch of five years at Auburn; that will be at a rate of two hundred a year, and you'll work hard for it. Can't you earn more than that honestly?"

"I might have won!"

"A thief hasn't the nerve to win in the long run at a gambling game. A thief must have a sure-thing job and a quiet getaway."

"I have nerve. I'm going to commit suicide," Marlowe told him haughtily.

"You are going to commit suicide because you lost the money?"

"Because I stole it!" shrieked the young man.

The cry of the girl, Ember, was ignored or unheard by her companions.

"But if I destroyed the check and took my loss of nine hundred it wouldn't help you any; you would still be a thief," commented Palter.

Marlowe explained with an eagerness in pitiful contrast with his hauteur of a moment before: "You wouldn't really be taking a loss; it would be the same as if I hadn't come in here to play at all."

"The wheel," said Palter, "averages up, one number with another, one color with another. If it wins nine hundred from you it loses nine hundred to somebody else, lacking a small per cent which is all I get from the game. Now this goes for cards and dice too. But this ain't to the point. What would you do now if I tore up that check?"

"I'd thank you, Mr. Palter, and we could say nothing more about it. I'd never ——"

Palter raised his hand slightly; his very immobility, the cold glimmer of the ophidian eyes struck panic to the culprit. "You're planning another sort of thief's getaway worse than suicide; a sort of jail delivery, and want me to be a party to it."

The check raiser was at a loss. "Let's drop it," he said suddenly, with sham recklessness. "I get your viewpoint about the averages; beg pardon for bothering you."

"You can see where you sized yourself up wrong just now," resumed Palter; "you haven't any nerve; you're not a gambler. If you had showed me since you come into this office that you were a sportsman, willing to take a chance, I'd have staked you—but you couldn't win."

"Win what? Staked me to what?" wailed the tormented youth.

"I'd have staked you with nine hundred dollars cash to turn over to the man whose check you raised ——"

"You mean to let the check go through?"

"I have meant to do nothing else all along," said Palter.

"Why, you don't know Bunny Fish; if he sees that raised check and can lay hands on me he'll jail me."

"That's the chance you take in going to him and saying: 'I forged the amount on your check; here's the money to cover. What are you going to do about it?' In other words, you stake your liberty and good name to win back your self-respect. Without that you'd better be dead. If you're afraid to make your game with Fish like a sportsman—why, make your getaway; by suicide or how you will."

Palter turned to his desk and the guilty man stood terrified by the prospect of this game with fate. There was a moment of irresolution, a laugh of bravado, a swaggering step toward the door, then with the last fiber of morale broken he fled.

Palter heard the pursuit, the fierce momentary struggle and cursing, without laying aside his pen. Marlowe came back into the room, still angrily trying to repulse the girl who clung to his coat and arm desperately. Her waist was torn so that shoulder and arm were bare, her hat was askew, and a drop of blood trickled from the corner of her mouth. Palter beckoned his finger and the houseman entered.

"Show 'em the street," he said.

"Mr. Palter, listen to me!" panted the girl. The houseman impatiently touched, it happened, her naked shoulder. A solid wave of crimson followed the touch as she shrank back; it swept her throat and face, and holding herself at her utmost height she gave each man in turn a look of scorn.

"Will you stand for that?" she asked Marlowe, releasing him.

For the first time he noticed the blood stain at the corner of her mouth. "I say—girlie," he protested, with a little halt as if trying to remember her name, "my elbow must have struck you while you were scuffling with me in the hall; you know I didn't go to do that ——"

"It's all right," said the girl slowly; "it's all right, I suppose, what you do to me. But are you going to let that man ——" Her color had receded and she had taken a stand so steady and threatening that even Palter was interested. "Say who I am," she demanded, interrupting herself, "and make that man beg my pardon."

"Why, you're—you're Ember," said Marlowe. His guilt and fear of disgrace and punishment had compelled sobriety of a sort, but he had as yet made no effort to recall the mad scenes of the evening.

"Ember who?" Her eyes dilated with wonder of him.

Suddenly, under the effort of his will, the maddest scene of all was resurrected.

"You are," he stammered hoarsely, "you are Ember Marlowe!" In fact, during the spree before supper they had been married.

Tears of humiliation glittered on her lashes. "I didn't think I'd have to remind you—David."

Implacably she turned on the houseman, and be this at least said to Marlowe's credit—he struck at the man who had laid hands on his wife, but Palter seized his shoulder and forced him into a chair.

There was a moment's silence; then the girl said: "Of course I agree with you, Mr. Palter; David must clear his record by going to see Mr. Fish."

The hunted young man looked from one to another piteously.

"Yes, yes," he agreed; "it's best; I'd rather go."

Palter, puffing at his meerschaum at regular intervals, surveyed the couple impassively: the young man with his bleary, placating smile and shivering body, and the girl in soiled frippery, standing by with her hand on his shoulder.

Palter, in spite of his disgust, thought that the little ingénue deserved a play for her devotion, however stagy. He beckoned her to stand before him.

"Don't you think your husband will welsh on settling with Fish?"

"You mean he will falter?" She considered the bleary, shivering young man gravely before replying: "I believe he will, Mr. Palter."

"What do you know about him?"

"I came to the city only day before yesterday, and don't know much about the families here yet. The lady I room with introduced me to some of her gentleman friends, and then lent me some clothes so I could go to their party. And we drank some wine and Mr. Marlowe proposed. It was a terribly common thing to do, Mr. Palter—marry a young gentleman I hardly knew. To confess the whole truth, Mr. Palter, I believe we were all intoxicated."

"It is possible," agreed Palter, but Mrs. Marlowe did not wince at his irony.

"I am sure my husband is a gentleman," she said earnestly. "He has made a serious mistake and committed forgery, but that was because he was in wine."

"I've got this little dame wrong," confessed Palter to himself, and rising placed a chair and seated her with vast respect. Then running through the day's receipts, which Charley had brought up, he glanced at the raised check and handed it to her. "Here's the ash tray and matches, Mrs. Marlowe."

Ember's quick little glance and smile, with the tiny wrinkle of anxiety still on her forehead, the stain of blood on her chin, were worth much to one man or all men, telling, as it did, her confidence in their goodness. But she told Palter seriously:

"Davy must win back his self-respect as you said," and laid down the check.

"Are you sure you know what you are doing, ma'am? This man Fish might prosecute him."

"But you explained yourself, Mr. Palter, more clearly than I ever heard it explained before, that a man who has—cheated"—she winced a little—"can atone for it only by confessing, and so taking the chances which he avoided during the game."

The heavy-lidded eyes opened slowly, the pallor of the old gamester's face was illumined by a faint flush of delight. "But suppose he welshes?"

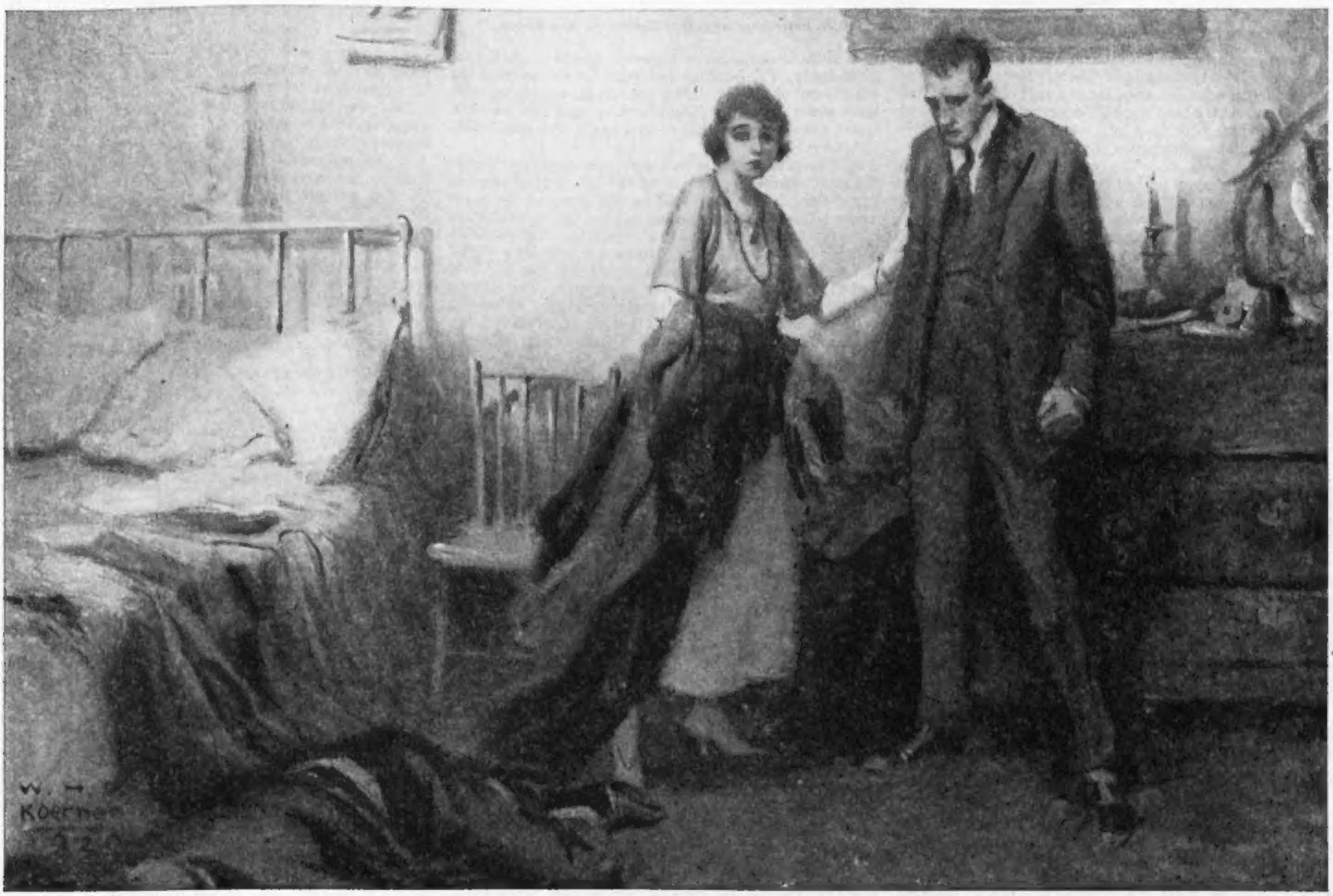
"Oh, I must help him—he is not quite himself yet—and remember that I drank the wine, too, and helped bring this trouble on him. If he is put in prison I will at least know that he is an honorable man, and be loyal to him."

A silence ensued; in all the spacious precincts of the heathen temple was heard not a sound. The old gambler, with face inscrutable, was stirred with the reflection that a queer sort of gospel, built up of revelations personal to himself, was triumphant to-night.

"Maybe David's father would help him go through with it," said Ember.

Palter called the wretched boy to him, questioned him, and sent the houseman after the Rev. James Marlowe, of a mission church in the lower part of the city. A telephone call located Fish, always a conservative rounder, at his lodgings, and he was told to expect Mr. Palter within an hour—a command which no frequenter of Broadway's sporting or underworld was likely to protest.

(Continued on Page 32)



"He's Killed!" She Managed to Grasp Her Hat and Cloak. "Come Quick! They'll be After Us!"

BACK TO BARBARISM

Conditions in Russia as Told in the Minutes of the Meeting of the Technical Conference Held in Viborg, Finland

THE following reports were made at a conference held at Viborg, Finland, at which there were present some of Russia's leading physicians and men of science. It was presided over by Professor Zeidler, who is known all over Russia and Continental Europe as one of the foremost surgeons of the world. What follows is from the record of this conference, the testimony of scientifically trained men.

The purpose of the conference was purely humanitarian, and in no sense political. These men were actuated only by the wish to tell the world something about the conditions under which the Russian people are living, and to make clear the imperative need for assistance to alleviate their present degradation and suffering. Such later reports as have come out of Russia indicate that conditions have been growing steadily worse.

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St. Petersburg as it Was Before the Red Terror

Report of Engineer N. N.

The municipal administration of Petrograd in the original sense of this term does not exist any longer; at present the municipal administration forms a part of the executive committee. At the head there is a department of communal economy which is divided into several sections—namely, that of welfare, enterprises, finances, real estate, city supply, city fuel, etc. The council of the communal economy is analogous to the former municipal board; as to the various sections, their administration in principle is by committees elected by the people, but sometimes they are under individual management. Under the committee form of management, as a matter of fact, at the head of each particular section there is an engineer.

The Municipal Breakdown

THE welfare section is comprised of two divisions: First, the architectural workhouse. At the head of it there is an architect. The work of this division is confined exclusively to drafts and is conducted on a large scale. It is suggested to replan the city, to build new residential sections, etc. Among projects which have been completed—on paper—the following can be mentioned:

The conversion of Mars Field into a park, connecting it with the Summer and Michael Gardens, and thereupon connecting it, by means of a wide boulevard running down Serge Street, with the Taurida Garden; the conversion of Nicholas Street into a boulevard, connecting it with the Klin Prospect, tearing down the armories and the hippodrome and building tunnels under the Tsarkoe Selo railroad; and building a plaza on the corner of Nevsky and Litejny Prospects by means of tearing down the corner buildings and connecting the plaza with the Taurida Garden by means of building a new street which would require the tearing down of armories which stand in the way; the laying out of a park in the region of the Poutiloff Plant.

It is also the duty of the workhouse to preserve the old buildings, but other departments are interfering with this function. For instance, the commissariat of peoples' enlightenment is tearing down the rail fence of the Winter Palace.

2. Water Pipe System. It is in a lamentable state, due to the putrefaction of the wooden pipes. In every street gaps have formed but there are neither materials nor workmen nor transportation means for their repair. Along the Sampson Prospect, which it has been decided to convert into a European street, it is planned to establish concrete sewers and drains worth 30,000,000 rubles. The work has been given to contractors. Generally speaking, credits are given freely. For instance, last year, for the needs of the department of welfare, during the first six months of 1919, there was allotted 140,000,000 rubles, and this year one board alone, namely, that of pavements, has asked 650,000,000 rubles.

3. The pavements are in a very poor condition, due to the gaps. However, because of the complete absence of traffic there is habitual cause for the decay of the pavements. There are no teamsters whatsoever, and there are but a few trucks and military automobiles. The repairing is being done very slowly. During one year only 70,000 square feet of new block-wood pavements was laid out, and 91,000 square feet of stone pavements. The reasons are the same—lack of materials and workmen. Moreover, the block wood which is used for repair purposes is being stolen during the night for fuel. Generally speaking, the above-mentioned reasons handicap all projects. The theoretical work is being carried out intensively. In the department of pavements there are about 200 employed. In the department of sewers and drains the number of employees is approximately the same, but when it comes to putting the plans into practice, then everything drops. For instance, on the 14–15 Lines of the Vasily Ostrov the laying out of grass plots has been started, but during the whole summer only 700 cubic feet of stone pavements was torn up and removed to the Neva. This work cost 70,000 rubles.

4. Pavements and Quays. The work is confined to the maintenance of wooden parts of bridges. On iron bridges only the paving is changed; the metallic parts, however, are not being repaired or painted. In the same way only wooden quays are being repaired. The wooden quay of the Admiralty Channel which crumbled down was rebuilt, the work costing 7,000,000 to 8,000,000 rubles; whereas the cost of construction of half-iron half-concrete bankside at this very place in 1914 was estimated at 80,000 rubles. Workmen engaged in this work receive from 400 to 500 rubles a day, while the more experienced receive as much as 1000 rubles a day.

5. Cleaning Division. The garbage plant is not in operation. The contents of the rubbish are such that it is necessary to add fuel in order that its cremation may become at all possible. The allotment of funds for this division is considerable; thus for the purpose of removing rubbish for six months a sum of 40,000,000 rubles was allotted, and yet one has to await his turn for the cleansing of a dust hole from two to three months. Sanitary conditions are so horrible that many houses had to be locked up. A special sanitary-technical commission with extraordinary authority was often appointed, but this commission having worked from April until August accomplished nothing.

6. Department of architecture and building is in charge of the erection of new houses, the completion of houses the erection of which was not brought to an end, the drafting of a code of building laws, as well as the preparation of grandiose projects—as, for instance, the tearing down of the City Hall. The English law of 1909 was taken as a model, which provides for the erection of garden cities. Repairing is being done only where, by accident, materials are available. This has led to horrible conditions of buildings; the basins are flooded with water and there are no means for pumping it out. In this connection only five per cent of the proposed works were completed; the work was mainly confined to large houses with central heating. The decay of radiator pipes and water pipes has led to the condition that in many houses the lower floors serve as cesspools for the floors above, which in turn results in intolerable sanitary conditions.

Last year 100,000,000 rubles was asked for repair work; a smaller sum was allotted, but even this sum was not spent because of the impossibility of carrying out repairs.

7. The real-estate division also was engaged in drafting work in the same way as the architectural workhouse. Thus, it was proposed to tear down the City Hall, the Milutin Merchant Rows, etc. This division was also in technical charge of nationalized houses, of which there are about 3500. But the technical commission of this division stole so openly that its members were put in jail and the nationalized houses were transmitted to the jurisdiction of the department of architecture and building.

Little Fuel or Light

WOODEN houses are being torn down for fuel, as there is no fuel at all. According to a decree every lodging is allowed three and a half cubic feet of fuel a month, but this is on paper only, for to obtain even this ration is very difficult indeed. The houses torn down are supposed to be equally distributed among the population, but as a matter of fact during the night the more energetic citizens grab the material thus distributed.

8. Water Supply Works. New work is not being performed at all. Where possible, repair work is being done, but many houses have been entirely excluded because the use of water has incredibly increased, due to the colossal leakage; the use of water per man, in twenty-four hours, amounts to twenty-five pails.

9. Tramways. There is only one tramway line in operation, which accommodates the suburbs. In the center of the city either there are no street cars whatsoever or they run very rarely. On the Sadovaya only one branch of tramways is in operation.

10. Lighting was allowed in recent times only during two to two and one-half hours a day, and then not in all houses, mainly being supplied along lines where there are governmental institutions. On the other hand, kerosene costs 450 rubles a pound and even at this price it is scarcely obtainable, the population remaining in the dark. There are no candles at all.

11. Fuel, as was mentioned above, is in a terrific state. The temperature is but from three to five degrees above zero, while in many governmental buildings the same degree of cold prevails. In this connection we may mention the welfare department.

12. The city projects and city fuel departments work very poorly, as workmen prefer to earn less but also prefer to use less energy. Woodcutting was undertaken in the vicinities but almost with no results. In these departments, too, as everywhere, there are many employees but no workmen.

The absence of workmen and materials is the main cause of the complete impossibility of undertaking any real work in Petrograd.

In answer to questions proposed by those present at the meeting Engineer N. N. gave the following data:

Among all the municipal enterprises only the fire department, which was under individual management, remained intact; but even in this department recently disorganizations began because individual management was substituted by collegiate management. Generally speaking, fires do not affect the city very much because the main cause of fires—namely, intensive heating—does not exist.

The decay of real estate is aided not only by colossal prices of materials and wages—the slightest repair work costs not less than 100,000 rubles—but also by the fact that the institute of house porters was abolished partly as a bourgeois project and partly because it was intended to use the house porters for woodcutting. The house porters maintained the houses in comparative order. At present, however, the houses are administered by beggars' committees who are composed of Communists who are busy with spying work, or by labor people who have no time to devote to the management of the houses. There were almost no wooden materials, while this year undoubtedly there will be a complete absence of same. The lumber yards were nationalized. If sometimes they succeeded in purchasing material, then the money was paid to the commission in charge of wood—*Pravles*—which, however, often decides to supply material for the sum thus paid from another lumber yard, and this material is usually of a lower quality and sometimes absolutely useless.

One of the lumber yards is confined in its work to the manufacture of coffins, having increased the production to 30,000 coffins a month, but this quantity is not sufficient.

There is no transportation whatsoever. Horses were requisitioned even from the excavation division. As to the barges, they were all demolished for fuel and therefore there are no means of transporting fuel.

The water technical department intended to establish steamship communication on the former Finnish and Shitov steamers, but this was possible to accomplish only on the Neva, because the channels of the smaller rivers are completely choked up and there was no means of cleaning them. Automobile transport is in the same lamentable state. The engines work with very poor and uneconomical mixtures.

Transportation

RAILROAD transport is almost exclusively engaged in supplying flour; three-quarters of a pound of bread is allowed for two days—first category. Workmen receive one-half pound of bread daily, and sometimes also other food. As the population, according to the number of food cards, numbers to 500,000 or 600,000, it does not require a big rolling stock for transporting the food supplies.

Passenger traffic is reduced to 200 people, who are allowed to leave the city daily.

Sanitary conditions are horrible everywhere; in eating places, in hospitals, etc., due to the absence of the means of disinfection and of the personnel.

Dirt must be removed from the city, but as a matter of fact it is being dumped in vacant places in the center of the city.

It is possible to procure products at wild prices from bag carriers. Cloth, rubbers, etc., are being received by the department of city projects. As a matter of fact, they can be used only by Communists or by persons who have influence.

The absence of materials is so complete that neither radiator pipes nor water pipes are obtainable; the department of dwellings was unable to procure nails and it had to borrow 850 poods—forty pounds in a pood—from the department of pavements.

Nearly everything that has been accomplished in the line of repair work has been completed with the help of contractors, but they were almost always arrested, so that the work had to be discontinued.

Those who attended the meeting expressed their gratitude to Engineer N. N. for his instructive report.

The sanitary technical council attached to the office of the Russian Red Cross in charge of Petrograd, having heard and discussed the report of Engineer N. N., of Petrograd, as to the technical conditions of the capital, was particularly impressed with the following parts of the said report:

1. The canalization system of the city is out of operation, due to the decay of its wooden pipes.

2. The removal of dirt from the city to a sufficient degree is impossible because (a) the limited municipal supply of teams—mainly horses—are being requisitioned; (b) the peasants from the suburbs who come to the city for the purpose of removing the dirt are being persecuted and oppressed, their horses or wagons being taken away and they themselves being arrested.

3. The small quantities of dirt which nevertheless it becomes possible to remove from the houses are being dumped in unlighted and unprotected streets of the city.

4. Cesspools in houses which receive excrements through special pipes are overfilled to the last degree.

5. Because of the overfilling of the cesspools and the decay of their special pipes the tenants fill with excrements the basins of the toilets and bathtubs, or break through the pipes in that section which runs through the lower floor, or convert into cesspools the spaces intended for living purposes and located in the rooms on the lower floor.

6. In this way whole houses become filthy from top to bottom to such an extent that it becomes impossible to live in them, in which case the houses are barred up and the tenants move into another house, which is handled in the same manner as the preceding one.

The above circumstances, in addition to malnutrition, absence of water, fuel, etc., even during the wintertime when all the dirt surrounding the inhabitants is frozen, have increased mortality in the city to an extreme degree.

Having learned the above, the council came to the conclusion that:

1. Conditions as above described cannot be tolerated in any populated region, be it from a general humanitarian point of view or from technical and sanitary standpoints.

2. The restoration of order in the city can scarcely be achieved by supplying the population with the objects of prime necessity, because the misfortune which has struck Petrograd is apparently mainly the result of the régime therein reigning—namely: (a) the persons who as a matter of fact rule the city are mostly unable to realize to a sufficient degree the fundamental requirements of culture; (b) those among them who wish to act in accordance with the above requirements are unable to do so in view of the discoördination between the various organs and agents in authority, who often are hostile to each other, and (c) the managers of the buildings—beggars' committees—because of their average intellectual level are obviously incapable of maintaining in a hygienic condition not only the property belonging to the community—nationalized buildings—but even those dwellings which are given to them for their personal use—individual lodgings.

A Cry for Help

THEREFORE, and taking into consideration that Russian engineers and physicians, both living in Russia and residing outside, who realize the gravity of the conditions in the city under present conditions, are unable to save, by their independent efforts, the perishing population, and also taking into consideration that Petrograd, due to economic and geographical conditions, cannot be considered a city of purely local or Russian value, but should be classed as a first-class city of general European significance, the council unanimously resolved:

1. To communicate the present memorandum to civil-engineer societies and branches of the Red Cross in England, France, America, Switzerland, Germany and other countries.

2. To request the above organizations to communicate with their respective governments and parliaments with the object of establishing an international sanitary-technical commission which would be empowered to take immediate and practical measures for bringing the city back to a healthy condition and for the restitution of the city.

3. In every way to assist the establishment and the work of the above committee, submitting to it in case of its establishment, among other things, a list of technical and sanitary materials and equipment in any first-class Petrograd hospital, as well as plans outlined by the council with respect to the most important work to be performed.

THE SANITARY CONDITION OF THE CITY OF PETROGRAD IN 1920.
REPORT OF DOCTOR N. N.

What can be the sanitary condition of a city in which, due to the absence of any productive work, there is no fuel, no hot water in the houses and bathhouses, and medical institutions in which there are no house porters, doorkeepers, servants for cleaning yards, streets and inhabited buildings, in which the garbage plant is not in operation, and where finally there are no means of transportation for removing the garbage? The answer to this question is quite obvious. The neglect of these fundamental requirements of cultural life has led Petrograd to a state of monstrous destruction, which will be recorded in the history of humanity as a vivid exhibit of vandalism and as one of the results of the experiment over a state organism, attained

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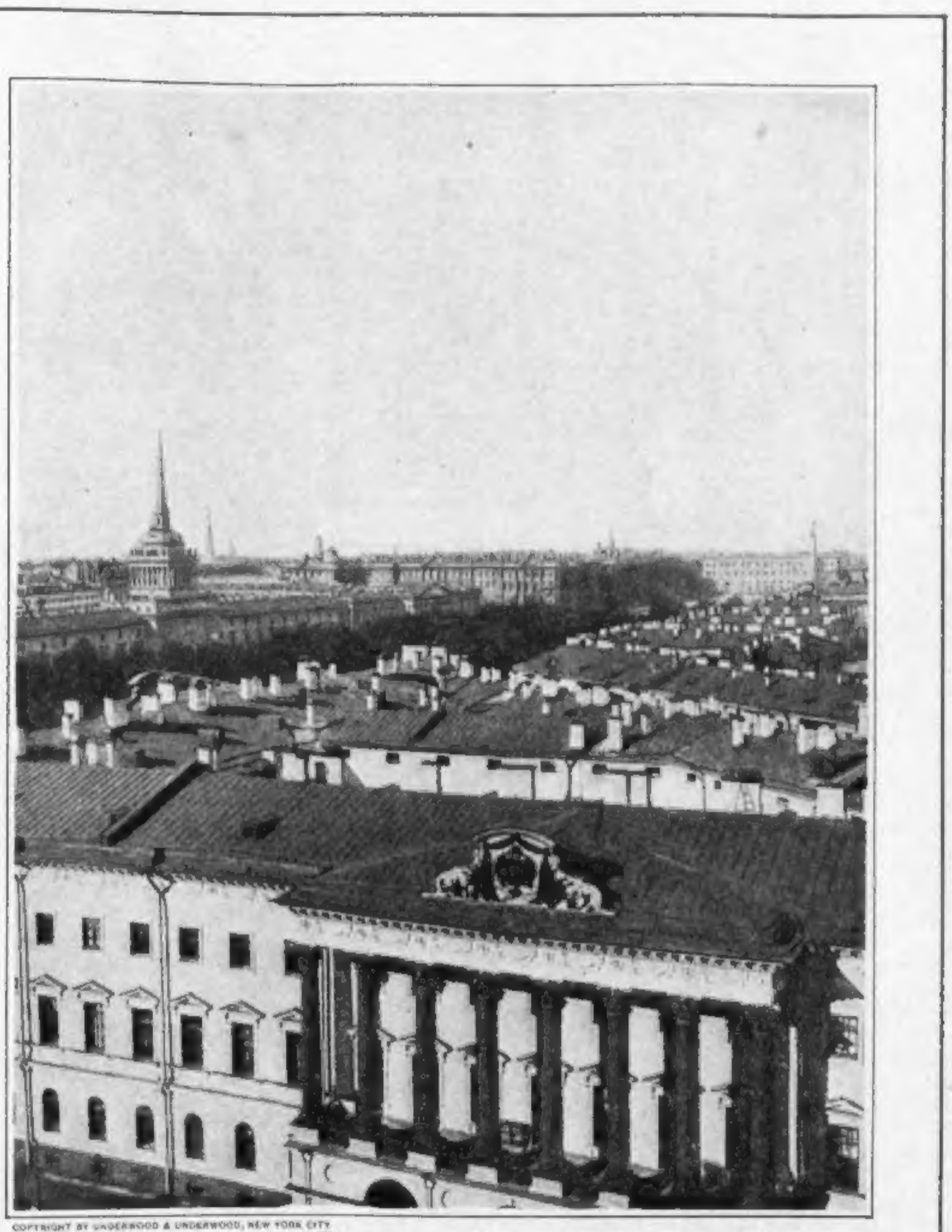

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Overlooking the Old Imperial Capital From the Dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral

Can the Vice President be Useful?

By Franklin D. Roosevelt

Reported by Donald Wilhelm

THERE is probably no better example of what might be called the industrial waste at Washington than is shown by the traditional conception of the duties of the Vice President. Here is a man supposedly fully capable in an emergency to act as President of the United States; who has been nominated and elected by exactly the same procedure as that surrounding the nomination and election of the President himself. No precaution which the framers of our Constitution could design was neglected to assure the people that their Vice President would be chosen with the same care with which the President is chosen and elected to office by the will of the majority of the citizens. Yet the only official work devised for him to do is to preside over the Senate, which is in session hardly more than half of each day and hardly more than half the days of each year, and, moreover—notably during long set speeches—is often presided over by a senator called to the chair by the Vice President. And lest even the semblance of really constructive work might be suggested by the duties of the Vice President, his task as presiding officer is carefully confined—except in the rare event of a tie, when he may vote—to interpretation of parliamentary rules of order and official announcement of how many senators voted "aye" and how many senators voted "no."

The duties of the Vice President in relation to the Senate are, in short, largely perfunctory. He has no duties in relation to either the executive or the judicial branch of the Government. There is no little truth, then, in the witticism that the Vice President constitutes a kind of fourth branch of the Government—a branch condemned by tradition to sit in lonely grandeur with remote responsibilities but very little to do. If, in fact, there ever was a waste of man power it would seem to be here. Here is a man paid twelve thousand dollars a year who traditionally has complained that he has next to nothing to do. One would think that the grotesqueness of the predicament of the Vice President would have been apparent to everyone long ago. It has been apparent, but like much else in relation to the Government, until the war revealed it clearly in its true perspective it was considered one of those things that would be attended to sometime. The country simply took the Vice Presidency as a matter of course until the war shook us out of the rut and demonstrated the urgent need of general reorganization in Washington.

A Widening Gulf

PERSONALLY I think this need warrants emphasis. My belief, after seven years as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, is that far and away the most important of all domestic issues is reorganization in Washington, for the reasons that the country demands improvement and knows that the edge of all governmental endeavor will be blunted and that there will be waste and confusion accordingly, until a thorough reorganization, the first in generations of great growth, is accomplished.

The United States was able to astonish all Europe by the speed of its preparation and the vastness of its participation in the war. But the United States was able to do that not because of the perfection, but rather in spite of the imperfection, of our governmental machinery; it was able to succeed because the nation was fortunate enough to have men at the head of things, or to call in men, who were big enough and broad and brave enough to scrap a large portion of the Government's machine and to throw aside many of the minutiæ of rules and regulations about everything, which goes by the name of red tape. They trimmed corners, evaded red tape, ignored or found ways round precedents hoary with age, and accomplished what in normal times in Washington is impossible and always will be impossible until conditions, fundamentally and vastly, are improved.

During the war, too, largely because of the Government's large and necessary control of industries, almost every American of reasonably important business affairs had occasion to deal directly in a business way with Washington, in most cases for the first time. Apparently almost every one of these men became convinced that our governmental machinery is about the most unscientific, time-wasting, money-wasting and energy-wasting device ever created by rational minds. And this, too, mark you, when the Government had shaken off inertia as never before. As a result there has come to be a striking unanimity of opinion to the effect that the time has come when the Government of the most progressive nation in the world, and the greatest business nation in the world, should cease attempting to do business in 1920 under the stately rules of 1789, which have not once in more than a century been really reorganized. It is inconceivable to me that the nation now will consent to backsliding or that a majority of the business people, who form so very large a part of our population, will act like the average citizen in regard to his gas or telephone bill—register violent protest, then walk meekly into the office of the public-service company and lay his money down because it is too much trouble to take any action beyond relieving his mind. In short, I believe that Washington must be reorganized, that voters will insist upon it, and I hope sincerely that the Vice President's job will be one of those which will be attended to.

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Franklin D. Roosevelt and His Daughter Anna Eleanor

Just what the added duties of the Vice President will eventually be, of course, no one can forecast. The most one can do certainly is to suggest the background of the office and of the Government and indicate what might be done in the foreground, by the Vice President, especially.

Clearly, at the very outset, two facts are evident: First, such functions as the Vice President may perform strictly in relation to the Senate are for the Senate itself to decide; second, the reorganization of the governmental machinery cannot be achieved in any event by the Senate alone, by Congress alone, or by the President and the department heads alone. All must lend a hand if reorganization is to be achieved at all, and the Vice President with the rest.

In a large sense the first step must come in betterment of the relations between Congress and the White House. I think the first count in the nation's bill of complaint is that the legislative and executive families are all but disastrously too far apart when they are of different political faiths, and still too far apart when they are of the same political faith. In some countries having a parliamentary form of government—England, for instance—the Prime Minister, who bears analogy to our President, and the members of the cabinet have access to the floors of their legislative bodies, where, though they cannot, of course, vote, they can yet outline personally the pros and cons of their policies. It is worth noting that President Washington several times occupied a seat on the floor of the Senate in order personally to make his views known. Years later an attempt was made to encourage this practice and to establish it by joint resolution. Again, it is worth noting that President Wilson, in order to present his views to Congress most successfully, personally addressed it on various occasions. The question accordingly comes to mind: Cannot the Vice President so utilize his high office as to help bridge the dangerous and increasing gap between Congress and any administration?

The Family Feud

IT IS my thought that reorganization itself, not only of all the factors that bear on the relationship of Congress with the office of the President but the reorganization of the executive departments themselves, can never be achieved until Congress and the White House are in closer touch. Certainly no commission of experts called in from outside by either Congress or the President can succeed with the gigantic problem of reorganization of this, the biggest and most intricate business in the world.

The proof is in: President Taft tried and signally failed after his commission had all been ground up between the upper and the nether millstones. It is certain that no Congressional commission can succeed in reorganizing the executive departments and bureaus without the coöperation of the President and the heads of the departments and bureaus, though such a body as the Congressional Commission on Reclassification of Government Personnel, which does not disturb the various entities, might succeed in its particular task. And certainly no President can achieve reorganization of even the executive departments without such coöperation from Congress as will result in necessary legislation. It follows, in other words, that harmony is the shibboleth. And the question remains: Cannot the Vice President aid in achieving harmony?

Even with harmony between the legislative and executive families achieved, anyone in the least familiar with the inner workings of the executive departments and bureaus knows that it is tremendously difficult to accomplish reforms in any one of the departments, and vastly more difficult when the reforms imply the

(Continued on Page 81)

THERE GOES THE GROOM

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

Victor Ramsen, the Business Man, Maintained That She Was Totally Uneducated and Knew Far Too Much for Her Age

WHEN my amiable young nephew, George Coventry, came home from the war I, his uncle and guardian, was at the dock. "Hello, Uncle Foster," said George. "Is the town really dry?"

"How are you, George?" I answered, more affected than I cared to appear. "This is a wonderful day for me and—er—for the country."

"It's a pretty good day for me, too, I want you to know," said George. "We brought back seven thousand colored troops and they were all of them seasick."

"The flags are out to-day, George," I said. "Fifth Avenue, like a beautiful woman, is dressed in its gayest to do you honor. Triumphal arches are being erected at Madison Square and the Plaza and there is something strange but elaborate in front of the Public Library. We are proud of you, my boy; we are proud of you and of your comrades who come with you."

"Thank you, uncle," said George, somewhat embarrassed I perceived. "How's everybody? All fine? That's good."

"We are expecting you to dinner of course. You have no other engagement?"

"Not for three days," George replied. "I have three days' leave before I report for disenrollment."

"You are quitting the Army then, I take it?"

"Naturally," said George, and then he added: "I'm in a hurry to get out before they promote me."

"Are you in line for promotion?" I exclaimed. "Why, George, that is very gratifying—very gratifying!"

"Yes," he said; "yes, I've been in line for promotion for about two years. If I wait any longer I'm afraid the department will act." My nephew was a strange boy and sometimes his remarks puzzled me. He had a way of treating the serious things of life in a frivolous manner, and vice versa, and this was upsetting to a person of my age and generation. I say age, though I was but forty-nine at the time and, moreover, my peaceful bachelor existence had served, I believed, to keep alive within me that spark of youth that a married man loses when he ceases to enter into competition with his fellows. It must not be understood from this that I was opposed to marriage on principle, since that was far from being the case. I was opposed to marriage merely for myself; for others I heartily advocated it; and especially, as you shall see, I advocated it for my nephew George.

George, the year of his return from the war, was twenty-six years old, an orphan and rather rich. He was the only son of my sister Bella, who had married old Daniel Coventry for his money, I fear, but who had never regretted it. By rights the marriage should have been an absolute failure and, since I myself and all of Bella's friends and relations had prophesied its failure, our surprise at its undoubted success was mingled with perhaps a trace of disappointment.

On the other hand, and as if to emphasize our fallibility as prophets, my stepsister, Mary, had married with our full and unqualified approval a charming young architect called Willie McKnight, who—well, it was the family scandal. It is sufficient to say that he finally threw a bottle of indelible ink at her, ruined the wall paper and the carpet and drove her to Nevada. But not before she had given birth to a daughter, whom they slyly named Annabel after her Aunt Bella.

Bella gave half a million dollars to young Annabel the day of the christening, which pleased everyone, I believe, except Daniel Coventry, whose money it was and who died shortly after from the shock. Bella, faithful wife, followed him.

So much for George's immediate relations. Most of them are dead and do not therefore figure largely in this mundane narrative. If I have neglected to say much about myself, it is because there is little to say, and that little will be amply revealed in the recital of events that follows.

As for George himself, I am very fond of George, but, as I have remarked, was puzzled by him at times. Perhaps the difference between forty-nine years and twenty-six accounted adequately enough for this; or perhaps it was because George had some of the Daniel Coventry characteristics—that brutal manner of facing facts, for example, and of removing the bloom from the peach. But then I am, or try to be, a poet and old Daniel Coventry was a money getter.

"George," I said during the drive to my house—for it had been decided that George was to stop temporarily, at least, with me—"George," I said, "if the question is not too abrupt, what are you planning to do when you quit the Army?"

"Loaf," said George without hesitation. "Travel a bit and loaf. You see, I've plenty of money and no ambition, so what else is there for me to do?"

"How about marrying?" I suggested.

"Oh," said George, "no hurry about that. Besides, that isn't exactly a vocation—I mean with an office and so on."

"I don't know about the office part of it," I said, "but I am given to understand that the hours are long and regular. Nevertheless, I venture to hope that you will commit matrimony at an early date and settle down."

"Settle down! That's just what I don't want to do," my nephew exclaimed. "I want to look round—travel, go where I want, eat what I want and retain my glorious birthright of freedom—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. I love 'em all."

Of course George had some reason on his side, and he argued the way I had twenty-five years ago. But I felt, nevertheless, that marriage, though not for me, would be good for George—would stabilize him, would keep his feet from the pitfalls that everyone tells me beset the paths of young men. To marry and to live on a farm—that, in my capacity as his guardian, I was sure was what I should advise him to do. So I did so.

"George," I said, "it's all very well for you, a young man, to scoff at marriage and a settled life; but the day will come when you will regret it, and it will then be too late. Remember that a bachelor's pleasures are but transient and are built upon the shifting sands. They have no firm foundation and with years they grow bitter in his mouth."

"Careful of the metaphors," warned George. "Are your pleasures bitter?"

"They are not so sweet as they were," I replied. "But my pleasures, as you know, have always been simple—books, my verse, my friends. I often regret, however, that I have no children."

"Well," said George, "I can't say that I do."

There was a short silence. George has a way of writing finis to a discussion—of leading a conversation into a cul-de-sac.

"Speaking of friends," he said at length, "I forgot to ask how the admiral and the Gold Dust twins are. All hale and hearty, I hope?"

"All in excellent health and eager to see you. They will be at dinner, of course."

Now the admiral and the two brothers, whom my nephew referred to as the Gold Dust twins, were my very intimate friends and companions. We had lived together, we four old bachelors, for more than ten years, always in the same house on Madison Avenue. Of the four, the admiral was the oldest, but even he never claimed to have served under Farragut at Mobile Bay. George used to say he admired him for that. The Gold Dust twins, so called, were twin brothers, Hector and Victor Ramsen, who, though resembling each other facially, had nothing else in common except a large fortune.

Hence George nicknamed them, with his delight in the absurd, the Gold Dust twins and he called them that to their faces. Somehow or other, coming from George, they did not resent the appellation.

"Yes," I said, "they will be at dinner. Also, I have asked Annabel McKnight and your Aunt Mary."

"Quite a banquet," remarked George with what I believed to be a pleased smile. "Does Aunt Mary still bear up under the loss of dear Uncle Willie?"

"Amazingly—as usual," I replied.

"That's good," said George. "You know, I always rather liked Uncle Willie and somehow I could never quite blame him for throwing things at my aunt. Besides," he added, "I think he nearly always missed her."

"It was the thought behind the deed that was reprehensible," I said severely.

"Yes," agreed George slowly, "I suppose it was. But Uncle Willie was an artist and temperamental. You, being a poet, ought to sympathize with that."

I was spared a reply, for at that moment the car halted in front of my house.

"Come on, George," I said. "Here we are."

My house—or, since I am only part owner, our house—was an old brownstone, five-story affair, one of the few of its kind remaining unaltered in its vicinity on Madison Avenue. To right and to left of us and across the avenue shops had sprung up, their wide plate-glass windows revealing furs, hats and ladies' underwear, cakes, candies and muffins, cameras, barometers and eyeglasses and, in at least one near-by instance, the huge blue and green vases of a drug store. The old-fashioned high front stoops had been ruthlessly cut down and the façades of the ground floors had been replaced with stucco or with very modern, intricately laid brick. In many cases adjoining houses had been thrown into one, their former discreet privacy shattered to make a real-estate man's holiday.

Our house, as I have said, remained untouched; pleasingly incongruous, I liked to think, among the flashy novelties that surrounded us. George said that our house reminded him of a nice old lady lost in an aëroplane factory.

At any rate she was a comfortable old lady. The first two floors were devoted to the general use of all four of us. On these floors there was no privacy maintained and it was there that we entertained our friends. The third floor was shared by Hector and Victor Ramsen, affording to each a large bedroom and a comfortable study. The admiral and myself were similarly provided for on the fourth floor. The privacy of these studies and bedrooms was sacrosanct and it was an unwritten but rigidly-adhered-to law that no one of us should enter another's domain without definite invitation; no casual rapping on doors or dropping in to borrow tobacco or to ask a useless question.

It was thanks to this agreement, I believe, that we four elderly gentlemen were able to exist together under the same roof for ten years with scarcely a quarrel. The admiral was hot-tempered and a little profane; otherwise I should have said with scarcely a harsh word. On one occasion I recollect that the admiral had a violent falling out with Hector Ramsen—violent at least on the part of the admiral, for Hector was a quiet, studious gentleman, a professor of classics at Columbia University, and always maintained an unruffled composure. Indeed when at all disturbed he was apt to reply in Latin, which annoyed the admiral intensely.

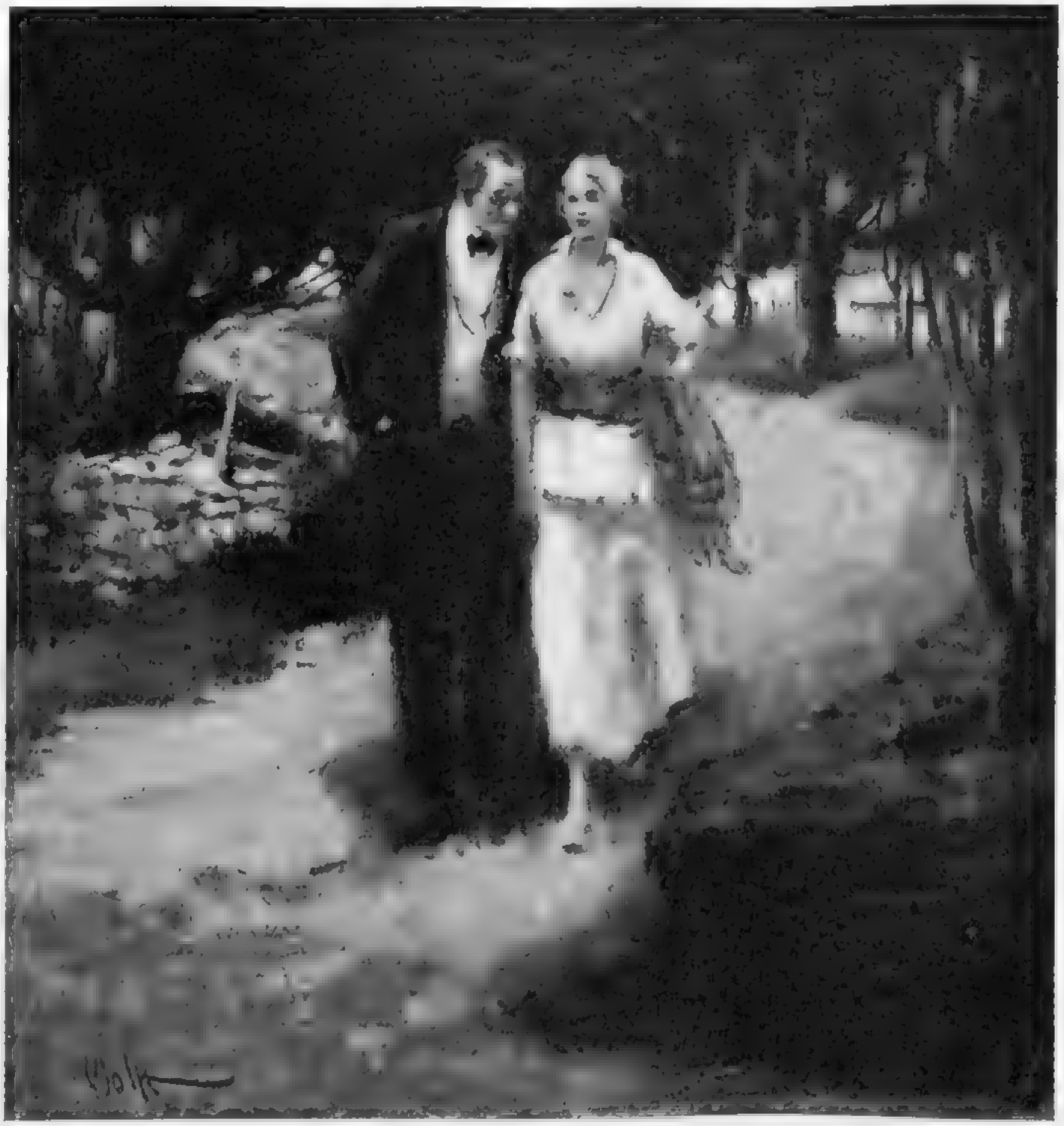
"Speak English, damn it!" roared the admiral on the occasion I refer to.

"Speak English, or *hic jacet* for you, Hector Ramsen, and no *pax vobiscum* either."

Victor Ramsen and I quieted the admiral with difficulty, for he had had three glasses of port.

Moreover, the discussion had risen over the Battle of Salamis, and he felt that he knew more about that celebrated engagement than Hector, who was writing a monograph on the subject.

But I perceive that like all garrulous elderly people, I have strayed from my story. Reminiscence! I must strive to avoid overmuch of that, for it is a certain sign of old age and I am not really beyond my prime. In fact, except for an occasional touch of neuritis, I feel as sound and as buoyant as George himself. Half a century! Bah, that is nothing nowadays if one remains slender or goes to



Presently the Two Came Into the Full Light of the Moon. Something Made Me Remain Quiet in the Shadow

a good tailor! Why, I remember—but no, I must remember not to remember anything more extraneous to my narrative, and my narrative concerns itself mainly with George.

II

"COME on, George," I said. "Here we are." I led the way up the steps, opened the door with my latchkey and rang for Martin. Martin was the man who, with his wife, occupied the fifth floor of our house and who, also with his wife, ministered to our comforts. He was an excellent butler, and his resemblance to the late Mr. Gladstone extended from his whiskers to his integrity. Martin and the chauffeur conveyed George's numerous impedimenta to the house.

"Make up the couch in my study," I said to Martin. "Lieutenant Coventry is stopping a few days with us."

George shook Martin's hand very democratically.

"How are you, Martin?" he asked. "And Mrs. Martin? Still keeping an eye on the four wild young gentlemen, I hope."

This was another of George's absurdities—the "wild young gentlemen," I mean.

"All very good, sir," answered Martin, beaming with pleasure. "And you, Mr. Coventry; I hope you're in good health—and welcome back, I'm sure."

I led George to my study and loitered vaguely about while he unpacked his kit.

"You have an hour before dinner," I said.

"Don't need it," said George. "Bathe and shave in fifteen minutes, and my other uniform's as easy to get into as this one. However, I'll wear my spurs to show I'm dressed up. All aviators wear spurs on dress occasions, you know. It shows they're not in the cavalry. Besides it keeps your neighbors from crowding you when you dance."

"You're as ridiculous as ever, I perceive—and just as incoherent. What is that ribbon, George?"

I pointed to a thin sliver of green and red which I had noticed for the first time on the breast of my nephew's tunic. It had previously been concealed by his overcoat.

"That?" said George. "Oh, I got that for cranking a Liberty motor before the self-starters arrived."

"Please be serious," I begged. "It's the Croix de Guerre, isn't it, George?"

"Uh-huh," he answered. "What direction's the bathroom?"

But he knew very well the direction of the bathroom and was out of the door before I could question him further.

"Never mind," I reflected. "His Cousin Annabel will be able to draw him out better than I. It takes a woman's touch for that, I suppose."

Presently, after a great splashing and an outburst of song, my nephew reappeared, clad in very scanty underwear, and commenced brushing his thick yellow hair vigorously. He seemed to have neglected to dry himself after his bath, for water was dripping down his neck and the spray flew at every stroke of the brushes. "You have broadened out, I think," I remarked. "Haven't you put on weight?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," said George. "It was an idle life and I ate like a swine. I'll have to run round a bit and get into condition again."

He looked in the very pink of condition, it seemed to me; a blond, tanned youth with no white about him save his teeth. Health and youth—youth and health! The two great blessings, and he had them both. I might have added beauty, but beauty is no blessing for a man and I am not enough of a Greek to lay much stress on it.

"Well," said George in a surprisingly short space of time, "I'm as ready as I can get. Shall I wait while you dress or go down and amuse the admiral and the Gold Dust twins? I don't suppose Aunt Mary and Annabel have turned up yet?"

"No," I said. "There is half an hour before dinner. Go down if you want and I'll join you as soon as I get into a dinner coat."

While I dressed my mind was filled with thoughts of George and speculations as to his future. As his guardian

I felt that it was my duty to watch over him closely at this crucial time in his life. He was so young, and withal so full of experience—so innocent of the world, and yet so omniscient. I could scarcely believe that he had gone through two years of battle, murder and sudden death; that he himself had slain scores of men. It had left him so bewilderingly young and so amazingly light-hearted. And he would not—or could not—talk about it. Had he spent two years on a ranch in California he would have had more to say about his experiences. As it was, he seemed to have erased the war from the slate of his life.

Once more my mind reverted to the advisability of his marrying. Yes, that was the solution. I must marry him to some calm, healthy young woman who should be possessed of that rare attribute, common sense. Someone who should care for him, be an anchor for him, keep his feet on the ground. I fear I visualized a sort of trained nurse for his life's mate. I now realize my error, for I myself would never have chosen such a mate, and I had no reason mentally to foist such a one on poor George. But it is a failing that elderly people have always possessed, I believe—that of choosing something sensible and unattractive for their young. I suppose it is because they have themselves learned the perils of the nonsensible and attractive. Poor George! I am glad he did not know how I had mapped out his future.

I completed my dressing and descended to the living room on the second floor. George was in conversation with the admiral and the Ramsens, and they were plying him with questions, of course, especially the admiral. The admiral liked to believe that he kept abreast of the times and that the new developments in warfare held no secrets for him.

"I was one of the few officers in the Navy who foresaw the future of the submarine," he was telling George. "I've always been a great believer in progress—in trying out the new."

"I suppose then," said George, "that you are enthusiastic over aircraft in conjunction with the Navy."

"Aircraft?" repeated the admiral, as if trying to remember the meaning of the word. "Aircraft? What in the devil has aircraft to do with a fleet? A lot of little flying machines that break down every few minutes—why, one hit from a four-inch gun would put a whole flock of them out of commission. No, young man, I said I was progressive, but I'm not a fanatic or—or a damn visionary."

That was the way of the admiral; always abreast of thought that was modern twenty years ago.

George only smiled patiently and Hector Ramsen, the professor of classics, murmured something relative to Icarus and his unfortunate attempt to fly to the sun. Hector was far too stout to hope to fly himself. He had a round, red face and wore spectacles in an effort, I believe, to conceal his cheerfulness, which radiated from him as from a child. Victor, his brother, who was a Business Man—with capital letters—had, strangely enough, the conventional scholarly leanness and the professorial manner. The Lord made the Ramsens twins, but he made them very dissimilar and he failed to adapt their physiques to their vocations. The admiral now—well, no one could ever have mistaken the admiral for anything but an admiral. One could almost smell the salt and one could certainly sense the habit of authority that only admirals, generals and bishops betray.

"Hello, Foster," said the admiral as I entered. "Welcome on board. This nephew of yours looks fit, doesn't he? Ought to take well with the women—that uniform and the decoration and all. Speaking of women, where's Mrs. McKnight and Annabel? Late, as usual. Well, I'll start mixing the cocktails."

The admiral was the self-elected custodian of our wine cellar. I myself have, I think, a happy taste in wines and am something of a connoisseur, but the admiral so obviously enjoyed his rôle that we refrained from interfering. It was, moreover, a very cheering sight for us to witness his operations with a cocktail shaker—almost the only exercise he indulged in.

He now pressed the bell and Martin appeared with the necessary ingredients. The admiral moved his somewhat portly self across the room to a side table and commenced the delicate operation of measuring gin and vermuth. All the preliminaries were performed with his back to us, but when the concoction was ready to be shaken he turned to face us with a great sigh of satisfaction and an anticipatory smile on his broad, ruddy face.

"Ah-h," he breathed, and brandished the shaker furiously. He was engaged in filling equitably the seven glasses when Annabel and her mother were announced.

Now Annabel's mother I find easy enough to describe to you. As I have said, she was my stepsister, a daughter of my father's second wife. This fact she was and is at great pains to promulgate to the world because of the invariable corollary that "of course Foster is much older than I." She had once been beautiful in a sort of milkmaid fashion—the ox-eyed Juno, Hector Ramsen called her—but of recent years she had permitted herself to become uncomfortably stout. Naïve but coy, she had been, and playful and girlish; and alas, naïve and coy and playful and girlish she endeavored to remain. At forty-eight the results were unfortunate. No doubt that was why her architect husband had thrown the indelible ink at her head.

So Annabel's mother is easy to describe—but Annabel! Ah, Annabel's description taxes me beyond my powers. At that time she was twenty-five years old and very intangible—or very elusive. I don't know just which word I mean. The admiral expressed one opinion when he called her a demure little hussy, but the admiral adored her. We all adored her indeed, except Victor Ramsen, the business man. He maintained that she was totally uneducated and knew far too much for her age. There at least is another opinion. Hector Ramsen fairly worshiped her in his quiet, cheerful way, and went so far as to write an ode to her in Latin. He tore it up, because he said that Horace had written much better ones about her already. And that remark, I think, hits her off about right; she was a composite of all the delightful, fickle, lovable, tantalizing women that Horace has hymned.

Beautiful? Yes, I suppose she was beautiful. Old gold and rose and violet. There was nothing flagrant or striking about her coloring—no harsh contrasts, I mean. It was like a dim rainbow of delicate pastel shades—the old gold of her hair, the light carnation rose of her skin, the violet of her eyes. One felt that a master of color could not have done better. Her lips were not too red nor her eyebrows too dark—a fault I find in all brunettes; and there was a certain fineness, a freshness about her that not only was on the surface but seemed to be a part of her personality.

She was slim and straight and not tall. Her features were small not classic, but clearly cut. When she moved

(Continued on Page 69)

"Tell Me More About the Bees," Suggested George. "How Many of the Little Rascals Have You Got?"

A DELICATE ADJUSTMENT

"Hot Didn't 'ear You. Suppose You're 'er Boss. Don't Know What They Brought Me in 'ere For"

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

THERE was quite a considerable pile of congratulatory correspondence on the morning of my forty-second birthday, but only one letter addressed to Avice. I noticed that the envelope, which was of poor quality and had been forwarded, bore a colonial stamp. The writing suggested an illiterate hand. I surmised that the writer was probably a retainer of some sort, or perhaps a servant applying for a character. I was therefore not a little astonished on looking up from my reading to observe that there were tears in Avice's eyes and that manifestly she was reading the letter for the second or possibly the third time. Then she folded it, placed it beneath the toast rack and broke the top of her egg in silence.

Not wishful to intrude upon an affair of private melancholy, I addressed a remark in general terms.

"There is nothing," said I, "more indicative of perfect understanding between married folk than the ability to share in common a reflective silence."

"Which means?" she asked.

"Which means, in order to do so, it is expedient that both parties should be acquainted with the subject for reflection."

Avice's hand traveled slowly toward the letter, withdrew it from beneath the toast rack and extended it in my direction.

"Not for the world," said I, shaking my head.

"I think you had better," said she wistfully. "I don't possess a drawer with a lock and I am quite certain to leave it about."

"Is it as bad as all that?" said I, and taking the sheet of note paper crossed toward the fireplace.

"I didn't invite you to burn it."

"A wise man should immolate the seeds of sorrow upon his birthday."

"Read it first," said she.

And here is what I read:

My dere Nursie: You wont ave forgoten me not you you wont for i was the one in the bed alongside the winder as always loved you true. well dere nursie i ave thort of you a lot and distants as lent encharntment i did not speke then because i did not ave a good home to offer but orphan you and me spoke in the silent languige of the hart and you new it was bound to come. Ave you forgoten the day you tucked me up and i eld your and and you said i mussent. I would ave ast for a kiss but the chap in the necks bed was orful for making out e was asleep and awake all the time. i ave now a good ome and prospecs. it is in South Australia nere a town seventy miles orf and the water is good as you will say and be pleased with the eagle stove in the kitchen wich i put myself in for you so everything would be alrite. i am coming for England in the boat after this one that gets to Tilbury on March thirtieth and i shal go strate to the old capitle and ast were you are so that i can find you and claim you for my own.

We will live and be married together and our life will be one long dream in Australia.

I am

x x x x Yours fflly x x x x

S. W. A. K. SYDNEY COLLINS (Syd)

P. S. i am sure you will not think you are to good for me if you saw the eagle stove.

I folded the letter and returned it to my wife.

"And may I ask who Mr. Sydney Collins happens to be?"

"Nobody," replied Avice.

"He was a private—an Aussie—just one of the boys in the hospital, that's all."

"To judge from this amazing document," I said severely, "that is far from being all."

"Oh, if you are going to be silly about it," she began.

"And when did all this occur?"

"About the end of '17."

"When you were a V. A. D. at the Ruffle Christie Hospital?"

She nodded, and a dreamy look came in her eyes.

"Poor little thing," she murmured. "What a shame!"

I rapped the table smartly with a spoon.

"This pseudosympathetic sorrow is all very well in its way," said I, "but it in no sense meets the situation. It is clearly evident you were guilty of tampering with the affections of a private soldier."

"I wasn't."

"In short, of flirting."

"I did nothing at all."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Except just move about in the ward."

"And do you suggest that a letter of this kind—a deliberate proposal of marriage—would be inspired by the spectacle of a young woman moving about in one's proximity?"

"I'm not a man," Avice replied innocently. "You should be better able to answer that."

"The cases are not parallel," I returned. "I—for my own part—er—but that's got nothing to do with it."

"Oh, do go on," she pleaded. "It would be lovely to hear what made you ask me to be your wife."

"Once and for all," said I, "I decline to be put off by these transparent devices. For a wonder it is you and not I who is standing upon the carpet."

"If I had married Syd," she mused, "I wonder if he would have been such an autocrat?"

In one of my earlier writings I drew attention to the fruitlessness of arguing with a woman. Their inability to keep to the point is astounding. I was about to frame a reply well saturated in tartaric acid when the door was thrown open, and Bronce admitted my sister Stella and her husband.

Robert was tottering under the weight of a flowering azalea, which, in view of its being my birthday, Stella had thought fit to import and present to Avice.

"Well, Dicky, how goes it?" said Robert.

"It does not go at all well," I retorted, "and your arrival has in no sense improved the situation."

Robert demanded a cup of coffee and inquired what the matter was.

"The matter," I replied, "is one between Avice and myself, and I should like to add that though prepared to accept your society at other times of day, I regard the breakfast table as a sanctuary which should be secure from such intrusions."

"You've aged a lot this birthday," Robert laughed.

He Smoked a Pipe in the Kitchen, Where He Engaged His Leisure Severally in Cleaning the Table Knives, Peeling Potatoes and Reciting Experiences of a Military and Agricultural Kind

But Stella was looking at Avice for an explanation. Avice's reply was to hand her the letter.

"Who's it from?"

"An Australian boy I nursed in hospital. The poor fellow had three dreadful wounds. Shrapnel! The wonder is he ever recovered from them."

"It was the fourth which proved fatal," I remarked bitterly.

Avice raised her eyebrows.

"An arrow through the heart," I explained.

"Oh, do be quiet!" said Stella. "I'm reading." Robert leaned across and read over her shoulder.

"Sublime!" he ejaculated as Stella turned the page.

Stella concluded the letter with a series of little gasps usually described by lady novelists, so I believe, as mother noises.

"Oh, but how perfectly sweet!" she cried. "The darling! And he bought an eagle stove too. Why didn't he send his photograph? What was he like? Was he good-looking?"

"I think he was—rather," Avice admitted.

"Oh, do let's go somewhere and talk about him."

But I put a stop to that.

"Here is a simple fellow," I said, "who has been beguiled, and you treat the whole matter as though it were a pleasant and praiseworthy exploit."

"But how could Avice help the poor boy's falling in love with her?"

Robert nodded wisely and pressed my foot beneath the table.

"Ah, yes," he remarked profoundly, "love is a wayward force. I remember a little girl who ——"

"You are not asked or expected to remember any little girls, Robert," said Stella sharply.

Robert raised his shoulders.

"It's extraordinary," he said, "but a woman never admits the possible fascinations, past or present, of the man she has married. Her own indiscretions are haloed in romance—but his! Sordid, my boy—very, very sordid."

I was sorry to observe that neither Avice nor Stella was listening to this—for Robert—inspired address. They were whispering together at the far end of the table. Fragments of their talk drifted to our ears.

"And for two years he's been making a home for you."

"I know! That's the awful part."

"Such sweet spelling too. What does S.W.A.K. mean?"

Avice blushed, and seeing this I seconded the inquiry.

"You were in the army," said she.

"Speaking from memory," said Robert, "it is an anagram extensively used in military circles to imply, 'sealed with a kiss'"

Stella looked at Avice, who nodded assent.

"Sweet," said she.

"A piece of disgusting familiarity," said I.

Stella turned on me hotly.

"Do you imagine then you are the only man who ever thought Avice attractive?"

"I imagine," I retorted, "that I am the only man entitled to seal my thoughts with—well, in the manner indicated."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Stella.

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Robert, and he embarked afresh upon his recital about the little girl.

"Would not be denied," he insisted.

Stella looked at him with flaming cheeks.

"So in the end," he concluded with a pitiful want of spirit, "I married her—and I wonder if I might ask for a second cup of coffee?"

I walked to the mantelpiece and took up a firm position there.

"It comes to this," I said, and I spoke in all seriousness. "We have wasted a deal of time trifling with an affair of considerable gravity. This unhappy young man is rapidly approaching these shores for the purpose—I borrow his own phrase—of finding and claiming Avice. A situation rises that cannot be ignored. Precisely what are we going to do?"

"Surely it's simple enough," said Stella. "Avice must take him out to tea and break the unhappy news."

"If you are referring to our marriage ——"

"Unhappy from his point of view."

"Stella," I pleaded, "would you mind not being funny?"

"Why, Dicky," she cried, jumping to her feet, "surely you aren't really jealous?"

"My dear Stella, I was thinking less of myself than of the approaching Syd. The course you suggest would result in robbing the young man of his ideals about women."

"But he'll get over it."

Oh, most vile feminine logic! I looked at Avice and wondered if I should have got over it had I found myself similarly placed. I think she read the meaning of my thoughts, for very softly she kissed her finger tips in my direction.

"We have to remember," I went on, "that for nearly three years he has nursed this project. If we omit the eagle stove, it has probably been his sole companion for most of that time. Ideas and ideals become very fixed with a man in isolation. It is the possession of such keeps him from turning to drink."

"And yet," remarked Robert, "they say that an ideal can only be preserved in spirits."

I ignored the epigram.

"On Tuesday morning he will land in England alight with hope and enthusiasm, and by Tuesday night, if we follow your suggestion, his fires will be drawn and his beliefs shattered. It won't do! It won't do at all, and I forbid it!"

"Of course I could write," Avice proposed. "I could write him a very nice letter."

"You are dealing with a primitive man," I retorted. "He would probably think your nice letter very nasty indeed"

"I should hate to hurt his feelings—after this."

"There is only one thing to be done. He must imagine you are still unmarried, and in that situation you must convince him you are not the woman he believed you to be."

"Impossible!" said Stella.

But Avice looked interested.

"You want me to walk out with him—and be a disappointment?"

"Certainly not—he can come here."

"But how about you?"

"I shall pass as a relative."

"A brother?"

"Hardly that—a brother is lacking in weight."

I glanced at my reflection in the mirror. Stella clapped her hands joyously.

"Oh, how plucky of you! You'd make a lovely father for Avice."

I whisked round on her.

"You speak as though the character would be an easy one," I retorted. "If I consent to do this in the interests of humanity I shall be undertaking an exceedingly difficult part demanding most careful portrayal."

"You'll only spoil the thing if you try to act," said Robert. "Be yourself and you'll bring the house down."

"Well, at any rate," said Stella, "it'll be tremendous fun, and we shall come round to see."

"The fun," said Robert, "will begin when the faithful Syd fails to find Avice a disappointment."

I made my dispositions with foresight and precision. The caretaker at the empty mansion which once had been

(Continued on Page 42)

I Was Therefore Not a Little Astonished to Observe That There Were Tears in Avice's Eyes and That Manifestly She Was Reading the Letter for the Second or Possibly the Third Time

MAW'S VACATION

By Emerson Hough

TIMES has changed, says Maw to herself, says she. Things ain't like what they used to be. Time was when I worked from sunup to sundown, and we didn't have no daylight-saving contraptions on the old clock, neither. The girls was too little then, and I done all the work myself—cooking, sweeping, washing and ironing, suchlike. I never got to church Sundays because I had to stay home and get the Sunday dinner. Like enough they'd bring the preacher home to dinner. You got to watch chicken it won't cook itself. Weekdays was one like another, and except for shoveling snow and carrying more coal I never knew when summer quit and winter come. There was no movies them days—a theater might come twice a winter, or sometimes a temperance lecturer that showed a picture of the inside of a drunkard's stomach, all redlike and awful. We didn't have much other entertainment. Of course we had church sociables now and then, or a surprise party on someone. Either way, the fun no more than paid for the extra cooking. I never seen nothing or went nowhere, and if when I was down town after the groceries I'd 'a' stepped into the drug store and bought me a lemonade—and they didn't have no nut sundaes then—they'd of had me up before the church for frivolous conduct.

Of course Paw kicks about the crops and prices, but I've been living with Paw forty years, and I dunno as I can remember a time when he didn't kick. He kicks now on the wages he pays these city boys that come out to farm; says they're no good at all. But somehow or other, things gets raised. I notice the last few years we somehow have had more clothes and things, and more money in the bank. When Paw bought the automobile he didn't ask the minister if it was right, and he didn't have to ask the bank for a consent, neither. Cynthy's back from college, and it's all paid for somehow. Jimmy's in a mail-order store in Chicago. I've got a girl to help me that calls herself a maid, which is all right enough, though we used to call Judge Harmsworth's help a girl and let it go at that, law me! My other girls, Hattie and Roweny, are big enough to help a lot, and Paw reasons with them considerable about it. I've always been so used to work that I think I can do it better myself. I always liked to do for my children.

But Paw, ever since I married him, has been one of those energetics. They call him an aggressive business man. Some of them call him a dominant man, because of his whiskers, though he knows well enough about how scared of him I am. Only time I ever was scared of Paw was when he got the car. I thought he would break his fool neck and kill Roweny, that had clim in with him. He did break down the fence in front of the house and run over the flower beds and all.

The Park-Bound Throng of Maws

BUT this summer we allowed we all would get in the car and take a big trip out West—go right into some of the parks, if nothing happened.

We borrowed our tent from the Hickory Bend Outing Club that Paw belongs to back home. The poles go along the fenders and stick out a good way behind. I could

Going South

always cook without a stove, from experience at picnics when I was younger. The dishes goes in a box. Paw nailed a rack on top of the fenders, and we carry a lot of stuff that way. Cynthy always has her suitcase on the outside because it's the newest one. The other girls set on the bedding on the rear seat, and I ride in front with Paw. We mostly wear overalls.

Yes, times has changed, says Maw.

As a dispassionate observer in one of our national parks, expressing the belief in modern speech, I'll say they have. I have met Maw this summer, ninety thousand of her, concentrated on a piece of mountain scenery about fifty miles square—Maw on her first vacation in a life of sixty years. Dear old Maw!

Ninety thousand replicas of Maw cause the rest of us to eat copiously of alkaline dust and to shiver each time we approach a turn on the roads of Yellowstone Park, which were laid out on a curling iron. You cannot escape seeing Paw and Maw, and Cynthy in her pants, and Hattie and Roweny in overalls and putties. I have seen their camp fire rising on every remaining spot of grass on all that busy fifty miles. I have photographed Maw and Cynthy and the other girls, and Cynthy has photographed me because I looked funny. Bless them all, the whole ninety thousand of them—I would not have missed them on their vacation this summer for all the world. They are, I suppose, what we call the new people of America, who never have been out like this before. They've been at home. Maw has been getting the Sunday dinner. Paw has been plowing, paying the taxes which this Government has spent for him. But now Paw pays income tax also; and both he and Maw construe this fact to mean that they can at last read their title clear to a rest, and a car, and a vacation. So they have swung out from the lane at last, after forty years of work, and on to the roads that lead to the transcontinental highway. They have crossed the prairies and come up into the foothills—the price of gas increasing day by day, and Paw kicking but paying cash—and so they have at last arrived among the great mountains of which Maw has dreamed all her long life of cooking and washing and ironing.

Studies in Mountain Pants

I SHALL not inquire by what miracle of grace Paw has learned to find his way about on these curling-iron mountain roads. I am content to eat a barrel of dust a day rather than miss the sight of Maw, placid and bespectacled, on the front seat of the flivver. Without her the mountain roads would never be the same for me, and my own vacation would be spoiled. Frankly, I am in love with Maw; and as for Cynthy in her pants ——

Times has changed. Maw also wears pants to-day. She says that they are convenienter when she sits down round on the grass. Sometimes her pants are fastened round the ankles with large and shiny safety pins, apparently saved from the time when Jimmy was a baby. Sometimes they hang straight down *au naturel*, and sometimes they stop at the knee—in which case, as Maw's *au naturel* is disposed to adipose—they make a startling adjunct to the mountain scenery. But, bless her heart, Maw doesn't care! She is on her way and on her vacation, the first in all her life. There rest on her soul the content and poise which her own square and self-respecting mind tells her are due her after forty years of labor, including the Lord's Days thereof. I call Maw's vacation her Lord's Day. It ought to be held a sacred thing by all who tour our national parks, where Maw is gregariously accumulated in these days. I used to own this park, you and I did. It's Maw's park now. Forty years of hard work!

Has she earned a vacation? I'll say she has. Is she taking it? I'll say she is.

Maw has company in the park—not always just the company she or I would select, were it left to us. Some of these do not go out by motor car. Of course Abe Klinghammer, of the Plasterers' Union, Local Number Four, being rich, goes out by rail on a round trip. It costs him

They Found Their Elk Horns

Going Into Yellowstone

He Doesn't Like the Scenery

On the Way Up Mount Rainier

this year about twice what it did last year. Next year—thanks to the raise in rail and Pullman rates, due to his own repeated raises in wages, and also to the beneficence of the late little-lamented United States Railroad Administration with its railway employees—Abe will pay twenty-five to fifty per cent more for his round trip to Yellowstone Park. He may not be able to afford it, but I think he will. Abe is of the richer classes. He can go to the tents and log cottages of the Camps Company, where he would have to pay only four dollars and fifty cents a day. He does not kick any more than Maw kicks. To tell the truth, in spite of the front he throws, Abe is a little bit scared at all this sudden splendor in his life. He is a little uneasy about how to act, how to seem careless about it, as though he had been used to it all his life. Abe takes it out in neckties. Having bought a swell one of four colors and inserted a large cameo in it, he loses his nerve and begins to doubt whether he is getting by. You will always see Abe looking at your necktie.

And there is Benjamin D. O'Cleave, of New York—with a flourish under it on the register. He and his wife take it out in diamonds. You would never see one of the O'Cleave family at a roadside camp fire such as that where Maw fries the trout and Rowena toasts the bread on a fork. The original O'Cleave came over in the Mayflower, as I am informed—but, without question in my mind, came steerage. You will find Mr. O'Cleave in the swellest hotel, in the highest-priced room. He is first in war, first in peace, and first in the dining room.

Mr. O'Cleave pays six dollars and fifty cents a head for all his family, as the entire charge for room with bath and meals. The hotel company would gladly charge him more, and Mr. O'Cleave gladly would pay more. He confides to the hotel clerk—who is a Y. M. C. A. secretary back East—that he should not care if it was even fifty dollars a day, he could pay it. But, if so, he would already want for his money more service, which he waits five hours and not enough cars to get him over to see the Giantess Geyser play, which the Giantess maybe didn't play again for eight days, and should a business man and taxpayer wait eight days because of not cars enough by a hotel, which is the only place a man has to go with his family? Is it reasonable?

Maw in War Paint

THE highly specialized hotel clerk admits that it is not reasonable, that nothing is reasonable, that he has spoken to the Giantess a dozen times about her irregular habits; but what can he do? "I would gladly charge you one hundred dollars a day, Mr. O'Cleave, if I had the consent of the Interior Department. It isn't my fault."

I wish I had a movie of the Y. M. C. A. hotel clerk when he is off duty at the desk. I wonder if his faith upholds him when he recalls the threat of Benjamin D. O'Cleave to go to Europe next year. Ah, well, even if he does, Maw will remain.

I know that next year I shall again see Maw leaning against a big pine, as she sits upon the ground drinking real handmade coffee of her own from a tin cup with the handle cut so it will nest down in the box. Maw's meals do not cost her four bits a throw, because they brought things along. Paw catches a trout sometimes on the cane pole that hangs alongside the car; not always, but sometimes, he catches one. And Maw, once she had conquered the notion that you ought to skin a trout the way you do a bullhead back in Ioway, took to cooking trout naturally; and her trout, with pancakes and sirup, to my notion beat anything the hotel chef in the best hotel can do. Maw does not worry about a room with bath, though sometimes when the rain comes through the old wall tent she gets both. The pink and green war paint which you sometimes see beneath Maw's specs when you meet her on the road represents only the mark of the bedquilts, where the colors were not too proud to run.

Maw finds it wonderful in these mountains. I know she does, because she has never yet told me so. Maw throws no fits. But many a time I have seen her sitting, in the late afternoon, her hands, in the first idleness they have known in all her life, lying in her ample lap, her faded eyes quietly gazing through her steel-bowed far-lookers at the vast pictures across some valley she has found. It is her first valley of dreams, her first valley of rest and peace and quiet. The lights on these hills are such as she did not see in Ioway, or even in Nebraska, when she went there once, time Mary's baby was born. The clouds are so strange to Maw, their upturned edges so very white against the black body of their over-color. And the rains that come, with hail—but here you don't need worry, for there are no crops for the hail to spoil. And sometimes in the afternoon, never during the splendor of the mellow morning such as Maw never before has seen, comes the lightning and rips the counterpane of clouds, to let the sun shine through.

I know Maw loves it all, because she never has told me so. She is very shy about her new world in this new day. She wouldn't like to talk about it. We never do like to talk about it, once we really have looked out across our valley of dreams.

I am glad the price of wheat was good in Maw's country last year, even if we had to pay twice as much for a loaf of bread at the O'Cleave bakery in the city. And you can't fail to like Hattie

(Continued on Page 60)

Alma D. Wagen, the Woman Guide in Rainier National Park

THE KICK—By Herschel S. Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

Streams and Sheets of Fire and Flame Shot Up From the Engine, and There Burst Out a Loud Hissing and Screaming of Escaping Steam

THE big oval hot well behind the Bessemer and the ingot mill has not been cleaned out for a long, long time. Indeed it has not been looked into for a long, long time, for the cover to the manhole through which entrance is had to the great cavity has not been disturbed since that midnight of months ago when Smuggy Stapp, the little negro oiler at the ingot mill, slipped it back over the opening, slammed it down into place and then, shivering and shaking and gasping, ran from the old building, struck through and through with all the horror and terror that can in one moment visit the soul of man—ran out and fled away, never to be seen again about Claxton Mills.

It is a foul place, that oval hot well back of the Bessemer and ingot mill, housed over by the dilapidated building that used to shelter there the giant pumps of Claxton Mills before the new water main from the lake was brought in. A dozen pipes and drains, big and little, discharge their dirty, slimy, malodorous waters into its dismal depths—waters that have washed the greasy roll trains and cooled the red ingots and blooms and bars and billets and rods going smashing and twisting and writhing through them; waters that have flushed the unclean mill floors and standings where millmen work and spit and drip sweat and dump the leavings from their lunch pails; waters that have laved and sealed the hot, smelly valves of the sulphury gas producers; waters that have scoured and scrubbed and purged a thousand filthy holes and corners about Claxton Mills, until they are but thick, viscid, putrid semifluids. Into the oval well they tumble and splash, some of them boiling, some of them hot, some of them lukewarm, some of them cold, and the vast underground cavern is ever choked with fetid fogs of rank and rancid steam.

In one side, halfway between the top and bottom, there is an outlet sewer that drains the well. Its mouth is covered over with a wire mesh, and there is a disk valve of half-inch plate in the huge pipe that can be raised or lowered from above by means of a screw. But the valve has never been closed since Claxton Mills brought in the new water main from the lake, when the well became useless and was abandoned. Before that time all the water discharging into the oval well was carefully hoarded, to be used over and over about the plant, for water was scarce at the mills then.

To-day the oval hot well is but an intermediate catch basin, never cleaned out, never looked into, never considered by steam boss or engineer, and no one about Claxton Mills knows nor cares what queer things may have washed into it or fallen into it or been thrown into it—it is a place forgotten. Nobody knows that the swollen, rotting, disintegrating body of Steve Slipinsky, for five years and more an employee of Claxton Mills, rolls and tumbles and travels about in the rolling black waters of the well.

Round and round on the agitated waters the dead man travels, now in this direction, now in that, rolling over and over as the spurting streams from the mains' mouths far above him strike down upon his body and set it spinning. Sometimes the rush and suction of the outflowing current leads him up against the wire mesh of the outlet sewer, and there he beats and bumps against the little bars of steel, trying, it would almost seem, to force his way out of his awful tomb. But quickly the swirling of the waters floats him away, to start him again on his endless traveling. Night and day and day and night he moves on and on, six days of twenty-four hours each of every week. But on Sundays he rests from his journeying, for on Sundays Claxton Mills close down. And then with the quieting of the waters in the well he sinks—sinks lower and lower through the foul flood until he lies in the mucky ooze on the bottom of the great pit. Yet a little while only is he given this easeful respite, for in the early hours of Sunday night a hundred pumps scattered here and there throughout the vast plant of Claxton Mills resume their tireless tasks, and the waters of the old oval well are again churned up by the tumbling torrents from a dozen mains and drains, big and little, and the dead man comes climbing up out of the sticky ooze to the surface of the black and filthy waters, and takes up his journeying for another week.

Nobody knows that Steve Slipinsky, dead and rotting and disintegrating, floats about in the vile waters of the oval hot well—nobody but Smuggy Stapp; and since that midnight months ago when the little negro oiler slipped back the cover to the manhole and slammed it down into place and fled away, shivering and shaking and gasping, struck through and through with all the horror and terror that in one moment can visit the soul of man, no one about Claxton Mills has seen Smuggy Stapp.

"What's the name of that new bohunk that started to work at the ingot mill this morning?" asked Slade, the brass-check man, of Terkman, the timekeeper.

"So ask I, so ask I, Slade. Blamed if I know—can't make out what it is he tried to write here," replied Terkman from his desk in the big time office at Claxton Mills, where he sat examining a card he held in his hand. "I've been studying this scrawl for ten minutes. First it looks as if it might be Slewzewewsky, and then I take another slant at it and it looks like Slipbojinsky, or something like that. Front name is Steffan, I think. Here, take a squint at it yourself and see what you get."

Slade stepped over to the timekeeper's desk, picked up the card which Terkman had laid down, and studied it for a moment.

"Easy!" he said. "Dead easy! Steve Slipinsky of course. Anybody that can read at all ought to be able to read that." And he went back to his desk, chuckling.

"Steve Slipinsky goes then," said Slade, laughing, and he wrote the name down in his roster.

"Steve Slipinsky it is," grinned Slade, and he entered it in his check book. "We'll give him—let me see—we'll give him Number 2487."

"I've got you, kiddo—Steve Slipinsky, Check Number 2487. And when the gent quits us or gets fired we'll pay him off as Steve Slipoutsky—eh, Slade?"

And it was with this bit of levity and laughter on the part of a timekeeper and a brass-check man that the new laborer in the ingot mill was entered on the pay roll of the

Claxton Steel Company as Steve Slipinsky. It wasn't his name; there was no similarity between it and his name, but the man didn't care—there was nothing in a name to him.

He had come to the big steel city of Lakesedge only the day before, this huge, hard-muscled, narrow-browed Slav giant, traveling thither in a roundabout way from Liège, Belgium. For a year he had been working in an iron foundry in Liège. Before that service he had had employment about the steel mills at Essen and Düsseldorf—two years. Prior to that period he had labored for some months in machine shops in the suburbs of Berlin, to which place he had drifted by easy stages from a small industrial city in German Poland, from Warsaw, from Vilna, from Moscow, from a small village near Libau, where he was born and where he had grown up to young manhood.

Fairly shrewd and fairly clever by nature, yet bestial and brutal and cruel, and ever instinctively criminal, he had begun his wanderings when he was little more than a boy, always finding it easy to procure employment wherever he went because of his great strength and because of a certain self-confidence he possessed, qualities that made him desirable in the eyes of hirers of men for hard labor.

In the summer of 1914 he was at work in a foundry at Liège when the German Army broke into Belgium. The orgy of blood and lust he there beheld, and in which he made himself a participant, appealed to his nature so strongly that for several days thereafter he followed in the rear of the advancing army, one of a horde of human vultures, profiting with them in a hundred hideous ways, with them reveling in the loosed hellishness of the Hun. But taking sudden alarm lest he be seized as a German citizen and impressed into military service, he turned and fled to the north, passed into Holland, into Denmark and on into Sweden. From there he took ship for America.

It was while he was in Liège that he had received a letter from a cousin in America, who wrote him to come and join him in the United States, promising him a good job and a good time.

"It is truly a great country over here," his cousin had written. "You can raise all the hell you want to and nobody will do anything to you. These Americans are big fools. They look upon us as the oppressed, and they say their government was really founded for us—the oppressed. Don't delay, but come at once. They will fall upon your neck and kiss you, they will be so glad to see you."

So he had traveled to Lakesedge, the great steel city of the Middle West. His cousin, a steel worker, had spoken to the Irish foreman in the ingot mill about his coming, and a job was waiting him. He went to work the next day after his arrival at his destination.

At the yard gate of the mills, where his cousin met him to conduct him into the works, he saw a crowd of roughly garbed men gathered. Half of them were negroes, half whites, all of them men of smaller physical build than he and his cousin. His relative told him those men were there looking for work.

"They are Americans," explained his cousin. "They have no chance here, however, so long as there are any of us to be had. The mills would rather hire us. Just why I don't know, but the bosses say these Americans are not big enough, not strong enough. Of course it isn't that. They make me laugh, these Americans—they don't know enough to take care of their own people."

The newcomer could speak no word of English, but his cousin told him that that would present no difficulty—he could join a free class of instruction and quickly acquire a working knowledge of English.

"The company that runs these mills has night classes for us, and they hire teachers to teach us everything so that we will become Americans. I'll take you over there to-night. If you'll just keep your ears open and study a little you'll be speaking good English in a week or two—enough to get along with, I mean to say. There's a lot of these black men coming up here from the South, they tell me—Americans, you know. Most of them have no education, but the company doesn't have night classes for them—oh, no! Funny, isn't it?"

The new hand at the ingot mill joined a class that night.

He found the work that was given him to do about the mill much easier than any he had been accustomed to doing in the factories of Russia and Germany and Belgium, and he would make short shift of the tasks assigned to him. His cousin admonished him.

"You don't want to work hard here, Steffan, and you don't want to work fast in this country. Take it easy. Never finish completely a job you're put to do. Learn to loaf—soldiering, they call it here. The bosses expect us to do that—they never say anything to you, and if they do they don't mean what they say. They've all got their orders to go easy with us and to treat us nice. They're afraid they'll lose us. They don't believe the work in the United States can be done without us. If one of the bosses gets angry and talks loud to you about something you have done that he doesn't like, maybe because your style of working doesn't suit him, or something like that, you can report him to a bigger boss and he will get into trouble. If one of them should swear at you, you can probably get him discharged, for the head men of the company want us treated nice. Americans are the biggest asses in the world, as you'll soon find out."

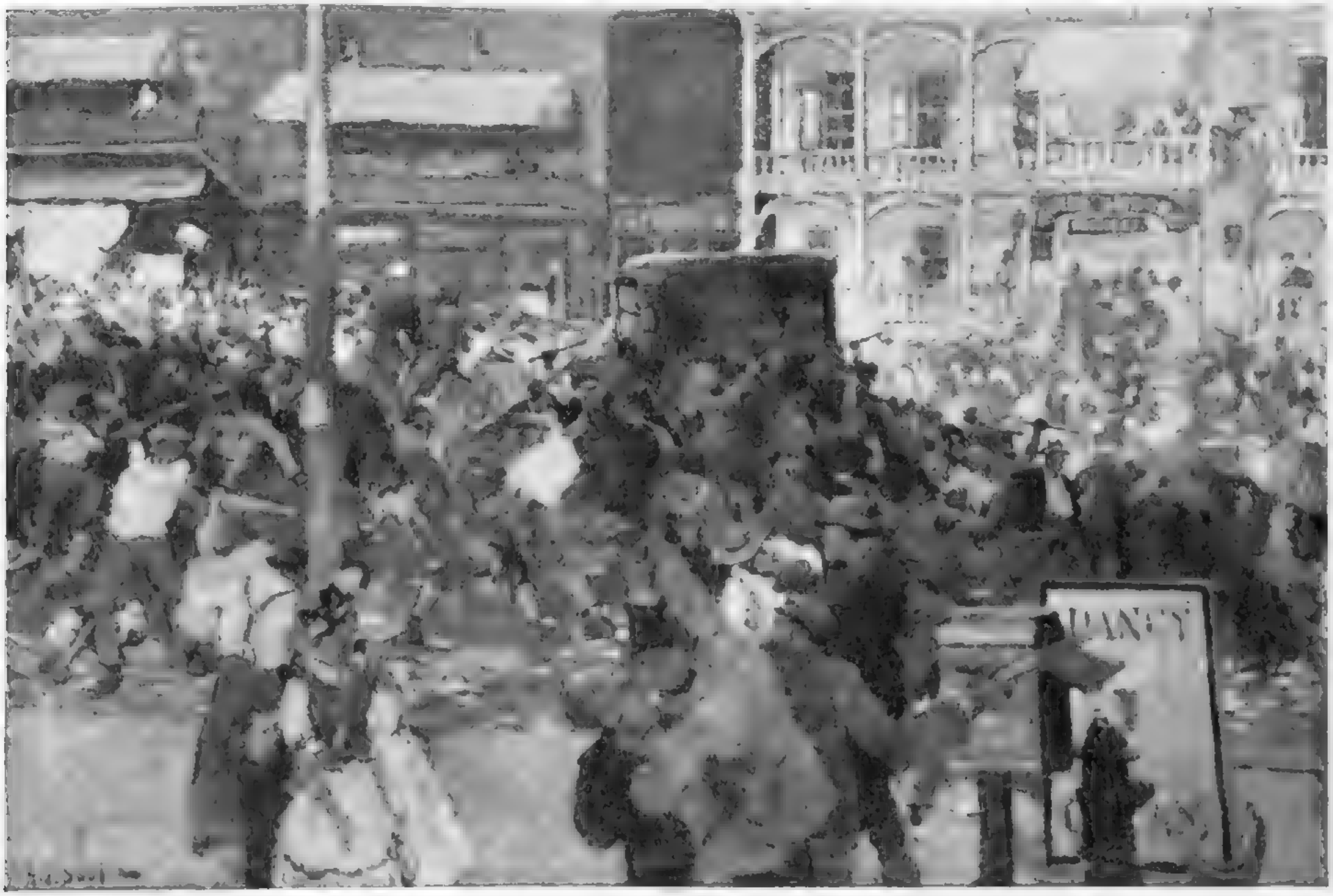
Many other bits of advice did the stranger in a strange land receive from his cousin in those first days of his stay in the United States.

"They're afraid of us, the fool people who run these steel mills, and the bosses will always decide in our favor whenever a dispute of any kind comes up. The little bosses are afraid we'll hurt them with our heavy fists or stick a knife into them, and the bigger bosses are afraid all the time that we will go on strike, or quit, maybe, and hunt other work. So they all dance and sing for us, and you need have no fear of losing your job.

"Why, I've been discharged three or four times, Steffan, but it means nothing. I have each time gone to the big office and seen the big boss. The big boss sends me to a woman—what is it they call her—character reader? Maybe. She looks at me, Steffan, wise like a sewer rat, and she says: 'This man is all right; it is his foreman who is wrong. Give him another foreman.'

"So they give me a job in another department, and when I meet my old foreman I put my thumbs up to my head like this and wiggle my fingers—so. Laugh? Say, Steffan, whenever I think of that woman reading my character, sitting there at her fine desk, looking wise like a sewer rat, Steffan, I fairly choke.

"There are signs posted all over the plant, printed in a half dozen different languages, that say you will be discharged if you come to work drunk, or if you drink while you are on duty, or if you go out of the plant and bring in whisky and beer during working hours. But you won't be discharged, Steffan—don't you fear that. Drink all you want to, all you can get—while it's here. It looks like these fool Americans are going to do away with the saloons, and then we'll have to make our drink ourselves as we did



Smack! The Club Struck the Man On the Side of the Head and He Sank Down to the Paving Stones Without a Sound

in the old country. That will be a lot of trouble. Drink all you want to. Bring it to work with you, and if you get dry and you see a good chance to slip outside and get a few bottles, why, go out and get it. Rules all over this country—laws too—are made to be broken, not to be observed. Just keep your work halfway up, that's all you have to do. Don't be afraid of anybody—talk back. These Americans, as I tell you often, are big fools, and they think, Steffan—they think they're going to make Americans out of us, out of you and me, Steffan, to be big fools like them! It is to laugh—eh, Steffan?"

In a few weeks Steve Slipinsky, as he was always known about Claxton Mills, and as he must be known throughout this story, was able to speak fairly good English, for he was naturally shrewd and clever and quick to learn, and under his cousin's urging he studied diligently. He had made a good impression on his boss, Fennigan—brutality and meanness in the one being attracted to brutality and meanness in the other—and already he had been transferred to a job that paid him better money in wages. He laughed over this quick good fortune; he gloated over the fact that he had elected to come to America. Here in this land a man was indeed free, as his cousin had told him he would be; here a man could do almost quite as he pleased.

One day Dawes, the superintendent of the ingot mill, noticed him for the first time. He was getting a drink of water at a flowing tap at the moment, and the superintendent came up behind him and slapped him upon his broad back.

"Well, John, how goes it?" he asked, grinning the idiotic grin he always affected when speaking to men under him.

"Fine, boss, fine!" replied the big Slav, showing his yellow fangs. And he walked away, chuckling. Funny people, these Americans! He knew Dawes was holder of a high position in the mills. No big boss in Belgium or Germany or Russia had ever spoken to him in that friendly manner.

"Say, Fennigan, where in Sam Hill did you gather in that big Norman horse you've got there?" demanded Dawes of his mill foreman a few minutes later.

"Who? Oh, you mean Slipinsky, eh? Say, ain't he a dandy?"

"He's as big as a prize hippo, isn't he? No brains, I suppose?"

"Haven't seen any signs of any yet, but he's something above the average."

"Well, we want to get hold of all his kind we possibly can, and we want to hold to 'em after we get 'em too. Handle 'em easy, Fennigan. We can't tell what this European war is going to do to the labor situation over here."

The armies of Germany had broken into Belgium, swept through it, poured into France, reached the Marne, and then retreated to intrench along the Aisne—a long-drawn-out war was threatened, and every company, every individual in the United States employing labor was worrying, wondering how long it would last, asking how many men of foreign birth would be called home from their mills and factories and foundries. In a little while the motley crowd of job hunters that had always been seen at the gates to Claxton Mills morning and evening, day after day, for so long a time that no one about Claxton Mills could remember when there was not a gang of men there looking for a chance to get on—that crowd had begun to dwindle away. It was daily growing smaller, and it continued to diminish in size until there came not a man to the gates of Claxton Mills to hang about waiting to see a foreman about a job. For jobs were becoming plentiful to an unheard-of degree all over the big steel city. Dawes was one of those who were worrying much now. He again spoke to Fennigan.

"Handle 'em easy, Fennigan, handle 'em easy," he cautioned. "We can't afford to be firing men these days for every little infraction of our rules, as we used to do a few years back. Labor is going to be mighty hard to get pretty soon. We may have to take on the black boys before we're through, but I don't want to do that. I don't like 'em. How many you got?"

"Only two—Smuggy Stapp, the oiler, and Jim Raggs, the gas poker."

"Well, I hope we won't have to hire any more of that color—I don't like 'em. Favor the bohunks—they're the boys we'll have to rely on. And if Uncle Sam should get mixed up in the scrap, why, the bohunks will have to take the jobs of our American boys who go over to fight."

The war hung on—there were no apparent signs of its termination. Jobs in Lakesedge became more and more plentiful, and job hunters fewer and fewer. The laborers about the big mills grew more and more inefficient, a gang of four or five being required now to do the work that a gang of three had once performed. Labor was beginning to take advantage; labor was putting its tongue in its cheek; labor was laughing in its sleeve. And Steve Slipinsky, getting wiser and wiser concerning the ways of easy-going America, grew bolder, grew meaner, grew more powerful in his own little sphere, developing rapidly into a disturber and a trouble maker.

He was the recognized and accepted leader of the big gang of steel handlers with whom he now worked. He had won his way to that position by the sheer force of his brutality, by his superior physical strength and by his greater cleverness. More than one bloody fight, in each of which he was victor, had he engaged in before he won to the coveted place. Now he had the gang under his control, and all that he said and whatever he did was approved.

"Ah, but we've got them, men!" he would tell his fellow workmen as they sat eating their lunches from their tin pails, or while they were taking a spell after a clean-up of a bank of steel bars or billets or rails which they had been loading. "We've got them where we want them; where we can pinch them; where we can screw them down. And if we stand firm we'll have them in a tighter grip. They need us; we are necessary to them—they can't run these mills without us! They're afraid to discharge any one of us; afraid the others of us would quit. So we can keep right on taking things easier and easier, doing less and less work. And we'll be getting more pay right along, and we'll soon have more help on every job, too, for we can demand it. You watch me and see what I'll do for you."

He was a hard drinker of intoxicants of every kind, and two or three days every week he would come to the mills too drunk to begin his work until he had had time to sleep off the effects of the liquor. His foreman would find him lying in some corner behind some engine or pump or machine, and he would look at him and go away, saying nothing.

Both Fennigan and Dawes had made it plain that drunken hands in these queer, shaky times were to be dealt with gently.

Frequently he would crawl over the high fence surrounding the plant, or go through a hole he would make with bar or sledge, leaving the yard and his work for an hour or two at a time, to carouse in one of the filthy groggeries near the mills. Others, seeing him do these things again and again, without being stopped or punished, copied his ways. Foremen and subforemen knew this was going on, as did Fennigan and Dawes and others in higher positions, yet nothing was done to stop it. Labor was scarce in Lakesedge and every day it was growing scarcer. New orders, big orders, unprecedented orders for steel were rolling in every day, and the war in Europe showed no signs of coming to an end.

"We're going to be up against it pretty soon," Dawes would say to Fennigan. "The labor situation is getting tighter and tighter. We must blind our eyes to a lot of things these days."

Fennigan and other foremen of his kind needed no urging—such words from the mouths of their superiors pleased them mightily. So they sowed the wind from which Claxton Mills was later to reap the whirlwind.

Labor was not easy to obtain, it is true, but Claxton Mills always managed to find sufficient men to keep its furnaces and its foundries and its mills running. Claxton Mills paid better wages than any other labor-employing concern in Lakesedge, and Claxton Mills' agents were searching the highways and the byways day and night, looking for workingmen.

And wages continued to rise, while the efficiency of the workers about Claxton Mills continued to decrease. It was costing Claxton Mills two times and three times and four times as much to produce a ton of finished material as it had ever cost before, but Claxton Mills was shipping its products to the warring European countries, getting whatever price it chose to ask for those products, and the management of Claxton Mills cared little how many men were required to do the work, cared less what those men were paid—only keep the mills running, keep making steel! And thus they too sowed the evil seeds of labor disputes and wars and strikes, the harvests of which sowings they were to find themselves still reaping long after the war in Europe had ended.

A gang of six or seven was now required to perform the work of the former gang of three. Slipinsky by his loud-mouthed demands had succeeded in having the size of his own gang raised to more than double the number it carried when he had gone to work with it. He realized he had become a powerful personage about Claxton Mills. Truly, as his cousin had so often told him, the Americans were big fools. One could do anything with them.

In the gloomy, dirty building where he and his gang gathered to eat their lunches from their tin pails, to swill down the cans of beer and to empty the bottles of whisky that were now openly, brazenly being brought into the plant, and to rest after their half-hearted, slovenly efforts at their tasks, there was much talk about the war in Europe. Every man that gathered there was intensely interested in the subject, for all of them had come from the countries that were now being overrun by battling armies. Steve Slipinsky, brutal and bestial and cruel by nature, chuckled and gloated over the bloody deeds of the German Army, as they were reported from beyond the seas.

"Ach, but Germany will conquer," he would loudly assert. "Germany will kill and kill and kill until Germany rules the world! Germany is unbeatable!"

Some who listened to him objected to such expressions.

"Germany is no good!" they would retort. "None of the old countries is any good! That's why we have come to America—because the old countries are no good!" they would hotly declare.

"You are fools!" Slipinsky would bellow at them. "You came to this country for the same reason that I came here—because there is freedom here, freedom to do what you want to do, without being bothered by laws, by police. To have a good time—that's what brought you over here! More money, more food, more drink, more fun—that's it!"

The big Slav had spent his early life in the German Empire; Prussianism had been taught to him in his formative years, and Prussianism still appealed to him in spite of the teachings of the anarchists and radical socialists of whose societies he had been an ardent member in the industrial cities where he had labored. Reading the war news from the red battlefields of France and Russia in one of the

(Continued on Page 137)

The Jury, a Frowzy, Unkempt Dozen of Bar Flies and Courthouse Bums, Brought in the Expected Verdict

The Confession of a Recreationist

By E. W. HOWE

DECORATION BY O. SCHMIDT

I BELIEVE I am able to see that a good many are lately tiring of some of the new fashions. Alfred Noyes is one of them, and if a poet is able to realize the more apparent human absurdities it would seem the duty of more practical men to attempt it.

"I suppose we are all grateful," Mr. Noyes says, "that the sun shows little tendency to originality. It would be more disturbing if, instead of rising at its appointed time to-morrow, it were to rise at noon in three sections of livid green. Yet that is what has been happening in the world of literature and art, and it may be said with the utmost seriousness that the intellectual Bolshevism which has been prevalent during the last fifty years has been more responsible for both the Great War and for the present peril of civilization than has yet been properly realized. You cannot treat all the laws that keep us from chaos as if they were scraps of paper without a terrible reckoning; but this is what the intellectuals have been doing for half a century in their novels, plays and poems."

I suppose the language of a poet should be simplified for ordinary understanding. Mr. Noyes' charge seems to be that the more serious of our recent mistakes have been due to literature, and that writing men are dangerous idealists. He does not say the world has been injured so much by overwrought sentiment that materialism may become the new faith, the new hope, but a good many will accept that as his meaning.

This age is much devoted to new thought. Has Mr. Noyes, himself an intellectual, stumbled on one of actual practical value? The plain people have been severely criticized because they are not more devoted to idealism. Instead of trying to reach the stars through still greater difficulties, have they concluded to declare a new faith?

The two leading political parties lately held national conventions. Both sets of delegates were chosen from all sections of the country, and were presumably fairly representative. These delegates were anxious to nominate candidates and adopt platforms that would meet with popular approval. Probably you have observed that both conventions departed somewhat rudely from idealism; one good gentleman says that at Chicago and San Francisco he was slapped in the face.

Idealism has given a note the plain people must pay, and the sum is so enormous that everywhere there is serious thinking, based on simple truths all are familiar with. There has long been a contest as to which set of writing men shall influence the masses. There is lately evidence that the masses have concluded to consider fairly the admitted facts of their world and their lives, and influence themselves; possibly in the near future they will order Congress to investigate the old heroes and prophets of the books.

Who Pays Corporation Taxes?

WHAT profound respect we have had, as the public, for libraries! We read in them that men once lived to be three hundred, five hundred, eight hundred years old, but as individuals we observe that generally elderly people dock at what Mark Twain called Pier 70. We are living a little longer, but not so much longer as literature says we must in order to fulfill our destiny completely; and millions seem to have concluded that an ambition to reach the age of Methuselah is a waste of time. I am not much interested in what a man does between his eightieth and eight hundredth years, and confess I am pleased at the indication that a good many are joining me in this indifference.

Literature has long been agreed that the Government should do a great deal for the people, as the intellectuals believe government money does not cost individuals anything. Is the discovery being made that the facts are different? An official at Washington says that for every dollar collected by the Government by a certain taxing process the people pay three dollars in indirect taxes. And when a dollar finally reaches the national treasury by this cruel process we all know it is often wasted and expended extravagantly.

I live far in the country, and am not in touch with vital things. But a gentleman who lives in New York, whose citizens enjoy all the advantages, informs me that during the years 1917, 1918 and 1919 the United States Steel Corporation paid five hundred and fifty-nine million, seven hundred and forty-three thousand, two hundred and seventy dollars in Federal income taxes alone. It also appears that during the same period the price of nails advanced from three dollars and seventy cents a keg to twelve dollars. The problem here is simple: Who paid the Federal income tax of the Steel Corporation? If literature is agreed on any one thing, it is that the corporation should be taxed heavily; it has never been able to understand that the greatest profiteer and waster is the tax gatherer, or that the drive is a tax on the people.

A good man decides his town should have an athletic club for young men, and gives a thousand dollars to start a drive for a quarter of a million. He takes a good deal of credit to himself for generosity, but actually charges the thousand dollars to his customers, as expense. When another big drive is decided on, therefore, it might be as well to announce it in the newspapers in this fashion:

"Another movement to increase the cost of meat, clothing, bread, groceries, and so forth, will begin next week."

Since progress is admirable, necessary and right, why is it attended with so much difficulty? Progress means no more than better human conditions. Why is not one man in favor of it as well as another? Is the trouble that literature demands more progress than is possible? There are lately as many patent devices for improving the human race as for improving cheap automobiles.

The sun as he goes on his rounds does not look upon a race which has not been sorely tried by impractical experiments in reform. From the beginning of time all men have had a willingness, if not an ambition, to help the poor. But the poor have not been helped; on the contrary, we are all being unnecessarily oppressed. Millions willing to work and care for themselves have been impoverished, cruelly, needlessly, wickedly. And the rogue behind it all, a reformed poet says, is literature.

I have never been able to understand that writing men are the real intellectuals. I should say the intellectuals are those who have the best practical sense, and apply it most usefully. It is charged by Alfred Noyes that the recent war, the most disastrous thing in human history, was brought about by the writing men. Surely men of the best intelligence would not make so great a blunder.

I should say an intellectual is anyone who makes the best of his life; therefore the intellectuals are found in homes and graves in every community, and do not congregate in libraries, or in the Grub Street of any city. Men who refuse to accept the rough world as it is, and who are able to conceive, but not create, a better, may not properly be called our most able men.

It is related that in a country town there was a controversy before a justice of the peace over a small amount. The lawyer for the plaintiff was a learned man who talked much about Rome, Athens, Cæsar and Plato. The lawyer for the defendant was a plain old fellow who had worked hard all his life at material things and who had read law at the age of sixty with a local attorney as a diversion in his retirement.

Noisy Patriotism

"MY CLIENT'S name is Bill Rogers," this old-fashioned man said, "and not Cæsar or Plato. This case has nothing to do with Rome, Athens or Carthage. The amount involved, originally eight dollars, has become seventy, owing to costs piled up while we have been listening to my learned friend expound his knowledge of ancient literature. I submit, Your Honor, that we should come to a settlement of this simple case and all get back to work."

We used to have a good deal of respect for the materialism of bankers about finance, but lately literature controls finance; idealism has been hurled at us until many bankers have forgotten the materialism necessary to their welfare and ours. I wish we were back to the good old-fashioned days when our public debt did not amount to twenty-five billion dollars, with an increase probable.

The other day a ship sailed from New York for a port in Europe. Hundreds of immigrants were returning home, having tired of the United States for one reason and another. A reporter went among the immigrants and asked them why they were returning home. One old-fashioned fellow said what I thought a very good thing.

"You Americans," he said to the reporter, "are so absurdly patriotic."

As individuals we average high in intelligence and ability, but no other country equals ours in the absurdity of public affairs. The people never respond so easily and promptly to literature as they do when there is a patriotic issue. The dullest man loves to be told that his great heart throbs for the oppressed everywhere; it causes him to glow as nothing else does. There is a thrill in patriotism found only in chivalry, gallantry, bravery, religion, and so on, and men are easily influenced with this theme. Yet a troubled and overtaxed citizen once wrote that patriotism is the last resort of a scoundrel.

This man did not mean, of course, that the honest patriot is a scoundrel. He meant the patriots who make weapons of sentiment and idealism to club common sense into submission. I cannot imagine a citizen who is not patriotic enough; no man so dull and mean he does not love his country. But the intellectuals have given patriotism tasks much too large.

A man engaged in screaming that he has a big heart and mind, and desires to rid the world of ills that are at least natural, if not entirely imaginary, soon runs afoul of other excited patriots like himself, but who have other methods. The excited patriots quarrel, and soon there is a dreadful mess. If an enemy accuses you of a heinous offense of which you are not guilty there is only one possible defense. You must accuse him of a greater crime and call upon God to witness that you can prove it. No man may rule these days whose opponents are not vile wretches who steal, guzzle whisky, tighten the screws on the poor, break up Sunday school and church services, and stone schoolhouses. Gradually these charges must be amplified, finally the sword is substituted for the pen, armies are put in the field, and a large part of the population goes to work on implements of destruction.

(Continued on Page 169)

THE HARD-HEARTED WRETCH

By Elizabeth R. King

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

Amanda Whistled, and Wished She Hadn't. "You Do Work Fast, Don't You?"

"WHO'S that?" I demanded, nudging Mrs Vane.

"Who's who?" she retorted, and to this day I haven't forgotten the look of surprise on her face, though it was years ago, when I was visiting her, out in Bradenville, Ohio.

"Why, the stunning figure in the black hat, of course."

Anyone would have noticed that hat. I couldn't keep my eyes off it. It shot away from the girl's head like a great cereal dish; that was it, a huge black lacquer cereal dish, I decided. The shiny thing stood out, aristocratic, above all the flat laces and sailors moving about the clubhouse porch.

Yes, it was a rash hat. And somehow I felt rarely attracted to the girl under it. Mrs. Vane noticed my half hypnotized gaze.

"Oh, that," she said, "is Amanda Vignoles. Isn't her hat atrocious? Ugh, makes me hot to look at it! These modern women!" And she smoothed a wide, ruffly expanse of lap.

"Modern?" I gasped, feeling meekly for my hat, as if to defend myself. "Aren't we all modern?"

"Oh, yes, but she's absolutely the most modernized female vertebrate you ever saw. Now take Harold Wall. He's been crazy about her for years. She treats him like mud, and he's a wonderful young ——"

"But maybe she doesn't care for him," I protested.

"Oh, he's just an example. She's perfectly horrid to them all. One can't help liking her. She's pretty, isn't she?"

"Darn beautiful," I murmured.

"But she spoils it by playing tennis in the worst-looking clothes and talking about perfectly indecent things."

"Indecent?" I broke in. She hardly looked that sort.

"Quite! She talks about"—Mrs. Vane pulled me nearer—"drainage, and the smelly soap factory. Just the other day she got quite excited at a bridge talking about such things. Sad; she's so young, too, to ——"

"Pooh!" I said. "She lives here, does she?"

"Yes indeed. Why, her mother's my best friend!" Mrs. Vane warmed to the story as shreds of old gossip floated into her ears. "Her father's been dead a long time. He was a gay dog in the old days; but he's been gone, heavens, I don't remember how long. Her mother's charming, plays an excellent bridge game. Nobody can understand what she means bringing Amanda up so. Why, the girl rants about suffrage, and writes for the Cleveland papers, and ——"

"Oh, does she? And so young, too," I thrust.

But Mrs. Vane didn't notice, for Amanda was walking toward us. I stared. Never have you seen such magnificent carriage as that girl's. She moved without effort, erect, as if she had just wakened to find the day glorious; as if she were unconsciously balancing that shiny black thing on her head. And yet it seemed part of her, like her hair or her hands. Obviously she was a new-world creature; anybody could see it in the sharp cut of her blouse at the neck, in her long even smile, in that stiff black hat. She stood out, utterly different from the older women on the clubhouse porch, challenging one to admit her feminine. But—queer, wasn't it?—she attracted me far more dangerously than all the dainty women; somehow magnetic, seductive. Why, I couldn't tell; it was nothing tangible, nothing to be sure of; a vague inspiration.

Amanda spoke to Mrs. Vane while I sat staring, and then, turning suddenly as if in a hurry, she reached out her hand to me. As I took it it dawned on me what was lacking in her ultra-energetic get-up, what it was that made her denunciation of the feminine unconvincing. Though her round eyes looked candidly into mine, there was nothing baffling, nothing cold, in that glance. As if wind were blowing fresh in her face, her eyes shone, black and wet, like the gleam where the sun shines full on black marble just after a rain. And her hand, strong and quick in its grasp, felt soft and warm in mine; and long, too, so that I was conscious of vibrant fingers all round my own.

Suddenly, while I held that hand, I knew we should be friends, and so did she. That girl would never be able to fool me, and her eyes admitted it. We giggled ridiculously, and with abrupt apologies left Mrs. Vane, who shook her head in bewilderment.

That was how I met Amanda. It was a long time ago, three years in fact, back at the time when we were both still in college. One gets old fast in three years after nineteen, particularly in three years of war. Besides, I was a year older than Amanda. She's in New York now, and I only see her when I go down from Buffalo for the opera or to a wedding. But in our three years we learned to know each other better, I believe, than we know ourselves. That's why I can't tolerate all the people who still discuss her, and fail utterly to comprehend. It seems very simple to me. What Amanda did was inevitable, like the mole on one's nose, or wrinkles in old age.

Our first summer together, she told me all about herself. You see, her mother had qualms about her when she was very little, probably before she was at all. She named her Amanda to counteract the romantic influence of the rash-sounding Vignoles. She noticed that men liked the baby's curly black hair, that she had her father's nose. She determined that Amanda should not die early, a gay dog, as her father had before her, having spread beauty and sentiment all round, and been killed in an accident when decidedly unsober.

So Mrs. Vignoles began Amanda's education. She should be sensible, logical; she should realize that in beauty lies a danger, a temptation to surrender oneself to the power of one's looks, to grow dependent on personal charm. Amanda must be able to get on, be willing to get on, without her looks. (In spite of them, would have been a better way to put it.) A noble aim, too. And above all, she must avoid cheap sentimentality. All these things were impressed on the little girl. Amanda knew that children who were vain grew to have ugly mouths and uglier dispositions; she realized that one mustn't kiss little boys; they would probably turn into grocers or conductors, and then one would be ashamed. She must keep herself for something great in life, the nature of which she was to decide when she became a young lady.

And to think that all these ideas merely helped bring on trouble! When a little thing Amanda knew them as she knew "Now I lay me" and "Dear Lord, bless this food," unquestioningly. But as she grew up queer things shook her assurance. On her tenth birthday Harold Wall, the little boy across the street, took her skating. Way up round the bend in the river, where no one was near, he stopped her.

"Amanda, kiss me."

She declares to this day that instead of a red-faced boy with dimples she saw a grocer beside her, a fat man in a white apron, and she slapped him on the left cheek, so that it was very red the next day at school. Without a word she skated back down the river alone. Humph! A grocer, kissing her! He'd probably skate with that snippy girl in the plaid kilted skirt. Well, he might!

But when she got back to the log fire where the others were, and no one paid any attention to her, she wanted to cry—though she never did cry.

A boy came up to her and she hoped he would ask her to skate, but he said, "Harold says he's sorry. He'd like to skate if you would."

How awful, having another boy ask for him! Now, Harold could skate backward, and did circles beautifully, but Amanda snapped, "Tell him to ask me himself if he wants to." Whereupon she prayed, "O dear God, make Harold ask me to skate." But God must have been busy hearing sinners repent or sending babies, for Harold deliberately skated up to that snippy girl in the plaid kilts and whistled as they passed Amanda.

That was too much. She went home, feeling very dignified, and grown up entirely. Mrs. Vignoles saw the flaming cheeks, the stiff back; she noticed that Harold did not come over for cookies. But she said nothing. When she stopped to tuck Amanda in, on her way to bed late that night, two great eyes met hers, and closed defiantly. There was no response to her kiss. Being a woman of quick action, she decided it was time to send Amanda away to school.

Amanda went. She had six years of girls—girls all winter in school, girls all summer in camp. As she had been an odd little girl whom all the boys were scared of, she was different at school. She had never liked girls much; they were all right, but they did not like marbles, and mostly they couldn't swim. She didn't give a snap for anyone who couldn't swim. She'd learned at five; her mother had seen to that. She discovered that the girls in her class pined away for a beautiful senior, and that the seniors in turn pined away for a certain teacher who wore lacy waists and a solitaire. Amanda loathed these things; she knew that it was undignified to be slushy about boys, but she was sure this must be worse.

Her one good friend, a wild, ugly little girl from Brazil, shared her disgust at the sickening atmosphere of the place; together they went swimming at night in the deep little stream behind the school, and, when caught, stood the dark threats of demerits and went again. When they were seniors they were dubbed "the snobs," but just the same Amanda ran the class play and got the most athletic medals and wrote the prize essay on Woman, Her Past and Her Future. One hot night in June she and Brazil were packing for home when the electricity suddenly went off. They stood, startled for the moment, ghostly in their nighties, in a room weirdly white with moonlight. They never pulled down their blinds, you know. It wasn't done. Brazil said "Damn!" but Amanda's mouth dropped open and she felt at her neck.

"You know, Brazil," she said slowly, "I've a hunch that I'm not going to be such a wonderful woman. It hurts me so, the loveliness —"

Brazil slammed the trunk shut and sat on it.

"Bosh! Don't get soupy now. Too late. Spoil your reputation. Where the devil did I put that trunk strap, I wonder?"

Amanda was sitting on the window sill, counting the stars in the Great Dipper.

"You can't swear like that when you get home."

"All the more reason to do it now. Why in hell don't the lights come on?" Brazil had abandoned herself to vice for the evening. They both laughed.

Amanda accidentally knocked the screen out of the window. It clattered down to the ground.

"Damn!" she exclaimed.

"That's better," Brazil giggled. She was now ready to meet Amanda halfway. "If you're not going to be a wonderful woman what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I intend to marry—a diplomat, maybe; at any rate, I'm going to fall in love this summer."

"That's quite romantic," Brazil giggled. It meant nothing to her that Amanda was glorious to behold. "Well, I hope you catch a good one. How does one do it?"

"Well, I don't know, but I imagine ——" Amanda started to explain. The lights flashed on again, and they hurried to their packing.

"Damn!" Brazil repeated under her breath. She had been about to hear something good, and the lights had spoiled it. Diplomats were only in moonlight. Amanda was already singing Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here.

They did impersonations of various seniors for some devotees before lights-out time, and scuttled to bed giggling after a swim in the back creek. After a short silence Brazil bounced out of her bed.

"Amanda, we forgot our prayers!" She was already on her knees. But Amanda lay in the cool sheets, half asleep.

"Great Father," she mumbled, "may I please mother with my Latin mark; may I live nobly; may I never be ashamed." A long pause; she was nearly asleep now. "And Infinite God"—a pause—"if I am to make a fool of myself, may it be a diplomat." A long, long pause. She was asleep!

In the rush of being hero of the class play, and valedictorian, and all the standard things that college freshmen have been at their prep schools, Amanda had completely forgotten Harold. But he was mindful of himself; he was a sophomore now, and wore his hair a new way. He knew several widows and had danced with Mrs. Vernon Castle. He hadn't seen Amanda for a long time, but it was a dull morning on the day she was to get home, so he dropped round to the station—"just to be decent," as he explained to himself. The train came in, stopped. Passengers got off. Where was Amanda? Harold stared about for a girl with black curls, and sort of thin legs. Why, she hadn't come; some mistake. Darn, and he'd worn his clean flannels. But golly! There was a wonder in a very long dress! And lordy! Orchids in her belt, and a floppy hat. His eyes moved up, taking her in. By George, it was Amanda! And she was flying to meet him.

Now he had intended throwing away his cigarette and walking up cordially, you know, awfully glad to see her home, and all that. But he dropped his cigarette right in front of him, and his hat, too; it took both hands to clutch the one she stuck out to him. By George, she was a stunner!

And Amanda! She looked up at the brown boy, unable to believe it was Harold. Why, he wasn't at all fat; he was much taller than she; what a good-looking shirt! She looked down; he was holding her by two hands. It wasn't at all like the girls at school, not slushy or undignified; on the contrary, very nice. And she blushed, the very first time in all her life. Then suddenly she saw her mother far down the platform, and she ran right over Harold's hat. But no matter; he'd forgotten to look for it.

That night he took her to the country-club dance. They drove out very fast in her father's car and compared notes on new steps. It would be fun, seeing how well they got on together. When the music started they danced off to one of those slow, rhythmic modern things, and promptly forgot one another. People noticed them; "a stunning couple, young and lithe," as Mrs. Vane put it, the two of them lost to everything but the pulsing of the rhythm within them. The friends of their parents smiled and commented behind their hands; a few strangers looked, and looked again, and made inquiry.

Mr. Rand was a stranger; he had just stopped off before sailing for Siam. After the second dance Amanda found herself being introduced to him. She curtsied—why couldn't she get over that abominable habit?—as Mr. Rand bent very low over her. Why, heavens! Was he going to kiss her? But he didn't. She heard from some place "With the diplomatic corps in Siam," and blinked. Diplomat, diplomat? Oh! And suddenly she remembered the night back at school when she prayed God to send her a diplomat. Instinctively she drew herself up; she must defend herself; she mustn't be a fool. Suppose she should! The shame of it!

He didn't dance very well, but he could talk about everything, even things he knew nothing whatever about. They discussed the lighting, Bernard Shaw, the green gown in the corner, and Amanda's looks. No man had ever talked to her about herself before. Mr. Rand was very nice about it, not bold; she suspected that he knew a great deal about women. He'd heard about her, he said, visiting across the street.

"Yes?" Amanda answered. Now what could he have heard? But as he was about to tell her the music started and there was Harold, waiting for the next dance. She hurried away, wanting dreadfully to stay.

Mr. Rand smoked a cigar and then cut in on Amanda. He must have done a lot of fast thinking with that cigar. They danced halfway round the room and he led Amanda out to the porch. It should have been moonlight, Amanda told me long afterward, but it wasn't; the porch floor shone in squares where light fell through the windows on it, but mostly it was dark, detached from the bright noise within.

"You know, Miss Vignoles, I was telling you ——"

(Continued on Page 84)

"Her Mother's Charming, Plays an Excellent Bridge Game. Nobody Can Understand What She Means Bringing Amanda Up So"

THE PAGAN MADONNA

XVIII

By Harold MacGrath

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE space through which Jane had passed held Dennison's gaze for two or three minutes. Then he sat down on the companionway step, his arms across his knees and his forehead upon his arms. What to say? What to do? She expected him to be amusing!—when he knew that the calm on board was of the same deceptive quality as that of the sea—below, the terror!

It did not matter that the crew was of high average. They would not be playing such a game unless they were a reckless lot. At any moment they might take it into their heads to swarm over Cunningham and obliterate him. Then what? If the episode of the morning had not convinced Jane, what would? The man Flint had dropped his mask; the others were content to wear theirs yet a while. Torture for her sake, the fear of what might actually be in store for her, and she expected him to talk and act like a chap out of a novel!

Ordinarily so full of common sense, what had happened to her that her vision should become so obscured as not to recognize the danger of the man? Had he been ugly, Jane would probably have ignored him. But that face of his, as handsome as a Greek god's, and that tongue with its roots in oil! And there was his deformity—that had drawn her pity. Playing with her, and she deliberately walked into the trap because he was amusing! Why shouldn't he be, knowing that he held their lives in the hollow of his hand? What imp of Satan wouldn't have been amiable?

Because the rogues did not run up the skull and crossbones; because they did not swagger up and down the deck, knives and pistols in their sashes, she couldn't be made to believe them criminals!

Amusing! She could not see that if he spoke roughly it was only an expression of the smothered pain of his mental crucifixion. He could not tell her he loved her for fear she might misinterpret her own sentiments. Besides her present mood was not inductive to any declaration on his part; a confession might serve only to widen the breach. Who could say that it wasn't Cunningham's game to take Jane along with him in the end? There was nothing to prevent that. His father holding aloof, the loyal members of the crew in a most certain negligible minority, what was there to prevent Cunningham from carrying off Jane?

Blood surged into Dennison's throat; a murderous fury boiled up in him; but he remembered in time what these volcanic outbursts had cost him in the past. So he did not rush to the chart house. Cunningham would lash him with ridicule or be forced to shoot him. But his rage carried him as far as the wireless room. He could hear the smack of the spark, but that was all. He tried the door—locked. He tried the shutters—latched. Cunningham's man was either calling or answering somebody. Ten minutes inside that room and there would be another tale to tell.

Disheveled and Breathless, Jane Found Herself Free. She Stumbled to the Rail and Rested There for a Moment

In the end Dennison spent his fury by traveling round the deck until the sea and sky became like pearly smoke. Then he dropped into a chair and fell asleep.

Cunningham had also watched through the night. The silent steersman heard him frequently rustling papers on the chart table or clumping to the bridge or lolling on the port sills—a restlessness that had about it something of the captive tiger.

Retrospection—he could not break the crowding spell of it, twist mentally as he would; and the counter thought was dimly suicidal. The sea there; a few strides would carry him to the end of the bridge, and then—oblivion. And the girl would not permit him to enact this thought. He laughed. God had mocked him at his birth, and the devil had played with him ever since. He had often faced death hotly and hopefully, but to consider suicide coldly!

A woman who had crossed his path reluctantly, without will of her own; the sort he had always ignored because they had been born for the peace of chimney corners! She—the thought of her—could bring the past crowding upon him and create in his mind a suicidal bent!

Pearls! A great distaste of life fell upon him; the adventure grew flat. The zest that had been his ten days gone, where was it?

Imagination! He had been cursed with too much of it. In his youth he had skulked through alleys and back streets—the fear of laughter and ridicule dogging his mixed heels. Never before to have paused to philosophize over what had caused his wasted life! Too much imagination! Mental strabismus! He had let his oversensitive imagination wreck and ruin him. A woman's laughter had given him the viewpoint of a careless world; and he had fled, and he had gone on fleeing all these years from pillar to post. From a shadow!

He was something of a monster. He saw now where the fault lay. He had never stayed long enough in any one place for people to get accustomed to him. His damnable imagination! And there was conceit of a sort. Probably nobody paid any attention to him after the initial shock and curiosity had died away. There was Scarron in his wheel chair—merry and cheerful and brave, jesting with misfortune; and men and women had loved him.

A moral coward, and until this hour he had never sensed the truth! That was it! He had been a moral coward; he had tried to run away from fate; and here he was at last, in the blind alley the coward always found at the end of the run. He had never thought of anything but what he was—never of what he might have been. For having thrust him unfinished upon a thoughtless rather than a heartless world he had been trying to punish fate, and had punished only himself. A wastrel, a roisterer by night, a spendthrift and a thief!

What had she said?—reknead his soul so that it would fit his face? Too late!

One staff to lean on, one only—he never broke his word. Why had he laid down for himself this law? What had inspired him to hold always to that? Was there a bit of gold somewhere in his grotesque make-up? A straw on the water, and he clutched it! Why? Cunningham laughed again, and the steersman turned his head slightly.

"Williams, do you believe in God?" asked Cunningham.

"Well, sir, when I'm holding down the wheel—perhaps. The screw is always edging a ship off, and the lighter the ballast the wider the yaw. So you have to keep hitching her over a point to starboard. You trust to me to keep that point, and I trust to God that the north stays where it is."

"And yet legally you're a pirate."

"Oh, that? Well, a fellow ain't much of a pirate that plays the game we play. And yet ——"

"Ah! And yet?"

"Well, sir, some of the boys are getting restless. And I'll be mighty glad when we raise that old Dutch bucket of yours. They ain't bad, understand; just young and heady and wanting a little fun. They growl a lot because they can't sleep on deck. They growl because there's nothing to drink. Of course it might hurt Cleigh's feelings, but I'd like to see all his grog go by the board. You see, sir, it ain't as if we'd just dropped down from Shanghai. It's been tarnation dull ever since we left San Francisco."

"Once on the other boat, they can make a night of it if they want to. But I've given my word on the Wanderer."

"Yes, sir."

"And it's final."

Cunningham returned to his chart. All these cogitations because a woman had entered his life uninvited! Ten days ago he had not been aware of her existence; and from now on she would be always recurring in his thoughts.

She was not conscious of it, but she was as a wild thing that had been born in captivity, and she was tasting the freedom of space again without knowing what the matter was. But it is the law that all wild things born in captivity lose everything but the echo; a little freedom, a flash of what might have been, and they are ready to return to the cage. So it would be with her.

Supposing—no, he would let her return to her cage. He wondered had he made his word a law simply to meet and conquer a situation such as this? Or was his hesitance due to the fear of her hate? That would be immediate and unabating. She was not the sort that would bend—she would break. No, he wasn't monster enough to play that sort of game. She should take back her little adventure to her cage, and in her old age it would become a pleasant souvenir.

He rose and leaned on his arms against a port sill and stared at the stars until they began to fade, until the sea and the sky became like the pearls he would soon be seeking. A string of glass beads, bringing about all these events!

At dawn he went down to the deck for a bit of exercise before he turned in. When he beheld Dennison sound asleep in the chair, his mouth slightly open, his bare feet standing out conspicuously on the foot rest, a bantering, mocking smile twisted the corners of Cunningham's lips. Noiselessly he settled himself in the adjacent chair, and cynically hoping that Dennison would be first to wake he fell asleep.

The Wanderer's deck toilet was begun and consummated between six and six-thirty, except in rainy weather. Hose, mops and holystone, until the teak looked as if it had just left the Rangoon sawmills; then the brass, every knob and piping, every latch and hinge and port loop. The care given the yacht since leaving the Yang-tse might be well called ingratiating. Never was a crew more eager to enact each duty to the utmost—with mighty good reason.

But when they came upon Dennison and Cunningham, asleep side by side, they drew round the spot, dumfounded. But their befuddlement was only a tithe of that which struck Cleigh an hour later. It was his habit to take a short constitutional before breakfast; and when he beheld the two, asleep in adjoining chairs, the fact suggesting that they had come to some friendly understanding, he stopped in his tracks, as they say, never more astonished in all his days.

For as long as five minutes he remained motionless, the fine, rugged face of his son on one side and the amazing beauty of Cunningham's on the other. But in the morning light, in repose, Cunningham's face was tinged with age and sadness. There was, however, no grain of pity in Cleigh's heart. Cunningham had made his bed of horsehair; let him twist and writhe upon it.

But the two of them together, sleeping as peacefully as babes! Dennison had one arm flung behind his head. It gave Cleigh a shock, for he recognized the posture. As a lad Dennison had slept that way. Cunningham's withered leg was folded under his sound one.

What had happened? Cleigh shook his head; he could not make it out. Moreover, he could not wake either and demand the solution to the puzzle. He could not put his hand on his son's shoulder, and he would not put it on Cunningham's. Pride on one side and distaste on the other. But the two of them together!

He got round the impasse by kicking out the foot rest of the third chair. Immediately Cunningham opened his eyes. First he turned to see if Dennison was still in his chair. Finding this to be the case, he grinned amiably at the father. Exactly the situation he would have prayed for had he believed in the efficacy of prayer.

"Surprises you, eh? Looks as if he had signed on with the Great Adventure Company."

His voice woke Dennison, who blinked in the sunshine for a moment, then looked about. He comprehended at once.

With easy dignity he swung his bare feet to the deck and made for the companion; never a second glance at either his father or Cunningham.

"Chip of the old block!" observed Cunningham. "You two! On my word, I never saw two bigger fools in all my time! What's it about? What the devil did he do—murder someone, rob the office safe, or marry Tottie Lightfoot? And Lord, how you both love me! And how much more you'll love me when I become the dear departed!"

Cleigh, understanding that the situation was a creation of pure malice on Cunningham's part—Cleigh wheeled and resumed his tramp round the deck.

(Continued on Page 109)

He Flew at the Men With the Savageness of a Gray Wolf

SEED OF THE SUN

VIII

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

BLOSSOM time in California! Whirled over smooth-surfaced roads in the handsome car which had been furnished them as by magic, the little party passed the miles and miles of cultivated acres which hardy pioneers—Yankees, Scots and Irishmen—had reclaimed from sage and chaparral less than a half century before. Gold and emerald, emerald and gold! In every neglected corner, on every railroad embankment, hillock or ravine poppies raised their golden cups, each supplicating its little share of morning sunshine. Under the bridges the heavenly carpet of green was wrought in golden diagrams by myriad millions of low-lying flowers.

Tierra del oro, the land of gold! What abundance was here for the people of the earth! What a limitless empire of plenty! Sunburned Californians paused at their harrows to watch them pass. They were tall, muscular men, whose good-natured faces reflected hearty living, prosperity and tolerance. Even the men grew larger here, reflected Anna, gazing through the baron's plate-glass window.

A covey of fat quail, the males bobbing their plume-crested heads, scurried across the road. Short-tailed meadow larks, ere their bright wings flashed toward heaven, played on silver pipes, until the air seemed all a-sparkle with notes brilliant as the sunshine.

"Who can help being happy here?" asked Zudie, and as she turned to her sister her eyes were filled with tears.

Kipps, bored with female society, had elected to sit in front with the yellow chauffeur, who managed the car with such perfect skill that the engine's breathing never rose above a purr. Little Nan wriggled from place to place, obsessing poor Susan Skelley with a constant fear that the door might suddenly fly open and the child be dashed to an angel's career. California thus far had added nothing to the happiness of Susan Skelley.

"It's a wild man's country," she complained, her dark eyes glowing melancholy out of her meager face. "An' ef ye don't watch out the children'll be ragin' like wolves amongst the trees. An' what's that Chinee doin' dhrivin' the car-r-r?"

"He's a Japanese," Anna informed her, lowering her voice lest the man should hear.

"Japanee, is ut? Whatever his breed, there's no good in a yella face. And it's enough o' thim pig-tailed divvuls I seen this week to spoil me nose forever wit' th' smell o' josh sticks."

The storm died out in a series of rumbles, as it always did, and Susan took the rest of her journey in grim silence. Susan was no anthropologist. To her mind the races of men were divided into three compartments—Chinese, "Naygers" and Christians. And to this belief she stuck even unto the end of her days, which were many.

On a winding road above the teeming river they hung like passengers in an airship. Below them gray-coated destroyers passed slowly upstream toward the government shipyard at Mare Island. The moving waters, muddy brown from the winter rains, seemed to proclaim in swelling pride the richness of the soil that had discolored them. Powerful motor trucks, going forth with lumber and steel, returning with heavy loads of crated garden produce, passed them continually on the road.

What an empire! And Anna Bly, in all her sheltered years, had never even dreamed of its existence.

They stopped an hour for lunch, and were again on the road to Utopia. Flat fields now stretched toward the white Sierras, and on almost every acre little groups of squatty men and women hoed along the rows. There were usually four people to a group, two men and two women. The men wore lop-brimmed hats of coarse straw, the women were almost hid beneath sunbonnets so enormous that they seemed to fall like capes halfway down their work-bent bodies.

One Evening at Dusk She Saw Two Japanese Women From the Village Lead the Strange Being Away

Sometimes these sets of four would pause and look up from their slow battle against weeds. Their faces, flat, broad and brownish yellow, were perfectly expressionless as their slitlike eyes peered at the fine equipage.

When Tazumi's capable chauffeur had turned his car into a contributory road and threaded among the farms some twenty minutes he slowed his speed and came to a halt amidst the wayside grass.

"I guess maybe wrong place," he apologized, grinning and touching his cap.

Susan Skelley grunted.

"Didn't you turn as we were directed?" asked Anna, after she had consulted her little guide map.

"I think maybe you ask somebody," suggested the man, and touched his cap again.

They were standing in front of a weather-beaten farmhouse. In the rear a windmill turned slowly in the gentle breeze and creaked as it turned. Chickens were picking among the weeds in the front yard. Four fanleaf palms stood stiff and ugly in a weedy lawn. The jig-sawed porch was a-riot with climbing flowers. As they turned into the rutted adobe drive Anna was aware of a woman singing somewhere among the outhouses.

The farmer's wife, a Valkyr of a woman with tousled blond hair and large bare arms, came swinging up the path, a feed pail in her good right hand. She smiled pleasantly when she saw them, but her smile faded at sight of the yellow man at the wheel.

"Nice day," she said, brushing back her yellow hair as she came slowly up to the running board.

"Isn't it heavenly?" agreed Anna. "We're quite strangers in this part of the world, and we seem to be lost."

"Where are you going?" was the woman's natural question.

"To a farm near Bly," answered Anna.

The woman looked at her curiously for an instant, then said: "Well, you are lost for sure. What you want's the road two beyond this, off the highway."

"Thank you ever so much," said Anna, and was about to give instructions to the chauffeur when the woman's voice, raised a key, broke in.

"It does seem queer for any white folks to be going to Bly."

"Really?" Anna raised her eyebrows.

"Is there any reason for not going there?"

"Maybe not." The plump, pretty face seemed to narrow to a look of hostility. "Tastes differ—even in California."

Anna opened her eyes with a new curiosity. It was race hatred which seared the woman's face.

"Just what is this prejudice against the Japanese?" she asked.

"Did you ever try living with a lot of Japs?"

"No. But I've known a great many, and I like them very much."

"I guess so." The woman turned her cold blue eyes toward the pump where Tazumi's chauffeur was drawing himself a glass of water. "I guess so," repeated she. "You've never been drove to distraction by the yellow pests and forced off your farm, from pillar to post."

"How in the world can Japanese force you off your farms?" asked Anna, retaining her patience. "The whites outnumber them twenty to one in this state."

"What are we going to do when they live on a handful of rice a day and work their wives and children from dawn to dark? How's a white family going to live alongside of them?"

"You earn just as much as you did before, don't you?" was Anna's handy argument.

"Huh!"

The woman's eyes were blazing as she turned and beckoned to an old man who came shuffling down the drive behind a span of work horses.

"Pa!" she shrilled, and as soon as the old man had abandoned the reins and come within talking distance, "Maybe he can tell you why." Then turning to the old man: "Pa, these ladies want to know what you think of the Japs."

"Japs!" creaked the farmer, removing a short pipe from his crooked mouth as he scowled up at the strangers. "They're buyin' us on the one hand and sellin' us on the other, that's what!"

"But why should you let them buy you out?"

"Why should we let the blight git into our trees?" he drawled vindictively. "They jest come! And see them land speculators—callin' 'emselves white! Look at me, lady! For twenty years I farmed a nice strip down by the delta—sparrow-grass down by the river and fruit above. What happens there? So-called white man comes

along, refuses to renew my lease on the good ground, sends me up to the skinny orchards if I want to rent—otherwise I git out. So out I got, and here I am."

"Why did the owner prefer to lease to Japanese?" asked Anna

"Why?" He took off his hat and scratched his head. "He was a business man, I guess. I couldn't afford to put up the price them yeller devils did."

"Why can they make more on land than you can?"

"When your wife's a work horse you can do a lot," was his unsatisfactory answer. "Dawn to dark, dark to dawn, them's the Jap working hours. The American's an eight-hour man, the Jap's a sixteen-hour man. An' we don't want 'em! An' we won't have 'em!"

"If you didn't like your farm on the delta," she suggested, "weren't there other places to farm?"

"Lots of 'em," he agreed with a bitter smile. His daughter, too, laughed aloud. "There's this hole, for instance. I didn't have no trouble leasin' here. Because why? Because the Japs was done with it, that's why! They leased it for three years, skinned the soil, watered it white with intensive irrigation, got rich and moved on. 'Much obliged,' says they, 'and now one of you white devils is welcome to what's left.'"

He winked significantly with his rheumy left eye and spatted his pipe against his palm. Anna glanced across his orchards.

The place, no doubt, looked poor and neglected. She wished she could tell him what she thought of Caucasians who would see themselves superseded by the superior industry of another race.

Instead she asked: "Are the Japanese still leasing the property you left in the delta?"

"Leasing it? Oh, no, they own it now. Flowery Joss Stock Association got behind it in the name of a lot of little Japs born in the state.

"If you don't believe it, take an auto trip out there and look at the yeller devils gittin' rich off what I planted with my own hands."

"I'm sorry you have to think that way," said Anna, signaling Tazumi's chauffeur to be on his way.

"I'm glad you're sorry," replied the farmer, resuming his scowl. "Rich folks can live in the Palace Hotel and run their ranches by telegraph. That's all right. But for me, I'd sweep the hull nest of them Japs into the Pacific, where they come from ——"

"Good-by," smiled Anna. "And I'm very much obliged."

"Perfectly welcome," replied the stony lips of the Valkyr.

"And good luck to you in Bly," added the woman's father as he stood in the road tugging at the reins. "Git-ap, George!"

"The saddest part of it is," said Zudie as soon as they were on the highway again, "they're Americans, and they're just as Bolshevik as they can get."

The sun was sinking low as they drove into the twisted streets of Bly. A multitude of yellow children, flying their gaudy kites above the packing house by the station, paused to stare at the outland people, for word had already gone round that the Bly tract would have a white proprietress. In front of the barber shop Mr. S. Furioki stared, and a group of prospective customers joined him in the empty occupation. Everything in Bly stared. The garage, the restaurant, the general store, the nearly finished Buddhist temple, the motion-picture theater contributed to the staring throng. For just an instant Anna had the uncomfortable feeling of one unshielded from a multitude of hostile eyes.

"Did you ever see such a bunch of rubbernecks?" asked Kipps from the front seat, craning his neck that he might meet his mother's eyes.

"Hush, dear," she besought him.

A moment later the handsome car was rolling in through a dingy white gate and along a narrow road bordered with sweetly blossoming trees. At the end of the drive they saw the battered home which Alec's father had built to live in. Its mansard roof, its jig-sawed veranda, its loosely hung shutters presented the forlorn appearance of a house long unoccupied. A knotty little man stood on the steps and removed his hat as the ladies descended from Tazumi's limousine.

"How are you do?" he greeted them, bobbing up and down as he presented his toil-worn hand. "I am Mr. Shimba, your one-half sharer, and so happy you come!"

"We're so happy too!" cried Anna. "This is my sister, Mr. Shimba."

The capable half-sharer bobbed again.

"Mr. Oki—you know him maybe?—terrigraf me send Japanese house-cleaner boy fix your home," smiled Shimba, his puckery face conveying nothing but desire to please.

A troop of little men, working like brownies through the bare halls and stairways, were scrubbing, polishing, putting the house in order. What a friendly race it was never resting in its efforts to be of service!

Much as she longed to like it, Anna's first view of her new home chilled her spirits. The paper, faded to a colorless gray, was badly cracked, even peeling in places. Some of the window panes were broken, and the old floors creaked as she walked over them. The few pieces of furniture which she had saved from the wreckage of the Brand estate had been delivered, and she was encouraged to find that Mr. Oki's obliging troop had unpacked the beds and set them up.

"All this place needs," said Kipps after a round of inspection, "is a he-man to fix it."

"We can hang things over the bad places in the paper," announced Zudie with all the enthusiasm of her brave little heart.

"We'll do better than that," Anna decided. "This farm is going to be modernized, Zudie."

Full of her plans, Anna took Kipps by the hand and walked down the gentle slope to the river. Trunks and bags could wait; she must see her land. Bees were swinging heavily in the slanting sun. Blossoms, blossoms everywhere, a carnival of sweet-scented snow, hung upon regiments of trees which marched in symmetrical rows into the distance on every side. What could be a lovelier road to wealth, every blossom to grow into fruit with which to buy their happiness?

The river rolled lazily below. Through the willows the humble huts of the Japanese showed vaguely. Down by the stream a little rough wharf had been built, and Japanese children were stooping to dabble in the stream. One of them, a boy in a khaki soldier suit, ran along the bank in energetic guidance of a multicolored kite, an outlandish plaything with bat's wings and the body of a demon. The children laughed as the papery monster darted restlessly in the breeze, then with a spiteful swoop fell head down at Anna's feet.

"That's a pretty bum kite, mother," said Kipps as he picked up the wreck.

"I think it's lovely," said Anna.

She surveyed the intricate toy with its ferocious face cunningly painted in pink, red, green and black. It had all the grotesque charm of the people who adorn the slightest thing they touch. On a spreading fan across its body were daubed three bold-faced characters.

(Continued on Page 96)

The Head, Braced Against a Notched Block of Wood, Was Still as a Mask of Wax

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 16, 1920

Come Clean

ONCE when Napoleon was receiving an unusually large number of letters from Vox Populi, protesting against the way in which he was making history or something of the sort, he told Bourrienne to take a month off and to let the mail accumulate. When the letters were opened at the end of thirty days it was found that most of them had been answered by the passage of time and required no further attention.

If we could only lock up all the world's diplomatists, statesmen, deep thinkers and leading doctrinaires for a year and go about our business without further interruption, we should find when we let them out that our troubles had largely remedied themselves and that we had no need for panaceas. It was this composite imitation Moses that promised us Utopia and gave us Russia, that started out to lead us to Altruria and landed us in the wilderness. Now the world needs a regular Moses that is strong on law and order and that knows the route through the Red Sea—a leadership of fact, work and example.

Some people believe that the old moralities are outworn, the old standards outgrown. They prattle of the new dawn and the larger life. The essence of their creed is leadership without fitness, bread without sweat, play without work, gains without losses. A practical demonstration of their theories would be interesting if one could view it from a distance. But like all amateur experiments with powerful elements, the end is an explosion and a stink that the bystanders share with the principals.

The young and the muddle-minded of all ages are half-persuaded that the world is being reborn, radiant and unrestricted by the old rules and conventions. They interpret the new gospel to mean a good time with no morning after. Old King Canute Lenine and his merry men all over the world will abolish the rules that have cramped our style, and hereafter everyone can do as he pleases.

It jazzes well, but our morals and our standards are only superficially based on artificial laws. Actually they are the net result of our experiments in breaking natural laws—hard-learned lessons in avoiding the explosion. Anything once is a good-enough rule, but the flaw in all these new ideas is that they have been tried twice and a hundred times. After each attempt to beat the game, man has had it ground into him that natural laws are unbeatable and has gone back to those principles on which all moral and economic progress has been based. In fact, so well agreed have we always been in our periods of sanity on these first principles that we have come to call them the obvious—and to believe at times that we are superior to them. But whenever an individual or a nation does disregard them the explosion follows automatically. The nations scrapped all their painfully acquired knowledge in the great war, and the biggest mess in history is the result.

The world is constantly being reproached because it is so cold to new ideas, so slow to welcome revolutionary discoveries and inventions. The reason is quite simple. For every sound economic principle that has been advanced, for every practical invention that has been presented to it, thousands of plausible but destructive theories and worthless contraptions have been urged on it. The world has learned caution through putting faith in fools. Sturdy ideas will survive a little coolness. A frost kills the rank weeds.

The cost of sinning, morally or economically, is higher than ever, but the wages have not been raised. There is no good time-and-a-half for overtime. All the old roads still lead to hell, but nobody has discovered a new one. The generations that have preceded us have tried them all, crudely perhaps, but effectively. Some experiments in newfangled paving have been made—stretches have been asphalted, concreted and bricked. They have made the trip smoother, but they have also made it swifter. The old place has changed only superficially.

Men look at monkeys and exclaim, "They are almost human!" The fact is that they are wholly human, for man, too, is an imitative animal and finds it easier to imitate the bad than the good, but he will learn anything that is the fashion. Virtue and vice are more largely matters of example than of precept—and the mass of men look to their leaders for example.

The collapse of every civilization has invariably been preceded by a collapse of its leadership. When their gods prove false to them the people turn to the false gods, as they have in Russia. They expect their leaders to show themselves bigger, stronger and better than they are. They will imitate such men, follow after them, but when leaders whom they have trusted fail them they turn to the demagogue or the dreamer who promises all things to any man who will listen. Big promises cost no more than little ones when one has nothing to give.

Leadership begins at home. It is as much the job of the head of a house and the head of a business, as of the heads of a nation. One man may be the captain over ten, another over ten thousand and a third over ten million, but it is the first duty of every boss, little or big, to set an example to his followers. Leadership implies superiority, and being better than other people carries penalties as well as rewards. A man must be eternally making good at it, or be stripped of his shoulder straps and reduced to the ranks in the minds of his followers, even if for the moment they are powerless to demote him physically.

The trouble with America and with the world is that too many of those to whom we have instinctively looked for example have failed us. This is as true of business as of government; of the capitalist as of the labor leader. In their lapse the preachers of the doctrine that you can play hell and not pay for it; that you can raise hell and not catch it—the doctrinaire and the demagogue—found their opportunity.

There is no health for the world, no salvation for it except through the old and the obvious. We do not need the help of genius. There is plenty of genius in the world and it is raising such a racket of contending and conflicting opinion that no one can think straight for the noise. To genius has been properly attributed a touch of madness, and it naturally wants Bedlam. We want order.

We do not need great professors of political economy, profound thinkers and high-browed theorists. We had them all at the peace conference, and they made the mess of the ages. We want plain common sense.

We do not need masters of diplomacy, renowned statesmen, financial Napoleons and dwellers in Altruria, Bulgaria or Russia. We want common honesty, straight dealing and clean American standards. We do not want prophets of the new and the complex, but doers of the old and the obvious, whose first sermon will be setting an example. We hear a good deal of criticism of Harding because he carries no mental fireworks in stock—rockets of speech with which to call forth the delighted ah-h-h's of the crowd. He is accused of being an old-fashioned rather obvious American, who keeps his feet on the ground as well as his ear to it, who has a practical, businesslike view of men and of government. No one has charged him with being an experimental idealist. If this sketch of Harding is accurate and the detailed working plans bear it out the country is fortunate, for that is the kind of leadership it needs right now, and if Maine is a true prophet he will be the next President. But those of us who can know him only through his speeches and the party press agents, those of us who are trying to learn from them how far his mind really "follows ours," sincerely hope that before the end of the campaign he will show the country the front elevation of his cabinet in detail, the ground floor drawings of his taxation plan, the blueprints of his budget ideas and the layout of his immigration landscape gardening. What he has shown us piques our curiosity.

Example must come from the top, from those who have assumed or who have been given leadership. It is as much a duty in business as in government, in private as in public life, in small as in big things. To take the most obvious instance: Whether we like prohibition or not, it is the law. Whether we resent the loss of our liquor or not, it has been legally taken from us. If we do not like the Volstead Act there is a perfectly proper and lawful way to abate the severity of its provisions. But so long as that law is on the statute books its open and flagrant violation tends not only to breed contempt for this particular law but for all law. And some of the petty offenders against it are the men who, no matter what their personal likes and inclinations, should be the last ones in the community to countenance any lawbreaking.

Unless the boss sets an example we cannot blame the workman for patronizing the bootlegger. If the employer wants sober men on the job, if he wants them to pass up rum in the evening, it is up to him to lay off the old stuff too. Getting his from the bellboy or the club steward does not put him in a different class from that of the lawbreaker who sneaks up a dark alley and hands a dark brother ten dollars for a quart of rotgut. So long as leaders in business, big or little, indulge in any form of lawbreaking that happens to suit their palates or their purposes, they have no just cause for complaint when those who look to them for an example indulge in other forms of lawbreaking that hurt the morals and the business of the community. "The best people" are sometimes the worst citizens.

Again, when a man's employees, whether in a retail store or a great business, find that the boss is grabbing thirty, fifty or a hundred per cent profit on a prime necessity of life, what possible reason is there to expect them to refrain from following his example and demanding exorbitant wages? If a concern is putting out adulterated or short-weight goods, by what logic can it expect a full day's work from its men? Instances of bad examples in politics, business and the professions could be multiplied. And though it is by no means true that our laxness is as general as one would gather from a reading of the press that specializes in sensation it is still widespread enough to call for a sharp tightening up all along the line, from the top down.

Loose morality in our social life and our amusements is a natural sequence to a breakdown in leadership. It is a symptom that will disappear with a return to right thinking on the part of those whose duty it is to set an example. When the strong profiteer, the weak grab; when the strong decide that they will not be bound by one distasteful law, the weak decide that they will not obey any distasteful laws; when leaders decide that they are superior to the old conventions and rules, they have plenty of followers who will go their limit one better.

Example may be expediency or conviction, but unless the leaders keep the rules the rank and file will not. Then we have the age-old line-up of human nature against Dame Nature—and the old lady always wins. It is much easier, much less painful to mind her admonition to behave than to brave her displeasure, for she holds with Solomon and spares not. Already she has punished us a-plenty, but

apparently we have not had enough, for the world is slowed down while our doctrinaires debate these great questions:

Do two and two make four or do they make eight?

Are not the theories that have killed Russia the right remedy for the ills of the rest of the world?

To which we should like to add another question for their consideration: Is not this world unrest that is so popular simply a new form of the early Egyptian shimmy?

We offer the arithmetic, the copy book and the Ten Commandments as our contribution to the discussion. Meanwhile, if the rest of us will silently turn the key in the door of the pow-wow chamber and steal away to the year's work, our problems will tend to solve themselves and pass, while the great discussers are still cussing and discussing. It should not take a very bright world to know that the Karl Marxes and the Lenines, with less practical knowledge of business than the average shipping clerk, were hardly qualified to formulate a new plan for doing the world's work; that the graduate from college to the professor's chair or the lawyer's office, with little or no practical experience of the manufacturer's problems, is not usually the best man to formulate the government's thou shalls and thou shalt nots; that the statesmen and the diplomats who time after time have let the nations in for war are not the ones most likely to lead them into the paths of perpetual peace. It is more than a little foolish to look to the impractical for the practical and to the failures for a plan of success.

We have problems, but complex problems have a way of becoming simple when the simple things are properly attended to. You cannot build a peace palace or a people's palace that will stand up without an honest rock and cement foundation. You cannot live in either or enjoy life in either unless you have had a good job of bricklaying, carpentering, plastering and plumbing. The doctrinaires and the diplomatists are trying to hand us a jerry-built world. If we are to have a country that is fit to live in, we shall have to get out the old plans, engage a practical architect to make such simple changes and additions as will fit them to a growing family, and build slowly and soundly by day labor.

Friends of the Poor

POLITICIANS always claim to be friends of the poor man. The majority of us are poor men. We are not poor because of the activity or indolence of politicians, but because of fixed economic laws. The politician, in or out of office, is powerless to bring us wealth. He may pass wise and just laws that will benefit both rich and poor, but we cannot be benefited as a class save by our own efforts and our own industry.

The poor man, meaning most of us, has a vague and uncomfortable feeling that fate has stacked the cards against him. He attributes much to luck, good and bad. He feels that something is wrong with the scheme of things, but he doesn't know what it is that is wrong, and being unable to solve the mystery is eager to believe each plausible talker who promises to set up Utopia. His faith is inspired by desire, not by his common sense.

These plausible prophets of Utopia have a common fault: They believe or profess to believe that an effect can be produced without a cause, and that a theory of government can make oak trees grow more rapidly than a gourd vine. Their promises are sweeter than honey, and we are constrained by avarice and laziness to put our trust in them. But deep in our hearts we know that the race is to the swift, and justly so. We know that one must earn what he gets, and that pretty theories and fine phrases cannot replace toil in the manufacture of bread.

There is but one method by which we poor can get wealth quickly. It has been tried on an extensive scale in Russia. It is a very unsatisfactory method. Its effect is disappointing and transitory. When all the great blocks of wealth have been stolen and equally divided, each of the thieves receives but a pittance, and when his little store is consumed he must sweat again to produce new wealth or perish.

Our self-appointed saviors may adorn their theories with fine words, but their hope is to get place and power for themselves at the expense of our degradation. A great many people may band together and seize what they will. Even a few may succeed on a smaller scale. Jesse James and a few kindred spirits had considerable success by this method for a time. But theft, whether individual or collective, fails to repeal economic laws, and no theory of government or industry can replace work. Wealth is not created by the touch of a wand. It must be produced, and in the production of wealth there is no substitute for sweat.

Fighting Men

ONE who would make a success of business must learn to remember. One who would make a success of life must learn to forget.

One who enters a contest and strives to the utmost limit of his abilities is yet defeated. He is shamed and humiliated, and his spirit is abased and broken. Another who suffers a like defeat and is crestfallen for a day, resolves on the morrow to forget his ill fortune and try again. One does not remember yesterday if his heart is wrapped up in tomorrow. They come back who can forget.

So one may be tempted and do an evil thing, and, remembering through all his days thereafter, feel unclean and hopeless. Memory will keep him in the gutter, while another who has trod the same path will set out to redeem himself and in the effort earn the right to forget.

One slow to anger may find cause to hate, and thereafter become prey to his own malice. While he lives his thought and ambitions and activities will be warped to fit the purpose of the hate that controls him. Another, more easily offended, will be angered to-day, and to-morrow will brush the incident from his memory lest it beguile him to folly and interfere with his plans.

The griefs we know would bring us to our knees without strength or courage to rise again if we could not forget. A little triumph would mark the end of accomplishment if the thrill of it endured, but happily we forget and, eager to know the thrill again, turn to greater tasks.

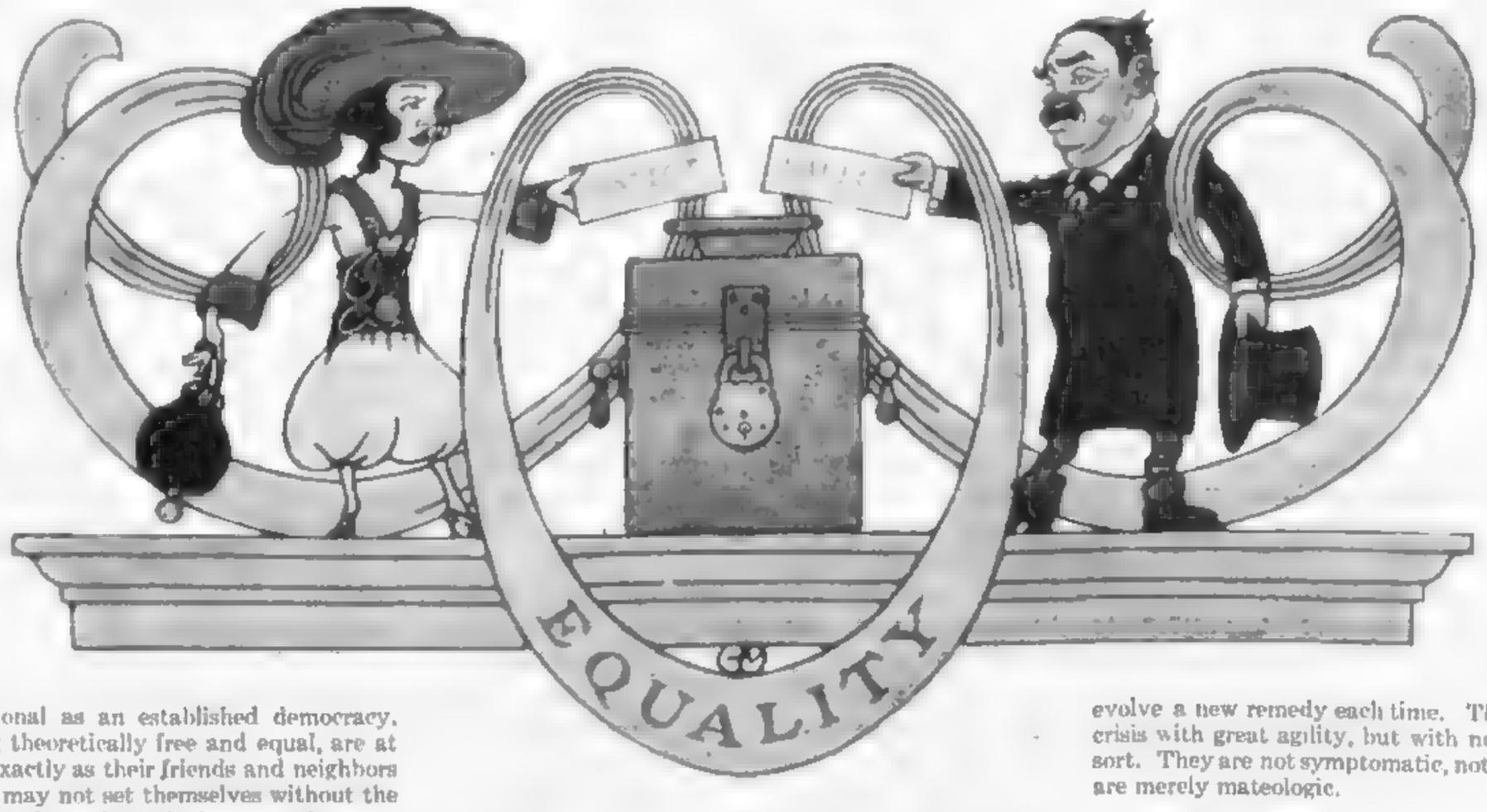
It's an Easy Combination and She Wants to Look Inside

HOW RADICAL ARE WE?

By Samuel G. Blythe

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE average American is an awkward radical. He functions clumsily as a red, a pink, or even as a mere glow. Communism is as vague to his understanding as internationalism, and internationalism means the foreigners in a certain part of the city who are always getting into trouble with the police. Since the war he has learned the term "Bolshevism," but that ordinarily typical unkempt whiskers, low brows and exploding bombs to him. If he has any radical ideas he cloaks them by saying he is a progressive, which is a status from which he can work or vote in either direction, and which enables him to retain standing with neighbors.



No political institution in the world is so conventional as an established democracy. The units of it, being theoretically free and equal, are at constant pains to do exactly as their friends and neighbors do in order that they may not set themselves without the pale of that freedom and equality which custom has prescribed as the accepted and regular sort. The great impelling social and political force in a democracy is public opinion, and public opinion is the creation of the majority of private minds. We think in grooves and act in concert. Any man who gets out of the groove, in his political thinking, say, gets also outside his social circle, and that is an uncomfortable place to be, not only because it is a lonesome place but because it subjects the outsider to the criticisms of his fellows. Many a potential radical has remained a conventional conservative for fear of what his friends might say.

A Nation of Generalizers

FURTHERMORE, so far as the average American is concerned, all real radicalism is an alien thing. Notwithstanding the awakening, the broadening of vision, the increase of obligation the publicists constantly declaim at us as the outcome of the war, the fact of our national conviction is that we are sufficient to ourselves. It is true that we have had our little flings at near-radicalism in the way of political movements here and there and now and then. The progressive movement of 1912 is an example. However, that movement was one-tenth progressive and nine-tenths Rooseveltian, as was proved when Roosevelt abandoned it in 1916 and it immediately collapsed.

Of course the reason is, to some degree, a reason of faulty definition. We are a nation of generalizers. The term "radical" means to the bulk of us what it means in the extremist sense, not what it might mean if properly defined.

It is entirely possible that a grave situation may arise in this country because of the lack of a few definitions that actually define. So long as the majority of our publicists and politicians use the terms "socialist," "anarchist," "Bolshevist" as synonymous and interchangeable, each equally definitive, and confound radicalism with all three, there can exist in the public mind no conception of a sane differentiation and there must exist a profound opposition to all radicalism as typing extremist measures, both socially and politically.

The extreme left as at present constituted, the real radicals, is still composed in this country largely of the alien, or foreign, class, and because such native members of it as exist, such as certain sections of the I. W. W., lack in constructive intelligence and rely on methods that have no appeal to the average American. These foreign radicals have to some extent gained footholds in some of the labor organizations, but are still in the group class, and those presumably intelligent Americans who sympathize have the fatal failing of lack of continuity. That is, the native radicals, of the educated class, are intellectually radical—mentally, rather and momentary in their efforts and advocacies. Our educated radicals are always facing a crisis and advocating a remedy, but they find a new crisis once a month, and perforce must evolve a new remedy each time. They skip from crisis to crisis with great agility, but with no effectiveness of any sort. They are not symptomatic, not even diathetic. They are merely mateologic.

The Tendency Toward Conservatism

THE average American comprises at least eighty per cent of our effective population, and any radicalism he may have in view is not radicalism that means uprooting, and is radicalism that means protest. He may want a change, but he distinctly does not want a catastrophe. He may feel that he has injustices as a citizen, and has been wronged politically and economically, but he thinks in terms of shifts rather than in terms of sacrifices. He may desire a new deal, but he isn't so keen about having a new deck. He may join in if somebody else starts something, but he will hesitate a long time before starting anything himself. He looks up and down his street, at his friends in his circle of society and in business. He has his business, his home, his job. His environment and his obligations all tend to conservatism, as does that intelligent selfishness which is the foundation for our national growth and the base of our national supremacy.

Since this campaign began, definitely, with the nomination of Harding at Chicago and Cox at San Francisco, I

(Continued on Page 57)

"'Tis Campbell's Soup each day
Creates my forceful way
So the winning kick
Is an easy trick
In any old game I play"

"Putting it over"

Only a few extra ounces of energy or the lack of it make all the difference nine times in ten between success and failure, between just missing it and just "putting it over" in anything you do.

This is why good soup is so important. Eaten every day it is one of the surest promotives of extra energy and vigor.

The tonic and strengthening effect of Campbell's Tomato Soup on digestion and other body-building processes makes its regular use one of the most important means of improved health and condition.

Why not enjoy this tempting and nourishing soup for dinner today?

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

FISK

LET the next tire you buy be a Fisk Cord. Just one comparative test with other tires will justify your choice and our confidence.

With generous oversize, surprisingly big mileage, riding ease, good looks, a tread that really grips fast on wet asphalt—these are tires made with a view to every user's personal satisfaction.

And every Fisk Tire is backed by the Fisk ideal—"To be the best concern in the world to work for, and the squarest concern in existence to do business with."

Next time—BUY FISK from your dealer

Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)

RAISIN' RAISINS

By Wilbur Hall

HARKING back in memory—and not so very far back, either—do you recall the time when the luscious raisin, bursting with sugary flavor, was a visitor on your table as occasional as the plum pudding with brandy sauce or the golden-browned turkey, trussed and lying on the flat of his back, oozing gravy? They served raisins with walnuts, and when you were so sated that it was almost agony to move your chair back, you relaxed, took a small bunch of the blue-black sweet and three or four walnut kernels, heaved as deep a sigh as you could and finished off the meal while Uncle Ed told one of his time-honored Thanksgiving or Christmas or New Year's jokes, or father became reminiscent. The raisin was as much a ceremony, a rite, as cranberry sauce or hanging up the stockings Christmas Eve. It had its humble place in the scheme of things, but outside that place and on any other date or occasion it was as anachronous as a firecracker in midwinter.

To-day all that is changed. The raisin is as familiar as seasoning. Instead of a luxury, it is a necessity, and there is no home so poor or no menu so scant that it does not constitute a part of the daily regimen. You may not have noted this development—it may have crept up on you like gray hairs; but a moment's consideration will convince you that it is a fact, and a second may cause you some curiosity as to the reason. If so, the above introduction will have accomplished its purpose, which is to cause you to pause and give ear to one of the most interesting tales of the thoroughly and typical American development of a typical American industry that has come to your notice.

A Romance of Business

IT IS a story of how the raisin producers of the San Joaquin Valley in California pulled themselves up out of a slough of despond, debt, discouragement and a palsied enterprise by whole-hearted and efficient coöperation one with the other, and made themselves rich instead of insolvent, and their industry a stable and permanent activity instead of an experiment doomed to apparent failure. It is a romance of American business; it is a tract on how producers may become their own financial agents and get away with it.

If you should go to the San Joaquin Valley to-day, particularly to that part of it of which Fresno is the capital and center, you would not be able to believe that eight years ago the raisin industry was sagging so low that bankers rated its credit very poor, and that the growers themselves were hanging on only by their teeth, and looking for a soft place to light just beyond the bankruptcy courts.

This year its crop is estimated at two hundred thousand tons, for which the growers—the growers, not some group of middlemen or jobbers or packers—will receive close to eighty millions of dollars. Land is selling—when you can get it—at from one thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars an acre; four millions is being spent on streets and roads in one county alone; credit is A A 1; business is staggering; there is an automobile to every seventh inhabitant—man, woman and child; the boys and girls are going to college; prosperity exudes from the well-nourished persons of the vineyardists; and some fifteen thousand acres of new land is being planted to vines every year.

A Formidable Competitor

THE cooperative organization which made this miracle possible is not only solvent and on a firm and permanent financial and business basis, but it has a big surplus tucked away against the proverbial rainy day. It has ten thousand stockholders—not capitalists living in Pittsburgh or Edinburgh, but the growers and business men of the immediate district; and they will receive an eight per cent dividend on their holdings this year. It is important to note incidentally that there are no holders of the majority stock in this company either, for no man has within a quarter of a million shares of stock enough to dictate its policies, and the bulk own three hundred or four hundred dollars' worth each. It is some farmers' company, and it is going stronger every day!

In fact it has become so highly successful, and so much a menace to the business of its competitors, who are private packers, that the latter are now complaining that the association is a trust and are asking the Federal authorities to break it up. That, the San Joaquin Valley growers say, is a high compliment. And as they look back down the years and recall the early history of their industry the wail of the packers leaves them cold. Just now the packers are getting theirs, and San Joaquin opines that it is coming to them!

(Continued on Page 127)

PHOTOS BY LAVAL & NANNIS PRESSED CO.

Typical Vineyard Scene. Above—The Grapes are Picked and Spread on Trays Between the Rows of Vines for Sun-Drying

TEMPLE DUSK

(Continued from Page 5)

Rev. James Marlowe arrived shortly and heard Palter's explanation in silence. He was a tall man with rugged features and sunken dark eyes, fiery and watchful; for twenty years he had been a sentinel of Christ at the little church far down town, which had in its day cradled one of the greatest denominations in America but was now all but a deserted outpost in a crowded, neglected district.

Palter had expected a scathing denunciation as a gambling-house keeper who had inveigled David, but the minister heard him out calmly, his hand laid sheltering on his son's shoulder. He was no stranger to such tragedies and classed the profit takers of the underworld merely as heathen who must be fought by crusades, without personal antagonism. It was only when told of his son's marriage that his composure was shaken. His cheeks flushed darkly and he lifted his trembling accusing finger at the girl.

"You—you!" he exclaimed, with such a glare of hate that even Palter was impressed. But he stifled the invective, and with a face grown suddenly haggard told Palter sternly to finish.

He then said to his son: "The penalty of the crime must be faced now or at the final reckoning," and signified that he was ready to go; but when Ember rose also he halted. "This woman, who married my son while he was drunk, may not go with us," he said. "It was sacrilege."

He looked reassuringly at David, who acquiesced weakly. "There's nothing to it, Ember," he told her; "of course I lied when I told you I was a millionaire's son. There's nothing in it for you and nothing in it for me to be married."

The girl looked appealingly at Palter, who did not respond; she was being condemned by a vengeful judge who would not allow her counsel. But there never was so forlorn, dilapidated a creature who took up her defense so indomitably. "Are you sure, Mr. Marlowe, that you're parting me from my husband for religious reasons?" she demanded.

Palter's eyes glimmered; the Reverend Marlowe was amazed.

He answered contemptuously: "I declare your marriage a sacrilege."

"That's true, Mr. Marlowe." The girl bowed her head, humiliated to the dust. "But it's real—I'm married—I can't just go adrift. What—what would become of us?"

"The law will shortly release you," declared Reverend Marlowe vehemently. He was drawing his son away; Palter caught his breath; he did not yet quite understand why the girl would wish to hold to such an abject yellow specimen as this Davy, but she did, and he hated to see her lose her grip on the situation which never could be restored.

"Mr. Palter, why did you help out David?" he heard himself asked.

The old gambler regarded them all speculatively, as if not quite sure they would understand. "You see, David and I are not strangers," he answered presently. "All us people passing and repassing, only half seeing one another in this stormy dusk of life, are bent on one big errand, whatever it may be. We're a sort of brotherhood, I guess."

"A stormy dusk!" the girl meditated this, her eyes big. "Well, in spite of the brotherhood, one of us might stumble and fall and be passed by in such a dusk."

"Yes," agreed the gambler introspectively; "the world's a big place; a big temple."

"Don't you find the dusk ever lights up," she asked a little wistfully, "so we can see our way?"

Palter shook his head decidedly. "If we could see our way clearly we wouldn't need to be brotherly, I guess; and maybe that's our big errand here."

"Just the brotherhood, our errand?"

"Yes."

It was none other than David who asked, astonished: "Are you a religious man, Mr. Palter?"

"I am," said the old gambler. But this Temple Dusk gospel was the only one he knew.

"I believe I'll take that for my religion," said David.

The minister knew that Christianity ever stands on the brink of defeat before just such men as Palter—godless plausible men, who have a code of morals which they substitute for religion. Palter apparently could run a gambling house under this code, and quiet his conscience by a sort of fellowship with a ruined client. And yet his code had a tremendous appeal to a weak fellow like David, who saw in it only a sportsmanly way of salvation without giving up the pleasures of Broadway.

Reverend Marlowe was truly formidable on the instant.

"I have brought this boy up in the church, Mr. Palter," he said threateningly; "you would not be robbed tamely of your winnings in this evilly famous house; neither will I be robbed of the soul I have won in my house."

Charley the croupier now, after five years, sifting the past for the incidents of that night, remembered that he had been highly amused by the religious differences which broke out between the ordained minister and the gambler.

Said Palter: "But God's on a level with men, not over and above 'em. He's here, not there. He don't take us to Him; we take Him to us, and I guess His voice is the one we hear telling men to be friendly with one another."

This humanizing of the Deity had seemed to infuriate Marlowe, who struck the table between them. "Cursed be the man who trusteth in man and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord!" He glared at Palter and at this tawdry Broadway woman.

"Take my tip," Charley himself had told them quietly, "and beat it over to Fish and get this check business settled." He beckoned Ember and started out.

At Fish's there was a disagreeable scene, in spite of the man's awe of Palter. "I'll send the scoundrel up," he began, and turned to the chair by the door where David had dropped on entering.

It was empty. At the last moment the forger's heart had failed him and he had slunk away out of the house, out of their lives; Ember's battle for this, his opportunity to come clear after a little grueling from Fish, had been fought in vain.

"Well, what could we expect, Mr. Palter?" said Fish, his mean features screwed together to express scorn, and his whitish eyes staring at Ember. "I'll let the piker off because you ask it, Ember," he said finally. "But I want it understood he shan't have you." He wanted everybody to know of his sudden infatuation for the girl. "I didn't know how damn game she was. Excuse the cuss word, dominie."

Palter quietly tore up the check and gave Fish the nine dollars to cover. Fish tossed the bills on his desk.

"All right—I'm a sportsman, you know, Mr. Palter. A little drink, gentlemen? Well, it is a bit late, even in a bachelor's lodging. Claim my hospitality any time. Good evening, gentlemen. I'll see you home, Ember, and look after you, too, from this time on."

Reverend Marlowe had not once raised his head since his son's flight. Now he looked at Fish under his eyebrows, giving a little shiver of disgust, but made no effort to save Ember from the pursuit of such an admirer.

But as he turned away Palter said: "Take Mrs. Marlowe to her house, Charley. Tell her to report to the police commissioner in the morning. I'll ask him to give her some sort of job in the department. I'll recommend finger-printing; there's a great future in the police business." The old gambler delicately refrained from addressing Ember directly. "Tell Mrs. Marlowe," he commanded Charley, "that we'll stake her to a few hundred till she can come across."

The minister turned back, a holy wrath white and flaming in his face. He had not offered the woman a refuge from the dissolute Fish. It was enough that when she repented of her wickedness the way of salvation was open. But to such an unbeliever as Palter would make her, the way is never opened.

He held up his palm forbiddingly against the apostle of the heathenism of Temple Dusk.

"Come, daughter," he said sternly. Marlowe was a tolerant man to his fellow workers in all Christian creeds, but he glared at Palter intolerantly.

Ember could not understand that his was the motive of the zealot. He called her —— The girl flushed and trembled. She was in truth his daughter; wasn't she married to David? The green eyes glimmered with tears of delight.

"Good night, and thank you so much, Mr. Palter," she said; and taking her new friend's hand in her own, walked out with him.

"He don't like her—what made him do that?" asked Charley irritably.

"Matter of religious differences," explained Palter placidly.

However, he always harbored a disgust of the minister who had seemed so indifferent to the girl's fate at the hands of a man like Fish, and claimed her only when Palter avowed an interest in her welfare.

Charley, meditating these incidents and already thrilling to the great game which would make him master of the Versailles, or break him utterly, had no knowledge of the reappearance of all these people between last Sunday evening and the Tuesday midnight of Palter's taking off.

II

IT WAS about noon of his last Sunday on earth, that Palter opened his eyes suddenly out of a deep sleep, but with the consciousness that he was not all awake. There was a curious disorder in his brain, and he closed his eyes again for a drowse and maybe a dream in which his faculties playing freely might reassemble gradually for a normal awakening. He did indeed drowse off again, but with the consciousness that he was not all asleep. And in this intermediate state between waking and sleeping he was counting, one at a time; already he was near five thousand. At last he started up and dressed, and went rather hurriedly out on the street. It is true that his personal effects were all put away as if not ever to be disturbed again by their owner's hand; that after breakfasting he went to the Versailles and looked over his ledger to see that every account was balanced, so far as it could be balanced. But, as Major Treadwell afterward pointed out to Emanuel, Clement had always been a man of peculiar finality in his actions, and these facts did not indicate that he was playing a hunch or presentiment.

During Sunday afternoon Palter, looking over his ledger and reading the morning papers, found that he counted on deliberately; he did not know what he was counting, the total seemed without limit. Yet he began to feel it was not without purpose. Sunday evening, in the hope of distraction, he dined at a Broadway restaurant—the Pompeian.

The season was early October, when New Yorkers are at carnival. Palter crossed Fifth Avenue, where there are not many saunterers Sunday evening, and the voices of an auto party returning from a road trip echoed ringingly from wall to wall. Their car was a blowsy meteor of frost-tinted oak leaves and sumac and goldenrod. Palter watched them out of sight, as all New Yorkers do a passing bit of color. He walked on, smiling, setting his heavy gold-headed stick on the cracks in the flagstones, and admiring the bluff turreted skyline floated in clear afterglow.

At the Pompeian the head waiter himself hastened to seat him, and from a table near the center Palter watched the arrival of fashionables and listened to a well-played violin—and counted.

Beneath the alabaster overflowing urns of light the foyer of the Pompeian blinked dazzlingly. And out of that dazzle like Aurora herself, with a glint of ruddy gold at her temples, her sea-green eyes aglow, and shoulders which made the alabaster light seem yellow, came Ember. Bunny Fish was with her.

The woman espied Palter as she entered, and paused involuntarily. The thick figure, the silver hair and skin, the cold glimmer of the black eyes fixed on her face, startled her.

On encountering him that night in the gambling house she had felt the panic which comes of intrusion into some horrid hidden shrine; gamblers are the aristocracy of the hidden people outside the law, who yet have a scarlet treaty with the law. In the Versailles, most splendid of their temples, Palter had sat like Joss.

Ember came up to him in the Pompeian, laughing, and shaking hands. "You have an uncanny power to startle me," she said gayly, "and yet I am glad to see you."

Palter had risen and the two men nodded perfunctorily. Though Fish was an occasional patron at the Versailles, they had met only two or three times since the night of Dan Sterling's famous spree.

"How is the Reverend Marlowe?" asked Palter.

The little drama of night life with the girl as the central figure had been the old gambler's only idyl. Her reappearance in the company of Fish had clouded it; he was too profound in human research to be surprised, but asked the question in the faint hope that Ember could somehow clear herself of the suspicion which attached to any woman in Fish's company. Ember pleaded guilty amiably.

"Mr. and Mrs. Marlowe Senior are all right, I guess. Of course I couldn't survive long in a parsonage, but would you believe it, Mr. Palter, they're both real good sports. They tried to make life bright and festive for me—even gave parties." She smiled with a little grimace. "Ever attend a parsonage party? I'll say it takes a Christian. But when I told 'em I had to go—I'd met a superannuated country school-teacher who'd saved every dollar she ever made so she could study art in Greenwich Village before she died, and she had set up in a little studio and wanted me for company—well, I was going to live with her and the reverend and his wife dressed me all up and blessed me and made me a sort of pensioner to the amount of fifty dollars a month."

"I'm glad you're so well taken care of, ma'am," said Palter politely.

"Unhappily, my angel developed a passion for other things than art in the life of the studio," said Ember, with a sigh; "first, absinth, and then, of all things, ether. If she'd have been a man they'd have said she died of the rams." She nibbled her lip thoughtfully over the gruesome, insignificant tragedy. "Well, she was broke by that time, anyway. Now I'm baching it alone."

The sweet sensitive mouth had a little droop at the corners, there was the tiniest wrinkle as of constant anxiety between her eyes. She was dressed in good taste but not very seasonably, Palter decided, her gown being a dark blue georgette.

"I'm acting as chaperon now," said Fish. There was a fatuous leer on his mean little features. Ember nodded and flashed a radiant smile at one of the diners. "Come on," exclaimed the small tradesman in Broadway pleasures, with quick anxiety, "or that fellow will be coming over. You're welcome to talk to her all you want to, Mr. Palter, but you know how it is with one of these girlies; you gotta hold 'em to a limit, and Ember's limit is me just now."

Though Fish kept up a pretension of high breeding he affected to despise conventionality and considered himself a sporting aristocrat. He rejoiced to be seen talking with Palter and pose an intimate of this old overlord of the gambling world. So he made his excuses as between gentlemen who understand such things, and piloted Ember away by the arm. Ember flushed, but made a little flaunting, half defiant gesture of resignation to Palter and her friend at the other table.

Palter did not look after, but, sitting inertly until his dinner was cold, left the restaurant without finishing it. He was surprised that the fall of one woman more or less should annoy him; quite an effort was required to shake off the depression caused by it. However, he had business of vast importance to occupy him. He found that he had counted consciously and subconsciously up to seventy-five thousand. This obsession he took into serious consideration on his way home. Evidently it was not to pass until he had reached a certain amount. What was that amount, and what would it signify when he had reached it?

He began to suspect that it had something to do with his fate, and at last fixed on the solution that he was counting the moments of his life. The total might be spoken any time—and there was a brief struggle against so cruel an imposition—though condemned to die at a certain moment of a certain day, why should he be compelled, like a criminal during the death watch, to count one by one the intervening ticks of the clock? He discovered that he could not cease to count, but that by a restraint which disordered his brain, like the

(Continued on Page 34)

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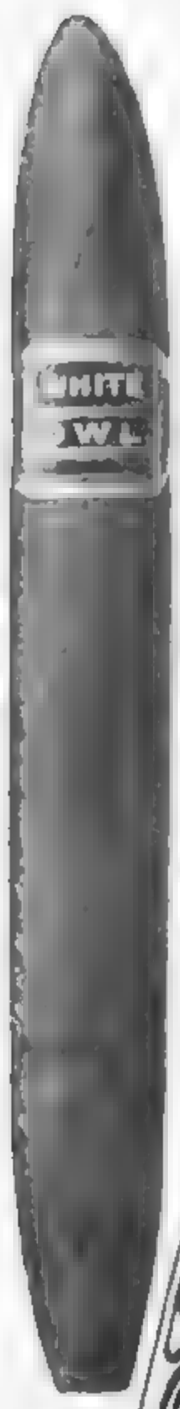

WHITE OWL

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(Continued from Page 32)

works of a clock thrown out of adjustment, he could count very slowly. He did this audibly for a few paces, then remembering Reverend Marlowe, who would, counting his last moments, undoubtedly climb the very steps of the judgment throne orthodox and unafraid, he sauntered on, counting boldly. But from that moment he took peculiar care not to deviate in any way from the established manner of his living and his everyday thoughts, pressing on through the Temple Dusk, unchanged and unchangeable, to the very end.

Arriving at the Versailles, Palter, according to immemorial custom, nodded to the marble statue of the dicer through the curtained arch, and ascending the stairs went to his office at the end of the corridor, which runs the width of the house. There a rosy-cheeked young man laid aside his newspaper and rubbed his hands briskly.

"Everybody feels playful this weather," he observed, and tempted Palter by laying a silver coin on the desk.

Palter laid aside his coat and stick and began matching dimes with Charley, who enjoyed an uninterrupted run of luck until a distant, flutelike whistle broke up the game and the youth skipped away, laughing and jingling his winnings.

This was the only game of chance which Palter ever indulged in, and brooding over his defeat he turned to the account in his ledger, headed: "Clement Palter—Gambling." Thereon he debited himself with two dollars and seventy cents and carefully ruling the page with double red lines, brought down the balance, which was fourteen dollars and sixty cents against him.

Presently dropping a pinch of Latakia into the meerschaum, he puffed at regular intervals.

Emanuel, whose flutelike whistle had summoned the croupier a moment before, glided in. His wool had grown white in the service of Palter and he stood silently waiting for his master's reverie to end. Palter crooked his little finger.

"A gentleman to see you, suh."

"Show him up."

And the old darky vanished noiselessly as Charley hurried in again.

The young fellow's cheeks were flushed, his eyes shining brightly, and he raised both hands with his ten fingers extended. Palter opened the door of the steel vault, built into the wall of the house, and from an inner safe counted out ten thousand dollars in hundred-dollar gold certificates. For a moment he kept his thumb upon them. "You said it's playful weather, didn't you, Charley?" he observed, and the other flushed guiltily.

But he answered with a tightening of the lips which revealed a glitter of teeth. "The clients will want to play high, sir. I'll hold 'em to the regular limit. All weather is alike to me, playing another man's money."

He ran through the bills with flashing white fingers and signed a marker for the sum, which his employer put into the safe. A minute later a prolonged mellow note burst from the depths of the house, punctuated by a tinkling clatter, a hoarse exclamation as the roulette ball found its pocket. Play at the Versailles had opened for the night.

Palter sat smoking and gravely looking at the doorway. He had a philosophy about empty doorways, which might frame in a moment an apparition from some old frolic or tragedy, or a figure from the current melodrama of the Versailles. Whether it came with smiles or menaces Palter welcomed it in his impassive way. Once a month entered Major Treadwell, the retired turfman; once a quarter, the superannuated attorney who had something facetious to say about the political boss for whom he collected blackmail in return for police protection. Various types of ruffians were deputized by the facetious old attorney to collect from all the other business persons of the half world, but on Palter he called personally and respectfully.

Now Palter, counting his last moments punctiliously, showed a flicker of curiosity in possibly the last person Emanuel would usher into his doorway, the frame occupied and vacated by so many interesting figures.

David Marlowe was the man; he turned squarely at the threshold and strode up to Palter as one having urgent business on his hands. He was gaunt, tanned and toweringly erect; he grinned ingratiatingly at Palter, though carrying himself like a centurion, plainly an overseas man.

"I'll settle my little bill," he said, and counted out nine hundred dollars.

Palter nodded and credited his account on the ledger.

David watched him musingly. "Never charged off my balance into loss account? Now I call that white of you."

"A man's mistakes," replied Palter, blotting the entry, "are charged up to him and the account is always open, no matter how the creditor keeps the books."

"In other words, a ledger is not a book of judgment, by which a man who hasn't a chance to pay up by a certain date is condemned to hell!" Palter was delighted. "I haven't forgotten your Temple Dusk. I say it's some gospel!" said David, as one who has had the experience of many religions. "Still, I'm for the old one, being brought up that way."

Dave had, it seemed, run across a friend when wandering about the city the day after his débâcle at the Versailles, and this friend was making money by buying and selling dyes.

"With the German ports closed, the dye market was jumping every day," David explained. "My friend wanted me to go in with him, and when I told him I was broke he took my note for two hundred and fifty dollars. I started ferreting out dye stocks and made a little money till the war broke out. Then I enlisted; but they wouldn't take my friend. So I left my profits, about a thousand dollars, in his hands. He wrote me he was turning it over in metals, then stopped writing. When I came home and got my discharge the other day I learned my friend had gone to Arizona and died, but at the bank where we'd done business I found myself credited with nearly three thousand dollars. That was to-day. So I drew out fifteen hundred dollars and dropped in to settle with you. Now, Mr. Palter, I'm on my way home to claim my wife."

He rose, grinning exultingly.

"Honest now, isn't she a wonder?"

Palter nodded, regretfully.

"Remember how she stood by me that night? Well, my old folks took her in. I wrote 'em from France and they told me she was with them. Held her end up all right—went to church and helped ma with the housework, then got a job in a store, and lives with one of the girls uptown. But she never forgot the old folks and calls on 'em every month."

"You didn't write her?"

"No; and told the folks not to say they heard from me. I wanted to make some kind of a showing as a man before I went after her. She must still be thinking I'm a pretty cheap sport, and a coward to boot," he added ruefully. "Look what I brought to square myself." He showed Palter a Distinguished Service Cross. "I won that for Ember! You can gamble I'd never have taken the chance on my own account. But I used to feel her standing by me when we were fighting. Just as she did in this room that night. I'd see her, too, and dream about her ——" He stopped with a sudden blush, and then grinned defiantly.

"I wouldn't back her for first place," Palter cautioned, "till after I'd timed her. Women change their paces when a man's away."

"Not Ember!" David repudiated his companion's pessimism with a wave of the hand.

Palter smoked on, looking at the empty doorway. The cheap sport had developed into somewhat of a man; the loyal innocent little maid into a liar and grafter and worse. "Curtain," said Palter, and audibly resumed his counting, whose sum he discovered had risen phenomenally during his talk with David. Evidently he was not counting moments at all! Then what?

He made no further conjecture. "Whatever is to come will come," he reflected, now uncertain what fate awaited the total. It was about two o'clock when he alarmed Emanuel by announcing aloud, "One hundred thousand." He had still two hundred and eleven thousand to count, if he had only known it.

III

EMBER MARLOWE lodged under the gable of an old rooming house off Washington Square. Three flights of stairs, bare except for moldy patches of rags still clinging to the tacks in the corners of the landings, led up from the street door, generally left ajar by the transient lodgers and slipshod housekeeper. Ember despaired of her lot cast in so beastly a place. During the morning her face was often pressed pallidly and wistfully against the dingy attic pane, as one who questions Providence why she should have all the hard luck. However, the wistful face appeared there only in the morning; by noon, shine or storm or earthquake, she was on the street.

Ember was a marvelously busy woman, hurrying from friend to friend, from hall room to studio, where perhaps tea was being poured. Hotels, restaurants, theater lobbies—were on her route. Every charm of mind and person must be incessantly paraded to hospitable people until one was charmed into asking her to dinner. Now grafting your dinner every day is a business in itself, and as Ember rose late and must look out the attic window at Providence in recurring moods of hope or reproach, she had very little time to herself. This time, however, she improved by overhauling a wardrobe somewhat enlarged by the vivid garments of the lady who had died in ether.

The fifty dollars a month from Reverend Marlowe did not go much farther than rent and breakfast.

On the morning after her meeting with Palter in the Pompeian, Ember rose earlier than usual, after an hour of huddling and shivering under a counterpane overstrewn with articles of clothing, which kept working toward the edges of the bed. Suddenly she sat up and looked through the window at gray clouds scurrying on a northeast gale; the fall weather had descended on the city overnight. She rose, frightened, and climbing on a chair pinned a newspaper over the dirty pane of the transom to blind the landlady, then lighted the gas. It was a miniature flame, but with shoulders shivering and a chatter of teeth Ember looked at it, reassured, and began rummaging in her trunk for winter underwear. There was none there, however, and she thought likely she had thrown it away in the spring as worn out. So she put on instead a cotton suit and a silk one, and that was a very good substitution, for she was somewhat thinner this fall and her suit fitted all the more snugly. She was almost dressed when she observed a snowflake pass the window, and in a panic pulled off a shoe to examine the sole, and then paste a strip of pasteboard over a tiny hole.

"I declare, I don't know how I'm to get by, this time," she told herself, and began working, working assiduously at the mirror to eradicate the wrinkle and restore the curve to the drooping mouth. Suddenly her hands dropped leadenly.

"Am I passée?" she asked.

She had not been invited to dine by one of the men met in the tea rooms and studios the previous afternoon, though she had gone far afield uptown. Several of them had paused to pass a word of gossip or to assure her of their devotion, but nothing substantial had come of it. Anxiety had destroyed her charm at last; the men no longer admired her. In short, the business was on the way to bankruptcy.

It was only when returning home, disconsolate and hungry, that she met Bunny Fish—for the first time since the night at the Versailles. It was quite a reunion, Bunny having no particular girl on his hands at this period, and Ember ready to recuperate her shattered fortunes with any sort of man.

They had made quite a gay dinner of it at the Pompeian, but Ember, playing such a man skillfully, had insisted on going home at eleven, giving the address of an artist friend who lived in a much better neighborhood, as her own. Fish was a bit mystified, which suited Ember, and as she had a key to the street door there was no difficulty in carrying out the deception.

The artist was not a lady, but a very nice boy, whom she rapped up from a sound sleep. He had loaned her the studio for August while he was in Maine, and now she was thoughtfully returning his keys.

"At midnight, sixth of October!" he said reflectively, through the crack of the door. Of course he had new ones made long since.

"All right, Ember!" He came out, dressed, in a few moments and escorted her home, laughing at her story of her new conquest.

Ember had laughed too, then—but this morning, with a hole in her shoe and no winter underwear and a snowflake drifting past the window, she began to think seriously of Bunny Fish. He was the only man who had shown enough interest in her, waif as she was, to feed her. He had, with the privilege of a gentleman friend ready to invest his money, asked Ember to confide her circumstances, and nodded approvingly when told she was living modestly on a pension from the family of her absentee husband.

"Bunny's wallowing rich," she mused. He had delicately offered his assistance, with a sympathetic glance at her gloves and the blue georgette. "Very decent of him," admitted Ember.

The Broadway parasite whimpered: "Why can't I be hypocrite enough to deceive myself like other women? I can't. Every time I think of a way out of this devilish poverty it hurts. I'm out of luck with a conscience." She turned spitefully on Bunny Fish. "Much he cares about virtue, the old scallywag! And Palter took it for granted I was one of his kept women. Nobody believes in me; they only think I'm slier than the rest."

Slowly she lifted her eyes to the mirror. "You have the name, you fool, and get nothing out of it—but this!"

She hurled the shoe to the floor, hobbled after it, and finished dressing in a blind flurry, all the time watching her face in the mirror. Her flush of anger and then of shame had passed, leaving pallor and unutterable resignation. But with that old hardihood which had distinguished her in the one idyl of Clement Palter, she looked herself honestly in the face. She had haunted too long that beggarly No Woman's Land just without the pale of the underworld, coveting the warmth, the luxury, the brilliant company.

"They might as well be mine! Who knows—or cares?" she asked hardily. "Whose business is it but mine?"

So this morning Ember passed the dairy lunch where she usually breakfasted; in fact, forgot it was there, on her way uptown to a hotel where she had never gotten farther than the lobby. The check for her hothouse berries and rolls and coffee amounted to nearly two dollars, about half the money in her purse. She paid with a smile of luxuriousness and contentment; it had been an hour of grandeur. She took a cab down the avenue to a celebrated modiste's, and made a careful and tasteful selection of a street suit, an evening gown and a cloak. She drove a good bargain, and informing the manager that the amount of her purchases was to go to the account of Mr. Bunny Fish, waited calmly while he telephoned the latter, who Ember knew was at his club between eleven and one. The celebrated modiste herself came out to thank her for her order and call her attention to a set of sables. Ember inspected the furs but declined to purchase further, to the surprise of madame, who, however, raised her eyebrows approvingly at such discretion.

Ember sauntered out and down the street, until her right foot began aching; the cold of the pavement had penetrated the pasteboard sole.

She could not bring herself to buy shoes on Bunny's account, or ask him directly for money, yet money she must have. Her payment from Papa Marlowe was not due for several days.

"Pshaw! It will be the last; he might as well come across now," she reflected.

Now the Reverend Marlowe's charge is the mother church in America of a large denomination. It is neglected by all its children—a diminutive Gothic, with barren pews and aisles, dull glass windows, checkered in red and gray, like a counterpane. It is not the sort of church one attends nowadays, but serves very well as a mission. On Thanksgiving and Christmas a turkey dinner is served for Bowery converts, who come with bleary faces washed, and shabby coats brushed, and shake hands with a grim shy interest in their new brotherhood. They count Jesus Christ, the carpenter, as one of themselves and speak his name with a boldness and pride in contrast with the obsequiousness of more pretentious congregations, and when the preacher blesses the meal in His name there is tense silent attention though the grace be a long one, and an exultant "Amen!" which makes the old rafters ring. It would startle tremendous chords in an old churchgoer's breast to hear them.

This mean little church and Marlowe were comrades in many a drawn battle and repulse and victory. Often when writing a sermon he would come out of his study at the right of the chancel and stride up and down the aisle, sensing a spiritual companionship in the stern grayish light of the windows, overshadowed most of the day by skyscrapers. Marlowe's soul was stern and gray, too; to him there were no fashions in religion, and those hallowed walls rejoiced in the orthodoxy of their traditions when he preached. Often he was strangely troubled by the thought that the church

(Continued on Page 38)

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(Continued from Page 34)

would be left none the better for his ministry. If he could only leave it aglow with cathedral glass, and carpeted and cushioned—best of all, bequeath the mute crusading spirit of the place a voice. "If I could only leave it a good pipe organ," he would muse longingly, for the collection basket contained more dimes than dollars, more pennies than dimes. He had struggled twelve years to maintain the congregation at its original number, and at last was engaged only in stemming defeat.

And this defeat of all Christianity was threatened not so much by vice, which the church had time and again subdued, but by the teaching of godless, plausible men who have a code of the humanities which they substitute for religion. Men like Clement Palter. Marlowe hated these men with a righteous hatred.

Ember found Marlowe in his study and explained that she needed shoes and a dress to take a new position in a smart shop. After this she would make sufficient salary to support herself without aid from him. Marlowe liked Ember, as everybody did who knew her intimately. He appreciated her trying to help herself, and knowing that an unskilled working girl had a hard enough time of it at best, never reproached her with extravagances.

After consulting his check book he said: "I can only give you thirty dollars now; can you wait for the rest until the first?"

Ember nodded listlessly.

"David has returned," said Marlowe.

She felt an unpleasant little shock. "I fancy he is not interested in seeing me," she said coldly.

"Yes, he is." He related the circumstances of David's long absence. "We told him what a good steady girl you are," continued Marlowe, "and I am sure he wishes to make amends."

Ember rose in a panic. "How can he make amends? Anyway it was my fault as much as his. But it spoiled my life. I don't love him and don't want to see him."

"Ember!" The minister rose. "Dave is a changed man; so are you changed. You are man and wife. Meet you must and shall, and leave it to the Lord to say what is to be."

He put on his hat and took her hand. The minister's home, or parsonage, as the congregation called it, was above a furnishing-goods store next door. In the hall Ember besought her counselor, tremblingly, grasping both his hands.

"Father Marlowe, please let me go on. I don't want to meet him now." In a vein of fearful prophecy she asserted: "No good—no good will come of it."

He laid his firm hand on her shoulder. "Come, daughter; it is not for us to say that."

The woman drooped against him and then, with one of those quick reactions to perfect balance peculiar to her, slowly straightened and shrugged her shoulders. It was indeed a jest of fate that her husband should return on the very day she had gone to the bad.

"Well, he can just go back again," she told herself angrily. "I've decided—and that makes me as guilty as if I'd lived on Bunny Fish's money for a year. And this husband fellow is not going to butt in just too late to save my immortal soul and cheat me out of the mortal game."

She mounted the stairs dauntlessly, and opened the door on Dave and his mother talking and laughing together.

"Mother," said the Reverend Marlowe, "we'll leave Ember and David to talk over the present.

"Remember," he admonished the young couple, "that you are bound by a tie invisible and holy and strong. I would settle affairs on the basis of present relations. Take to-day and to-morrow to it; on faith, the future is always to be trusted."

Dave's mother, a queerly constrained little woman with dark eyes and smooth graying hair, was not accustomed to look beyond or above her husband for a Providence. "Remember, David—and Ember," she whispered, lingering—"Mr. Marlowe is never mistaken."

The reunited couple shook hands; neither could resist a fleeting curious scrutiny, but Ember was prompt to confound all the old couple's calculations, as well as any presumptive claims on Dave's part.

"I may as well tell you that while you were away I have come to regard another gentleman ——"

The tall fellow raised his hand forbiddingly. "Sure—it's just like old Palter said: A woman changes her paces when a man's out of town!"

Ember gasped with indignation.

"Oh—Palter does say so, the old Juggernaut!" And in quick after-suspicion: "What else did he tell you?"

"Nothing about you. He was only philosophizing; quite a profound old bird.

"The old people naturally made quite a stir about that wedding of ours," resumed Dave deprecatingly, "but we needn't talk about it unless we want to. The blame of it ——"

"I'll take my share of the blame," assured Ember stiffly.

"Sure; it was fifty-fifty," agreed Dave amiably.

Ember bit her lips over being entrapped so easily.

"Ember, I'm glad you dropped in," pursued Dave. "I have a little commission for you." He lowered his voice. "Did you ever see such a threadbare, worn out, barren room as this is? And you notice the old gentleman's coat and mother's dress. Why, they must be three or four years old. And pa and she are thin as ghosts. For all his Gabriel's voice and that electric-lighted visage pa looks like one of these allegorical sketches of famine. Look!" Dave drew out a roll of yellowbacks. "I'm going to fit 'em out—dress 'em up and then watch 'em eat. Now I've got one of ma's dresses wrapped up in my pocket to measure by, and I want you to help me pick a new one."

He put on his hat, caught her arm and fairly danced her to the door and downstairs. He talked all the time they were on the street and in the Subway and all the while they were shopping. He escorted her proudly, and grinned when catching her dazed look.

It was the second time Ember had gone shopping that day, and several times she succumbed to spells of terrible preoccupation, comparing the plain dress selected for Ma Marlowe to the splendid creations now lying at the modiste's, charged to Bunny Fish's account.

"Things are high, of course," commented Dave, "but pa surely draws enough salary to keep up the house and dress decently on. It's those converts grafting on him all the time which keeps him poverty-stricken."

The woman looked up angrily; the truth was on her tongue—but Dave, laden with bundles, seized her hand and shook it cordially.

"I'm obliged to you, Ember," he told her. "Now I've got to get home and start the fun—but I'll meet you in the department store, say ten o'clock to-morrow, and we'll get acquainted and settle things however you want."

She hesitated; she was bound to tell him that she had been the grafter who had devoured furniture and clothing and even the flesh, of the house of Marlowe. What could he expect of a girl after marrying and deserting her?

"It's up to you to make it good to the old man; I didn't get half a living out of him anyway!" She would tell him plainly. But not now. She was not up to it. "All right," she assented wearily, and Dave was gone.

A block toward home she met Bunny Fish. "Go 'way," she said. "I'm all in."

He took her arm with a laugh that was not mirthful.

"Look here, Ember, no double-crossing. No girlie ever tried that yet and got away with it. I staked you at madame's to three hundred dollars' worth this morning, and then called at the house which you said was home last night. You don't live there. Now where do you live?"

"I was ashamed of the place." She gave the honest address, and almost screamed. "Now let me go, can't you? I've bargained. You've bought me! I haven't any money to escape with." She faced him, flushed and weary and indomitable. "And I don't want to escape. I've had enough of hell."

"Can't I see you to-morrow morning?"

She laughed, a hard mocking laugh. "I've got to see my husband in the morning. Wasn't it the infernalest luck that he had to show up to-day?"

Bunny looked wicked. "That damned forger! Now see here ——"

"I hate him!" she said fiercely. "Now do you want me to hate you too? I'll telephone you day after to-morrow. After that you can see me all you want to whenever you want till you get tired of me. Do as I tell you! Not a step further. Remember, I'm not anybody's yet." Her green eyes glowed like a tiger's.

"All right—m' dear." Bunny backed away, fascinated. "By all the devils," he said, "I'll not cross you or threaten you—I'm crazy about you!"

Ember lingered still a moment. "It's nice of you, Bunny. I won't go back on you."

It was now nearly dark. When Ember reached her room, flinging off hat and shoes, and exchanging her dress for a shabby kimono, she pulled up the creaking rocking-chair to the tiny register, which exhaled an unsavory lukewarm breath. The landlady was burning garbage in the furnace again. Ember sniffed disdainfully but would not abandon her station, and by the spectral gaslight began to turn over a movie magazine.

Suddenly, with hectic cheeks and eyes glittering, she stood before the mirror. How fagged and old she looked; and skinny.

"Why, I'm three years younger than Dave Marlowe!" she avowed, cheating by two years.

However, the mirror did not relent, so she spitefully turned out the gas and went to bed.

"Oh, I'm only a hobbling, haggard old witch," she whimpered. She had been with a man three hours that afternoon, and he had not once flirted with her; or even looked back when they parted. "It wouldn't have been so bad if he was a regular husband—but he hardly knew me." It was surely time to take on a Bunny Fish; he had said he was crazy about her. She thought disconsolately: "Well, I don't care; I'll rob him while he lasts." What else could a poor girl do?

At that same hour Mr. Fish, winning at cards at his club, made up his mind how he would settle the intrusive husband and forger, so that Ember would never be bothered with him again. The first step would be to call on Clement Palter.

IV

EMBER could have sworn that she had not had a thought of Dave Marlowe since leaving him on the street the afternoon before, and yet she searched for him among the women shoppers at the department store, with an air of anxiety. There was a breathless little pause as they surveyed each other.

"I have been computing on my fingers," said Dave, "how we can economize time. Instead of calling a meeting every so often to settle our affairs, we can progress much faster by keeping together till they are settled—say, till this evening."

What an extraordinary impression the big grinning man, with his bland assurance, gave one. Ember, however, meant to tell him that she had been the convert who had impoverished his family, that he had come too late to have any hand in settling her life; and so have the whole disagreeable business over with. She scanned coolly the tanned features, undeniably whimsical, likable, handsome; met the bright glance of an interested gray eye—and then ——

"All day!" she protested. Her dismay was not affected. She went on to explain with quite desperate candor. "Why, I know my limitations quite too well to risk it. I can interest my companion for two or three hours, then I am used up. My brain would rack itself to pieces. I should be tired and cross!" Why, in a day a man would know her through and through. She shuddered.

"To confess the truth," said Dave, "I don't know what effect it would have on me, and I want to find out. I never spent a whole day with a woman."

"But suppose we fight—or worse still, get tired of each other?"

"Then we wouldn't bother to meet again to-morrow."

They were now on the avenue; Dave, like all New Yorkers returned from parts beyond the metropolitan district, had evidently determined on a tour. After he had once become a part of the city it would cease to be a spectacle.

He stopped a bus and they were off on the first stage of their tour. Immediately they were seated on top, Ember, strangely pertinacious, renewed the discussion.

"But what if we should meet again to-morrow, one or twenty times? What difference would it make?"

"I don't know, ma'am; I never met anybody twenty times in one day."

This was no answer, and Ember gave him a sharp look; there was a coolness between them already, which endured till the Art Museum had been reached. Then the absurdity of it all occurring to her, she became very gracious and the two roamed leisurely through the galleries. They had lunch at the Casino.

"What are euchered figs?" she asked listlessly, regarding the menu.

"I can tell you what Casino dates are," replied Dave brightly.

There was a protracted silence, and Dave as if reassuring her said: "Be perfectly free to say anything you want, on any subject that interests you, Ember. I am still your friend, whatever happens."

She was rehearsing volubly what she would say to him; now was the time to settle matters.

Instead she replied coldly: "You know quite well I am talked out, just as I expected." More indifferently she added: "Our tone would imply that we had reached a degree of intimacy on short acquaintance."

Here was an opening for the inevitable explanation between them. Dave either ignored it or was dense.

"With your permission," he said, "I will relieve the tension with two humorous anecdotes." He told them both earnestly, Ember's face freezing harder and harder.

"Let's go," she said, rising. "I have still some shopping to do."

Dave put her into a hansom and seated himself beside her. They were driven down the avenue, and she glanced at him several times from the corner of her eye; he was absorbed in the passing crowd, and Ember's alarm of the night before returned. Passée she certainly was, to lose a man's interest in three hours. She jealously searched the crowd for pretty faces.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Dave as the cab stopped; and Ember realized they were under the roof of the Grand Central.

"You're not going away?" she asked resentfully, and bit her lips.

"To-day!" demanded Dave reproachfully.

They were going to the Big Zoo and the Gardens, and Ember was hustled along till she found herself aboard a train and staring helplessly out of the window.

They had a strange silent stroll through the great park as far as the bear pits. There Ember fagged and uninterested in these strange beasts and places so far from Broadway, nagged him to move on. She led the way and he followed, looking over his shoulder at the polar monster who, while being transported from his ship the day before, had begun tearing his crate to pieces. The keepers had drenched him in chloroform and he was still grouchy from the effects.

"It must be a terrible hang-over," said Dave, catching up.

Ember nodded curtly; then she began to lag behind.

In the lion house she sat on a bench while Dave and a majestic Nubian eyed each other, the man assuming unconsciously the stand and challenging expression of the beast. Then the lion yawned as if terrifically bored and went to sleep, which was for some reason humiliating to Dave, who snapped his fingers.

They visited the mighty Gunda, captive-mad, who lived in an uproar of clashing fetters and prophesied that jungle would reconquer the world, in melancholy trumpetings.

"Come on; he is a disagreeable old thing," complained Ember.

"You're hard as nails," said her escort.

They walked away in silence, Ember biting her lips. "You men think that a woman is bound to like just what you do, and hate what you don't like!"

The explosion of temper had left her terribly involved, but she lashed herself along, and Dave, having heard her out impatiently, replied: "It was not for nothing that I surmised as much in the first place."

She was dazed by this retort, made with significant emphasis. What was the man talking about? Did he mean that he had surmised all along that she was hard as nails? Ember walked ahead haughtily among birds and monkeys and things. Only in the reptile house did she show any interest, sighing over the captivity of the iguana, and constrictors too gorged to squirm. Dave, who evidently loathed the entire reptile kingdom, shuffled irritably but did not interfere, and Ember, restored to a degree of good humor, smiled sweetly while marveling at her own contrariness.

The wind was blowing coldly and gustily as they left the park and the afternoon sun glaring deceptive brightness through trees

(Continued on Page 38)

ALMOST anywhere you go, you soon discover that the Hupmobile is one of the favored few among motor cars.

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(Continued from Page 36)

faint, fledged with red and gold. Ember was glad to get into the warm Subway cars, where she could rest and, by closing her eyes, avoid conversation.

She gave no attention to stations, and when Dave roused her, supposed they were once again on Broadway. Her resentment was great to learn that they were still far uptown and about to transfer to a surface car for the Natural History Museum.

"It's outrageous to drag me to such places," she fumed, but she did not protest aloud

Beyond the museum loomed the warm and cheerful restaurant, the dinner hour was approaching, and the man would surely be very grateful to her after this day of sacrifice. Perhaps they would even dine at the Pompeian; and there she would take her revenge.

After a dismal journey they arrived at the museum, Ember grim and vengeful, the man thoughtful. She seated herself promptly and told him to rubber to his heart's content; it was beyond the bounds of possibility that she should interest herself further in him or in anything he did.

But he had wandered out of sight only a few moments before she became uneasy. It was about time for the place to close and they might miss each other in the outgoing crowd.

With a groan of weariness Ember rose and began searching for him, frowning at the remains of the giant lizard which Dave had lately been admiring. He had stood there five minutes and she hated the thing.

The search was brief; she came upon the man in the ruins of Tehuantepec, but instead of inspecting them he was seated in the dusk, bent over with his face in his hands.

A breathless terrible concern in his meditations gripped her. "What's the matter?" she asked timidly.

Dave looked up and they remained silent a moment, their faces having no expression in the shadows.

"It can't be done," replied Dave with that candor which made him sometimes so amusing, sometimes so dreadful. "One whole day alone with me would madden any woman. Where, then, would be the logic in asking for more?"

"I don't know," replied Ember, hesitating, half defensive. "We haven't been together, it seems. I walked ahead and then you walked ahead—don't you remember?"

"I remember," said Dave. "Woman," he said slowly and softly, there in the ruins of Tehuantepec, "I've fallen more and more in love with you every step of the way."

She exclaimed, frightened: "In one day ——"

"Hasn't it been long enough?" inquired Dave sadly.

The memory of those hours came down on Ember like the memory of ages. She had been kidnaped; dragged along against her will, through hideously painted walls, pits, jungles alive with brutes. The figure of the mad elephant loomed in his chains; the specter of Diplodocus down the aisle! Round the dainty, fluttering Broadway parasite crowded the ancient ruins closer and closer, darker and darker.

"I won't bother you after this, Ember. I haven't anything to offer."

Ember didn't answer at all; she took the dusk-blurred face between her hands and searched the steady eyes like a crystal gazer, for the soul of the man.

When an attendant passed the closing call down the corridor Ember and David wandered out, and presently entering Central Park made the long journey afoot down to the Circle gate. Thence they rode home in a cab.

An observer would have called them a listless, indifferent couple, under the shyness of their new relations. Each seemed afraid of the other, till they came to parting at Ember's door in the dingily lit upper hall. She said good night, and as Dave stood stock-still without answering, the woman timidly laid her hands on his arms and held up her face to be kissed.

He held her a moment and said with curious satisfaction: "You did like the snakes, anyway, didn't you?"

"They were the only things I wasn't jealous of," whimpered Ember. "The elephant was horrid - and I hate that great skeleton thing you kept looking at!"

Within her room she gazed into her mirror with gloomy satisfaction. The thin cheeks were blazing scarlet, the tiptilted little nose was shiny, hair straggling, hat awry. "Can he love that?" she reasoned.

Moment by moment memory struggled vainly to declare some important matter she had neglected; some tremendous duty left undone. While undressing she paused repeatedly with her anxious frown. What could it be? Every bone in her weary body ached; her brain ached. Despairingly she gave up trying to remember, and the next instant was asleep.

In fact, she had forgotten the great business of the day, and gone to bed without her dinner.

V

ON THAT same Tuesday afternoon Palter arrived at the Versailles to find Bunny Fish waiting for him. The man spoke effusively and stood wrinkling his features like a weasel.

"I say, Palter," he exclaimed, "do you know what's happened? I'm crazy about the little girl you saw me with at the Pompeian. Just blew her to four hundred dollars' worth of make-up, and now that husband wants to sit in."

"Not so bad a frame-up for them," commented Palter judicially.

"It's not a frame-up! That little one's on the square. But you know how these cheap-sport husbands come snuffling a hymn of forgiveness if Gertrude will come home and after I've been staking her to chow for four years!"

"Where do I come in?" asked Palter.

"As a witness. You know that Marlowe fellow is a forger, and so does Charley; and we can chase him—and if you wouldn't come into court I'll subpœna his own father. You may not believe it, but I tell you those old-fashioned preachers won't lie. They're the salt of the earth."

Palter surveyed Fish steadily. "But that'll mean publicity for you and the Versailles. There's a better way."

Fish made a sign. "I'm listening."

"Have you got that last dressmaker's bill? Suppose I call in the boy and show it to him."

"He's just the kind to beat her up—kill her, maybe. And I've just tied up four hundred dollars in her."

"I forgot that. But—don't you ever take a chance?"

"I'll show you whether I do or not," replied Fish with dignity. "I'll risk your plan if he beats her to death."

Palter nodded; he had made up his mind to protect young Marlowe, not only from Fish and the law, but from his crooked wife as well.

"I'll make out the check for madame's bill and write her a note to put the purchaser's name on the receipt. I'll stay here while you send over after it," said Fish. "Then you'll know the whole deal is straight."

"You wouldn't deceive me about anything," assured Palter, with a glance, penetrating and chill. The old czar of the half-world had incalculable means of avenging himself on a man about town. Fish thanked him obsequiously and wrote only the check.

"Hold on a minute," said Palter. "Emanuel, place a bottle for Mr. Fish." The man about town seated himself at the table smugly; Palter wrote a few lines and called for Charley. "Find Dave Marlowe and give him this; leave this check at madame, the dressmaker's, and ask for a receipt with the purchaser's name."

Charley departed. Palter remained mute and musing; a remarkable thing had happened while conversing with Fish; his count had reached three hundred and ten thousand, and ceased abruptly. He knew to a hundred dollars how much his fortune amounted to—all in money, jewels and bonds, and the Versailles with its lease—three hundred and ten thousand three hundred dollars. He had been counting his money

"When I retire from business," he said to Fish, "I'd like the Versailles to be taken over by a man who would run it as I have—a sporting gentleman of the old school. You are a sporting man; not a plunger but not afraid to take a chance, as you've just proved by gambling your girl."

"I'd like to bid it in," said Fish. "It must be a mint."

"I have just counted up my fortune at three hundred and ten thousand dollars."

"Phew!" exclaimed Fish. He rose and paced despairingly up and down. As Palter well knew, he was one of his patrons who had been hard hit in a recent stock flurry. "The fact is, Mr. Palter, I have hardly forty thousand to my name," he announced ruefully.

"You should start the games with twenty thousand dollars to bank," said Palter; "that would weather the worst run of luck. Then the law of averages takes hold."

"But you wouldn't consider an offer of fifteen or twenty thousand."

"Not from everybody; Reverend Marlowe, for instance."

"That's a good one! I suppose he'd want to put in a straight wheel. Beg pardon, Palter, but we're men of the world."

Palter did not flinch. "I've got about all I want out of the Versailles," he resumed, "but I don't want some Broadway piker to get the old house."

"I understand the sentiment, Mr. Palter; quite understand it."

"You come of a fine old family, belong to good clubs—I'll keep you in mind."

He rose and shook hands, and dismissed the excited, flattered Fish at the door. Later, signaling Emanuel to attend, Palter began a tour of the house, looking at the pictures and sauntering among the few afternoon patrons, with a handshake here and there. One old acquaintance he took by the arm.

"Emanuel, cups and Burgundy," he said, and led his friend up to the statue of Chance.

After the fashion of Danny Sterling, departed, Palter splashed his crimson libation at the dicer's feet; his friend did the same from his silver goblet.

"The stone boy won't forget that," confided Palter, and presently laughed his silent internal laugh to see the favored of the god win over a thousand dollars.

Everybody in the house was astonished by this conduct. Emanuel watched his master so closely from that time on that Palter called him to his desk.

"Emanuel, I have been counting money even in my sleep. Now I see stacks of it, gold and silver and yellowbacks; it's all mine. What am I going to do with it?"

"Kaint you spend it, Mr. Palter?"

"I don't seem to have the time."

"Kaint you give it to a church?"

"My religion hasn't any church, Emanuel," replied Palter.

He remained mute and motionless after that for a long time, then made an entry in his ledger, charging Bunny Fish with forty-three thousand dollars.

About dusk he began drawing his will on a large sheet of paper, but after his bequests to Major Treadwell and Emanuel, and bequeathing the Versailles to Fish, he could go no further.

The bulk of his fortune still remained undisposed of; the thick figure with its python muscles was huddled in the chair as if gradually succumbing to a crushing invisible burden.

At eight o'clock Dave arrived. Reverend Marlowe, not choosing to trust his son again to this godless, plausible reasoner, accompanied him.

The interview was brief; Palter told Dave of Ember's infidelity, and showed him the dressmaker's receipt.

"I saw her and Fish together the night before you came," he said.

"It hurts," Palter told the Reverend Marlowe; "but it's a man's hurt."

Dave towered before them rigidly, his hand on his heart.

"A piker would have been sick to his stomach," said Palter to the minister. "Now, Dave, there's just one thing to do—forget her."

Reverend Marlowe watched his son in an agony of anxiety; the old gambler's attention was suddenly transferred. The minister, with eyes still fiery and watchful, was emaciated and twenty years older. He wore his old coat, saving the one Dave had given him for Sunday.

"I'm sorry. I—I can't give her up," said Dave simply. "She's been a good girl, hasn't she, father?"

The latter nodded gravely. "She has been good to us, David; beyond that I do not know."

Palter seemed to bulk unusually large at his desk; the silver of his hair and skin had deadened to the white of winter.

"Tell the boy the truth," he commanded the minister.

"I am telling the truth."

"By halves," retorted Palter, thoroughly aroused. "Dave, how did you find things at home when you got back? Old folks fat and contented? Plenty of everything? New furniture?"

"It looked pretty bare, the house did, sir. And pa and ma didn't seem to have very much in the way of clothes and food."

His master's ironic laughter terrified Emanuel, listening in the hall.

"Looked like a house which a blackmailer's been working on, didn't it? Reverend, tell the boy what threat she made if you didn't pay her fifty dollars a month! Tell him!"

"She was afraid she would find it necessary to get a divorce," admitted the older Marlowe; "and Dave was writing home about her and seemed really to care for her. Even after she went to work she came to church sometimes."

"You thought you could hold a woman like that to a bargain by paying her money. Did you ever see her at work? Of course not. She never worked a day in her life. But she did draw for money and clothes on this man Fish, and graft you for fifty dollars a month for nearly four years."

"I do not regret helping her," said Reverend Marlowe serenely; "not only for Dave's sake, but her own. It might have meant her salvation."

Dave swayed in his tracks as if to contending forces.

"Is that the sort of dame you want for a wife, Dave?"

The boy looked at Palter dully; the struggle within was visible.

"No—no—I don't, I couldn't!" he cried out suddenly, and going over to Reverend Marlowe put his arms round him with a great sob. "Poor old dad and mamma—what a life I've led you."

The two stood holding hands; Palter never took his eyes off the minister, who smiled brightly.

"We'll not lose faith in our teaching, Dave, because one betrays us," he said. "Remember the Master was betrayed too!"

"I'll not fail you and ma," said Dave proudly.

He gripped Palter's hand; the minister thanked him, too, but with fiery watchful eyes.

Palter's count was ended; his riches weighed on him heavily, soul and body. It was clearly time to make the last credit to his earthly account, and he did so quickly, leaving the residue of his estate to the brotherhood of which he was a charter member, together with a few lines in greeting. Then he called in the croupier for that final brief interview.

An hour later Emanuel whispered to Charley at the game elbow, and the two came upstairs hurriedly. Palter, with arms folded on the desk, leaned over so that his cheek rested upon them. The peacefulest look and smile were on his face. It was the expression of finality—the old gambler's last day was ended.

Emanuel, seated in the hall, had been aroused by the ghastly screeching of a pen. He has always believed that his master was a dead man when his last message was finished. The proof of this when presented will hardly be denied.

VI

ON WEDNESDAY morning Ember woke in her customary worry and sat up in bed, the musty counterpane drawn over her shoulders and knees clasped in her arms. A sound at the window filled her with apprehension; the whistling bitter rain of October was driving against it and she thought of the hole in her shoe. Then in a rush came the remembrances of yesterday, diffusing such a glow that the bleak attic was lighted by them, and she cuddled down luxuriously until she had reviewed them all, to Dave's parting kiss at the door. Such a kiss—surely there was never one like it in the world! She shuddered and then laughed mockingly at memory of Bunny Fish; luckily she had not worn the clothes which had been delivered during her absence the day before and were now in the boxes piled in the corner.

"I must send 'em back before Dave comes," she concluded, and began dressing.

There had been no engagement made between them, but Dave would not be long in coming, she knew. And the dressing was a quick, joyous affair instead of the old lagging process, with a whimper over each worn garment and the everlasting mending—which she had no time to do during the afternoon or evening devoted to business.

But now there would be no more mending, no more nagging anxiety over her next meal or pair of shoes—the business was closed out.

"I really didn't want a poor man," she confessed, "but after all Dave is a man who can make his way." Brawny, devoted

(Continued on Page 40)

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Wallace Reid in
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Maurice Tourneur's Production
"Deep Waters"

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"Burglar Proof"

Bryant Washburn in
"A Full House"

† *A Thos. H. Ince Production*

(Continued from Page 38)

and bold, he stood between her and the world.

She spent her last dollar for breakfast and for a messenger to take the boxes back to madame's shop. Then she sat down with hands folded to wait for Dave. By noon a vague alarm seized her; at two o'clock his absence was inexplicable. Ember was not unacquainted with suitors whom a little reflection had made suspicious; nor with the type who proposed marriage and promised to pay for her divorce in the bewildering midnight of the cabaret. But Dave was a shrewd and sober man; and furthermore, he knew nothing about her. Still he did not come. By four o'clock she was in a panic.

"Somebody's put me in bad with him."

Ember racked her brain to discover who had done this. Nobody but Fish had an interest in her affairs. Where was Fish, by the way? She now began to fear that he would arrive before Dave, and hearkened tremblingly to every footfall on the stair below. But nobody came that day. Toward evening she became hungry. She had no money, but the restaurant keeper on the corner would cash Reverend Marlowe's check. Still she dared not go off watch a moment lest Dave come looking for her.

All day the black rain drove against the window, and the woman chilled in the attic, untempered by the lukewarm fetid air of the register. Her head ached and at last she went to bed, only to start up from hour to hour during the interminable night, listening to desultory voice or footfall in the depths of the house.

Ember rose late in the morning, numb and indifferent—hardly alive, she thought. The rain still fell, and she came back dripping from the restaurant where she had cashed the check.

"Something terrible will happen today," she reflected, conscious now that some agency external to the world she had known was powerfully diverting her destiny. She remembered a pamphlet bought from a fortune-teller on a Coney Island lark, and finding it in the bottom of her trunk began studying.

"Whatever it is, God's above, let it happen and be over with," she sighed at last, and closing the book waited.

But Dave Marlowe had promised to give her up; and Bunny Fish, having left the affair in Palter's capable merciless hands for a day, was looking over a flat he had rented and furnished for her.

Ember had now ceased to expect the one or to fear the other's coming. She waited the first manifestation of the sinister agency meddling in her affairs, huddled on the far corner of the bed, eying the door.

There was no knock; only a fumbling at the knob; then Dave entered.

"Well, I got here anyhow," he said, raising his hat and putting it on again. Observing the rummage of frocks and stockings he excused himself.

"I thought you'd have 'em all on by this time o' day," he explained, and would have retreated so she could dress. But Ember, in her kimono, stepped forward and closed the door.

"Dave—you're drunk," she told him.

"How-dee-do," said Dave. She seemed so distressed that he elaborated. "Gave a little farewell party last night to Palter and the folks."

"Your father and mother!"

"Nobody came," replied Dave, seating himself on the corner of the trunk. "Sent no regrets—didn't have any—didn't know about party at all. But I gave it, just the same; out of respect for their saving me."

"Saving you from what?"

"Marryin' you, Ember."

"But, Dave, we're already married!" Once before when drinking he had given evidence of these curious breaks in his memory.

Dave smoothed his rumpled hair cheerfully. "Too bad, Ember; I must have been drunk when I did it. Now I got to say good-by."

He wiped his eyes with his cuff and stretched out his hand, which she took and continued to hold.

"Why, everything seemed all right Tuesday night, David; and this is only Thursday. Don't you remember kissing me good night?"

"All a mistake. Don't cry. Can't be helped," he admonished sympathetically. "I hurt too—now I must tell you good-by, and God bless you. Just wanted to do that." He spoke less thickly and with intense earnestness. "I don't blame you, poor girl, all 'lone—had to live somehow."

She stared at him hopelessly.

"Blame me for what, dear?"

He paused with instinctive delicacy.

"Dressmaker's bills," he replied gravely. "Had to have clothes—I know."

He drew his cuff across his eyes again. Ember laid her face against the mighty laboring breast. Dave smoothed her soft hair with his rough heavy hand, but did not kiss her.

He rose toweringly, his gaze dull but distant, fixed on the clouds beyond the window.

"We'll meet some day in Happy Land," he adjured her, pointing. "Mustn't cry; no whisky or troubles there—or poor girls, livin' somehow."

He gently released himself from her arms.

There was a rapid eager foot on the stair, the door opened boldly and Bunny Fish walked into the center of the room. He did not have time to utter a word it al. happened so quickly.

"Help me, Dave! Save me!" gasped the woman, terror crazed; and the brawny doughboy struck out with the whole weight of his body back of the long swing. Fish appeared to crumple and dash himself to the floor, smashing his head on the edge of the stone washbasin.

Ember shrank behind her protector, who still glared about, with doubled fists.

"Look!" she whispered. Blood was staining the floor round the fallen man's head. She leaned forward, peering under Dave's arm, tiptoed closer. "What's goin' on here?" he demanded thickly.

Ember took Fish's wrist, felt not a beat.

"He's killed!" Holding to the foot of the bed and making a long reach she managed to grasp her hat and cloak without stepping over the body. "Come quick! They'll be after us!"

But Dave stood gaping, made ghastly drunk by the excitement.

However, he let her drag and lead him away, looking back after they had closed the door and were descending the stairs. On the street he stood staring up at the window. Ember, startlingly cool and remembering only his danger, gripped hard under the apparently casual touch on his sleeve.

"Quick! It's murder! Murder! Don't you understand?"

"Ouch," he grinned. "No fair pinching, Ember."

However, he walked along, becoming thoughtful, as if the consciousness of the crime penetrated his brain in flashes; he once repeated her words, "Murder! Murder!" so loudly that two passers-by turned round to stare, and Ember was frightened out of her wits.

"Shut up!" she whispered furiously. "Or I'll feed you to the police—the Huns."

"The bloody Huns," he repeated; and after a while: "Where are we going?"

"Home!"

He protested feebly, but was again too drunk to walk alone. They must get off the streets. The alarm might go out at any moment, and Ember was of a type easily picked up.

Yes, she was—but Dave was only one of ten thousand brawny ex-soldiers on the streets. It was there and then that her plan, which ended so disastrously, began forming; she gripped him again and fairly lifted him on a street car, her eyes clear and sparkling.

On the car Dave seemed engaged most of the way in dreadful mute struggles to shake off hallucinations of Huns and battles. He would startle to comprehension, with wide clear eyes turned on Ember, only to succumb again and shrink close to her as if for protection. He held to her hand all the way, to the amusement of the passengers.

It was only upon leaving the car at the street where Dave lived that she began feeling a queer timidity, an apprehension of coming events in which the police could have no part. Hardly knowing what she did she helped Dave up the stairs, and, the door being unlocked, into the apartment.

"Make yourself home, Em——"

Dave tried to wave his hand but it fell heavily, and he sank back on a lounge, safe in haven after a twenty-four-hour voyage of tempest and wreck. Immediately he fell into a sleep which only the trump of judgment could have broken.

Thus ushered within and left alone, the woman listened uneasily to a movement in the dining room. "David, is that you?" asked his mother. Ember shrank toward the hall—and then ——

"It is Dave," she told Mrs. Marlowe from the door to the dining room. "He is all right and asleep on the lounge. A drink too many, is all."

Mrs. Marlowe went in and looked long at Dave, and then came back to Ember in the dining room. Ember, studying the wan, thin little woman with her graying hair and clasped bony hands, thought she had never seen such a figure of desolation.

"Ember—you have a dominating power over our son. We can't contend against you." The other studied her mutely, and Martha Marlowe continued: "What good to him—or you—can come of your companionship?"

"We love each other," said Ember; "much good can come of that."

Dave's mother sighed. "I wish I could agree, but up to this time ——"

"I know—our marriage worked out horridly; and now this—disgraceful scene!"

"I sympathize with you, Ember; and with Dave."

"I guess we need it," sighed Ember.

She recoiled from the memory of the crime in her room, but believing she could yet save Dave from the law would not retreat before Mrs. Marlowe until he had awakened.

"Is there not reason enough why David should not take you as his wife?"

Ember flamed: "That is a strange question to ask me, Mrs. Marlowe."

The elder woman bowed over in her chair, meditating. "If you would only confess! We have seen those bills for the dresses and cloak—and yet David must still believe in you."

"Bless his heart for trying to believe in me!" said Ember, with a hysterical laugh.

Those dressmaker's bills again; there was no denying her guilt in the face of such evidence. Why, Bunny must have sent them to the Marlowes by special delivery.

The opening of the front-room door enforced composure; Martha hastened to meet her husband in the hall, and there was a low-toned colloquy. Mr. Marlowe came in and spoke sternly.

Ember's minute alone had been filled with resentment.

"Here I'm sticking under all this inquisition and insult," she told herself, "just to get Dave out of his scrape."

When Mr. Marlowe spoke she answered him defiantly. "I don't wish to argue. Think and do what you please, I'm going to speak to Dave once more before I go."

She walked into the front room, stopping to pat the sleeper on the head, and seated herself by the window.

"Poor Davy," she said after a while. "That devil Fish with his dressmaker's bills did this to you. My boy wouldn't get drunk of his own accord."

She sat in the old-fashioned plush rocker looking out of the window on the side streets, very quiet and uncrowded as downtown streets went. A prosperous-looking man sauntered by toward the ferry with his wife and little girl; a cat came to the curb, washing its face solemnly and making friends with a boy who carried a stick behind him. The boy seemed at a loss what to do with the stick, but at last trailed it along the walk, with puss pawing after delightedly. An aged lady with a Bible in her lap nodded from a window across the street to the Broadway woman recounting over and over the details of a murder. Suddenly she looked down on the street at people mingling together in peace and good will.

"You and I are not strangers," she thought vaguely, and then more and more clearly, "all us people passing and repassing, only half seeing one another in a stormy dusk, are bent on one big errand, whatever it may be. We're a sort of brotherhood, I guess."

Where did it come from? Some quotation, of course; and yet she was not given to memorizing.

Slowly the cowering, whining youth was visualized, and across from him the clear, pallid face and silver hair and glimmering black eyes of "Old Clement Palter." She breathed: "How strange that I should think of him at such a time."

She remembered very plainly now that Dave had asked: "Don't the dusk ever light up?" and Palter had answered: "If we could see our way clearly maybe we wouldn't need to be brothers and help one another, and maybe that is our big errand."

It was the gospel of the Temple Dusk.

"Palter is right. People should be kind to one another," agreed Ember; "and yet the very minister and his wife hunt me out like a wolf."

But she forgot about this immediately and told Dave, smoothing and parting his rumpled hair: "They're making a lot o' fuss about us in this house, and there's hue and cry out in the city by this time. Sleep on, poor fellow," she told him; "better drunkenness or death than such awakening as may come."

Mr. Marlowe came in.

"What is it now?" demanded Ember stoically.

"You know David by this time; his straightforwardness and firmness of character. If he could conscientiously have taken you as his wife he would have defied us on the instant; but he did not defy us, he agreed with us. And his body, suffering and crying out for a drug, caused him to drink until his spirit was stupefied, powerless to exercise restraint. Only his soulless body went to you ——"

"Well, I have brought it back," said Ember.

Marlowe, his fiery watchful eyes smoldering with righteous anger, humbled himself to this creature of shame.

"Can't you give him up, Ember?" he whispered. "She's ailing and despairing over all this." He jerked his head grotesquely toward the next room. "Martha's in there, still as can be. Just waiting and trusting the Lord. She wouldn't complain further, but you wouldn't want her to go through another day like this."

"I'm doing him no harm here," said Ember doggedly. "When he wakes I'll call you in."

For another hour they waited. Ember watching by the sleeper thought bitterly that the others were praying silently against her. Then Dave moved, opening his eyes, and she shook him gently by the shoulder.

"All right, Ember," he groaned, half awake and groping for her hand.

She tugged at him until he sat up, and then suddenly recognizing the home surroundings he stared at her incredulously with bloodshot eyes. The woman watched every move with the intensest interest.

"Dave's awake, Mr. Marlowe," she said in her clear voice.

As his father and mother came in Dave asked: "Did I get into a fight?"

"I wouldn't call it a fight," answered Ember slowly and judicially. "A sort of a scuffle—the other fellow slipped and fell—and then chased himself."

"I thought I remembered a policeman."

"One was looking at us as we hurried away. Don't you remember?"

"Yes—that was it." He looked at the old folks. A blush of shame swept his face. He cast round doggedly for his hat and coat, not speaking to them. "Come on, Ember. We'd better keep moving."

"Pull yourself together; don't be a piker," she commanded sharply.

The old couple came haunting spectrally this scene where youth and strength and beauty dominated, playing out the tragedy of love.

"I'll stick, I tell you!" said Dave fiercely. After the shame of his drunkenness and bringing this woman home with him he dared not meet his father's eye or look on his mother's distress.

"Son!" It was the warning peremptory voice of the minister.

"I'll stick."

It was a moment of triumph for Ember, looking Reverend Marlowe full in the face. There seemed nothing human in the man; he was the embodiment of those malicious agencies at war with youth and love and happiness. She hated him with the unreasoning hatred which we feel for the stupid antagonism of chance. Dave would follow her now wherever she led, whatever she was.

Mrs. Marlowe said faintly: "Good-by, Davy." His father, the unflinching old Puritan, shook his hand coldly.

"You're not going with me, Dave," said Ember quietly.

The woman's rejection of her lover and husband was not an act of self-sacrifice, but of expediency; there was nothing else she could do. Dave's memory, just as she was hoping and expecting, failed to record anything that happened when he was drunk. He was as unconscious of to-day's crime as he had been of his marriage to her on the night of her first party. Nobody at the rooming house knew him, even if he had been seen coming in, which she doubted. And they had met no one going

(Continued on Page 42)

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(Continued from Page 40.

out. Under these circumstances, to involve him in a lifetime of trouble and remorse, make a fugitive or jailbird of him, was not to be thought of.

"If the police get me, as they likely will," she had planned, "I'll say I did it in self-defense."

Fish's rage because she had sent the dressmaker's stuff back and then rejected him would make a good plea. She had not been studying the affair three hours for nothing. To sum up, she had put her chance of escaping out of the city alone as three to one better than trying to escape with Dave.

"You were drunk or you'd never come back after learning what you did about me," Ember told him. "There's no use denying what you've seen in black and white. You're a dear boy, Dave, and I oughtn't to have flirted with you yesterday, because when it comes to the showdown I've got to stick to the fellow who has been sticking to me. Now, bless your heart, I've brought you safe home; don't get drunk any more." Ember laughed gayly, the green eyes were at once misty and sparkling, and a joyous color swept her face. "And stay away from bad Broadway with Father and Mother Marlowe."

Dave halted before the door closed in his face; the old folks dared not speak lest they precipitate some harsh elemental change in the boy. Presently he seated himself in the chair which the Broadway woman had occupied, and stared out of the window. Gradually he too was impressed with the serenity of the city. The cat on the curb, after several introductions, now considered herself as socially established and made advances to everybody; the old lady across the way brightened perceptibly at his appearance at the window; all was decency and orderliness and neighborliness.

And this was the birthright of the young man who sat miserably conscious of his present degradation. He was ashamed to look out into the face of day. Nearly an hour passed before he went to the silent couple in the dining room.

"I've had it out with myself," he said quietly; "it's all right."

A handclasp welcomed him; then curiously enough the conversation turned to the time when David had sat at table in his high chair, flourishing his spoon. There was something sacred to these old anecdotes now; Martha, her boy safe again, was the happiest of the party; the Reverend Marlowe listened and watched them, a glow of triumph in his cavernous eyes.

VII

IT IS known that after leaving the parsonage Ember wandered along the side street, pausing to look up and down as if having no objective. It is known that she made the Subway trip to the Zoo and to the Natural History Museum, which she and Dave had once visited, as if honeymooning with memory. She later went downtown and talked to a person seated on a bench in Washington Square near her lodging.

This much is known of her movements through the interest of a person who afterward made it his business to follow them. She must have been easy to trace, being an unusual type of woman, and upon this particular afternoon showing a wistful eagerness to speak to people. To one young couple on the street who responded she had stopped to say: "Thank you for speaking to a stranger; but then, people should be good to one another, you know."

The person Ember talked to in Washington Square Park was a tawdry little thing she had once before seen in an all-night restaurant. This girl never had an inspiration above such entertainment, and actually hoarded champagne corks to show her friends what a swell bunch she traveled with. She had left her escort and glass of beer on that occasion to slip over to Ember's party and secure a trophy.

Seated on the bench Ember had brooded a little over the contents of her purse. "Twenty-four dollars—all I have between me and—what?" she said. To which the other observed wonderingly: "Why don't you touch your friend?"

"To be sure!" said Ember; and, to her companion's envy, enumerated several friends on her fingers. "Ember Marlowe—stop laughing," she said then.

"You won't suicide?" inquired the tawdry flapper with interest.

"Oh, dear, no!" assured Ember. "And I won't graft. I'm not Christian any more."

This conversation had restored her to good spirits. "I'm going to have a cry, though," she asserted, and did; a good, hard one. "Women ought always to cry," she explained; "I understand that now."

"You ain't in drink, are you?" asked the other, and being assured "No," said: "Well, maybe that's what's the matter?"

"I'm crying," declared Ember, "just to show that I can. I've been a hard kind of woman—my tears were like drops of blood from a wound. But these do me a world of good!" The flapper said afterward that her face became like an angel's, only the eyes were brighter and the mouth laughed even as she planned to get a job and live to herself, and sew, and walk out, speaking to strangers.

"Only to strangers, mind you," she said, "because if you make friends you may have to give them up. I wouldn't do that," she added, "unless it was very necessary. But if you are going to get a person you love into trouble, then I say give him up. Don't you think it best?"

The flapper considered dubiously, but Ember, accepting the silence as assent, thanked her with an air of triumph.

"I knew I was right! Now I have everything planned. I'll go to Philadelphia, where all are strangers to me; it is the City of Brotherly Love, and strangers are pretty good to one another, don't you find? If they're not religious, which makes monsters of 'em!"

She rose, straightened up. "All this goes if I can get away; of course there's a chance of failure. What then? Oh, ready, Ember, for whatever comes."

She stepped out firmly, her companion shrinking, frightened, from so weird a creature.

In her immediate need Ember knew of just one friend she could turn to—Palter. Her astonishing reflections on the old gambler's gospel, this afternoon, had recalled his old promise to help her to a job.

"That's all I want, though of course not in this city," she said; "and I can pay him back if I can make my getaway." She could not feel remorseful over the killing of Fish. "He lived a sporting life and took a sporting chance," she had told herself. In fact, Ember, the free lancer, living hand in glove with the half-world, though not a part of it, accepted her own plight philosophically as no worse than she deserved.

At the private entrance to the Versailles she rang the bell, and Charley, still absorbed with the provisions of Palter's will, admitted her. He spoke courteously, as was his wont, but as she remained silent, asked her upstairs with evident reluctance.

"I have called on Mr. Palter," said Ember, "choosing this as the time he would most likely be here."

"Mr. Palter is dead," replied Charley, watching her with eyes of steely blue. He rather liked the young Marlowe back from the wars who had called the other night, and had very little patience with derelict wives anyhow.

"Dead! Poor old man!" Ember hung her head in deep affliction. "Do you know, I was just thinking of his gospel of the Temple Dusk this afternoon. Remember, he explained it to us here the night of my wedding? I don't think a man who believed that would lose his soul, do you, Mr. Charley? In spite of what the preachers say."

Assured that the woman had heard of Palter's death, the young man surmised: "She has come spying for Fish."

"Ember," he said dryly, "I saw those dressmaker's bills the other day."

She stared, then laughed helplessly. "I do believe Bunny Fish paraded New York with them. Isn't there anything else talked about?"

"And he sent you here!"

"No, Bunny didn't send me," she assured him. "Bunny's dead killed."

"Who killed him?"

"I did—that is, he broke into my room to-day and I struck him with a with my curling iron and he fell and fractured his head against the washbasin. Of course this is in confidence; the police are searching for me everywhere."

"Tell the whole thing while you're about it."

"It happened in my room about three," she answered. "I shut the door when we went out—and he may be there yet."

"Who's 'we'?"

"Me—just me!" replied Ember fiercely.

"Bunny did have his head tied up," mused Charley aloud, "when I was talking to him at his rooms half an hour ago."

"He's not dead? Oh, what a joke!" Her companion nodded. "Oh, I don't mean on you, Mr. Charley—on myself." With gay volubility she relieved herself of the burden of the story.

"Well, it certainly did let me in for a lot of worry about Dave," she finished.

There was a long-drawn silence.

"What made you do it—take the blame?" asked Charley.

The coral lips parted a little tremulously, the green eyes lowered and lifted, and a faint blush passed over Ember's throat and cheeks and forehead.

Charley drew a deep, almost a sighing breath. The little Bohemian grafter had championed love in a finish fight.

"But I believe old Mr. Palter's gospel strengthened me, Charley," she said, addressing him intimately from the maturity of her experience. "We ought to think oftener of such things."

"What did you come here for, Ember?" he asked.

"A job the police don't want me now, but I think it must be in some other city. You remember Mr. Palter offered to help me, and I thought I could pay him back."

Charley the croupier sat motionless in the seat of Palter, the old lawgiver and judge and prophet of the half-world.

"His orders to me five years ago, Ember, were to stake you and find you a job," he said, with unconscious mimicry of his old chief's finality.

Presently he escorted her downstairs and through the main hall; for a moment she paused at the arch of the drawing-room and looked in; she was thinking of her wedding night. Up to the dicer, preoccupied, in marble, there stole the Broadway sibyl with burning hair and eyes crystalline and green, and she touched the dice mystically, one by one, and smiled a moment as preoccupied as the statue.

"Now he will give you good luck for your kindness," she said, passing on; and the gambler at her side thrilled madly to this presage of fortune in his great game with Bunny Fish on the morrow.

After placing Ember in one of the cars always in waiting at the door he did not return to the house, but stood meditating a moment and then struck out toward the avenue as one having business on his hands.

Ember stumbled stolidly over the threshold on entering her room. All that had happened there belonged to the past, now dead and gone; and, too indifferent and tired to remember even the stain on the carpet, she tumbled into bed.

But a fantastic glooming curiosity of herself seized on her as soon as she shut her eyes, and after a while, lying awake, she spoke her own name aloud in the dark. "Ember Marlowe!" But it sounded like the name of a person she did not know, or had forgotten, and with a groan for her aching joints she rose and lighted the gas again to look into the mirror.

Her face was very pale, but the frown of anxiety had passed forever. A wonderful face of sweetness and purity—and yes, of youth—looked timidly back at her, and Ember cried unrestrainedly. Such emotional indulgence had always been extremely painful to her, being, as she had told the girl on the park bench, a hard sort of woman. But these tears of mingled delight and awe refreshed instead of hurting. Ember felt that a miracle had been worked in her.

"You have done this," she said of Dave, and the changeling in the mirror smiled back with the peace that passeth understanding.

In the morning she was, for the first time in her life, conscious of loneliness, and stood listlessly turning over the rummage of butterfly poverty instead of packing.

"Hello, hello, Mistress Ember," she said wanly, but beginning to bustle about. "It's going to be splendid. I won't have to run about after people to be fed; I can just get a job and live by *myself* and sew and go to picture galleries on holidays." But through the misting light of lowered eyelids she beheld Dave and Diplodocus, and heard the trumpeting of the mad elephant and the hissing of serpents.

In the shadow of a pylon she and Dave discovered each other once again. They looked together at an Aztec girl with her tarnished fillet of gold bangles, huddled in her spicy rage on the highway leading out of time. It just makes people think to look at mummies; they warn us to love and be happy while the sun shines on us. Dave was in the room before she was aware.

"Oh, why have you come—now?" Ember asked, bewildered, resentful.

"I had to come," said Dave. There was still about him a sort of unkemptness like that of a wounded lion. The woman trembled, but when he touched her wrist and then her cheek she did not shrink. Still trembling she answered his touch on her hand with a firm clasp, then surrendered to arms which infolded her closely. The learned woman understood that he had come for her as one out of the pale; shame is the destiny of all such women in their poverty and frivolity.

"Oh, Dave—of the wars," she said slowly, "I've been a-thinkin' o' you."

He kissed her lips and cheeks and forehead—but always he looked at her with compassionate eyes.

He drew up a chair for her and seated himself on the floor at her feet. Now they wanted to talk—for what is love but confidences?

"I am going to Chicago, where a friend will get me a job," she said. "I am packing up."

She told of her little daydream of the monsters, and he listened smilingly.

"But if you go away I'll follow. You are my wife, Ember."

She was not thinking of herself at all; this man, strong in the pride of family and decency, wished her to bear his name before the world, to be the mother of his children.

"Dave, what is done cannot be undone; repentance will not make me —— Oh, why do you shame me so? There is nothing to explain or answer. I only tell you no! A thousand times no! Dear, listen to me," she said, melting to tenderness. "See, I will put my arm round you and hold you close. You are my dear boy."

She told in an endearing, storybook fashion that children love to listen to, of her going away; the job in whatever sort of business, and the holidays when she would go to the picture galleries.

Dave looked up into her face raptly, like a boy perplexed. "But you'll be lonesome."

"Thinking of you?" She smiled down.

"We can't part," he repeated.

The smile did not pass, only saddened, and his head sank against her breast. The truth could not be evaded; she was an impossible wife.

Presently she was packing, and he helped by handing things to her, touching the dainty stockings or lingerie bashfully. Then Dave went down to get the cab while Ember dressed. This time she looked triumphantly at the mirror with its wonderful face.

"You have done this," she said shrewdly of Dave.

The latter came back but would suffer no cabman to profane the shabby little trunk and suitcase, which he carried down at one load, with Ember stopping on every step to look up at him. Then they were in the cab—and speeding away.

"Why, he is not taking us to the station!" cried Ember.

"He's taking us home," said Dave.

Charley, after parting from Ember the night before, had descended on Bunny Fish and scared him into telephoning Dave Marlowe the truth about his wife.

Ember sat stonily as Dave explained. She was so white and still, and the little fist he took into his own so cold, that he was awed and frightened. He mumbled brokenly that he was ashamed and miserable because he had ever doubted her.

"Please don't desert me," he would urge inconsolably, "and go to Chicago."

Suddenly she looked up at him. "I will go home with you first, Dave, since you wish, and ask your father what kind of woman I am. I do not know. The Reverend Marlowe has had much experience with sinners."

"Oh, Ember, he never turns away those who repent and seek salvation."

The woman smiled a little bitterly, knowing that the austere judge would find her guilty in the affair with Fish—in thought if not in deed.

"I am not repentant," she told the despairing young man. "What is done is done, whether in thought or deed, and the things I have done make me the woman I am."

They were now at the house and hurried in, Mrs. Marlowe meeting Ember timidly but with a kiss. Her husband stood by, a black forbidding figure, the very embodiment of those enmities of youth and love and happiness which Ember had hated yesterday.

(Concluded on Page 45)

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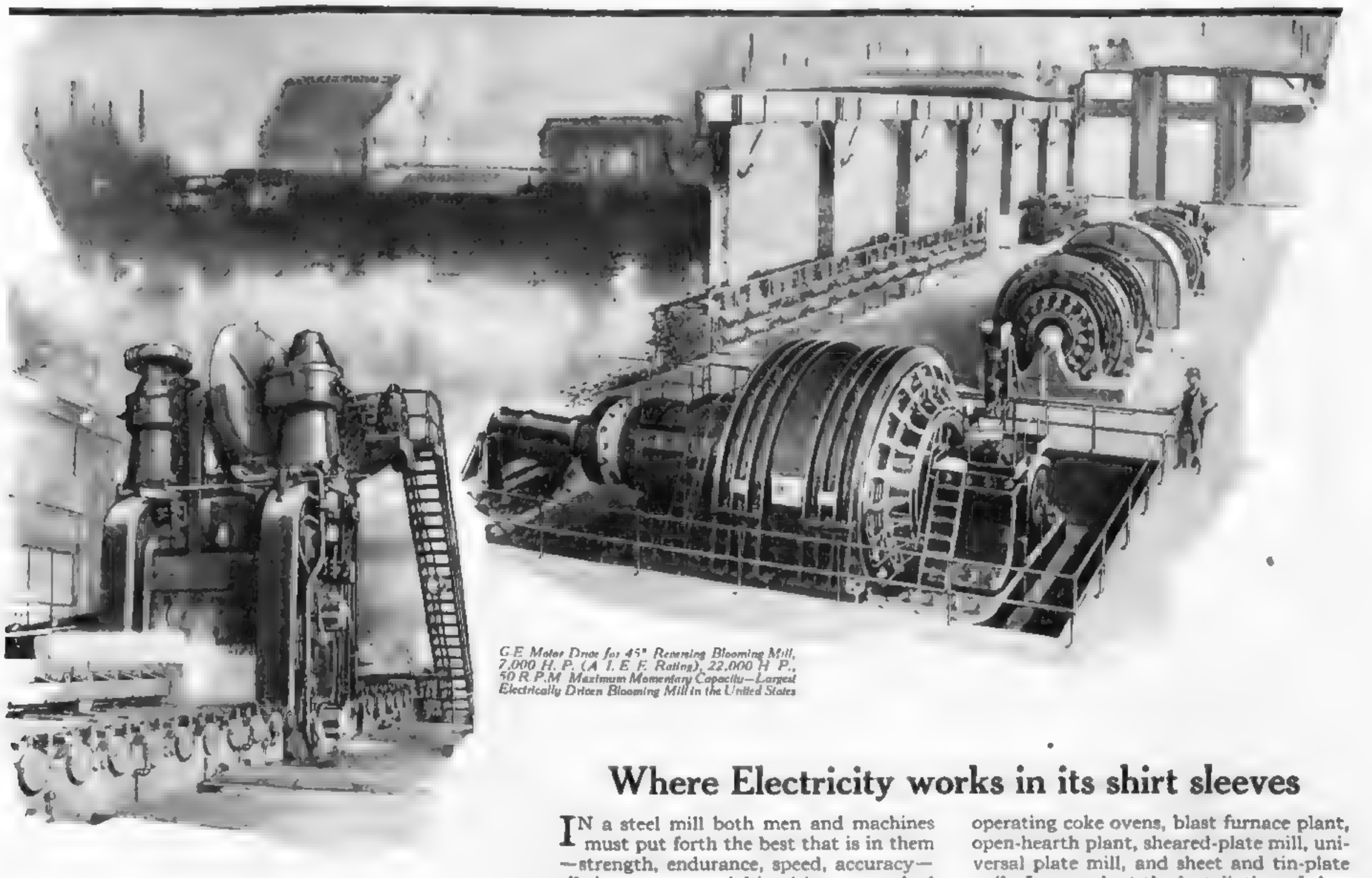

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(Concluded from Page 42)

The eyes of the Broadway woman and the minister met; wise, as if unmemorially, in all human follies and wickedness and the strange heart virtues which survive among them, the two studied each other. And Ember asked her question.

"It is not for me to stone you but to love you for what you did yesterday for us and are trying to do for yourself to-day," answered Reverend Marlowe.

The green eyes were suddenly ablaze with tears, through which Ember saw with crystal clearness the tall rusty figure, powerful and stooped; the countenance written with the scars of a thousand battles not his own. There was a solemn hush throughout the house. The preacher stretched out his hand—it quaked, steadied; his forehead was riven with a great wrinkle.

"I will not ask if you repent," he said in a firm voice, "nor what your creed. If this be sacrilege I will bear the penalty. By what you have done—and are doing—not what you have thought or believed—you will be known here. Daughter, I receive you into my church."

There is Friday prayer meeting at the mission church and long after the service was over that night Rev. James Marlowe stood unseen of men in the darkened church. The evening seemed filled with unrealities. That Ember had been there, and Dave, was not to be doubted; and a strange old gentleman with hook nose and single gleaming eye, accompanied by a young man.

But how had James Marlowe fared in doing what he had come to do? A mighty fear seized the minister. He had confessed the receiving of Ember into membership, taking for his text, "By their works ye shall know them." He had intended to resign at the conclusion of his sermon as one no longer strictly in accord with the tenets of his church. But he had not done so.

"I am in accord with them," he told himself now; "although admitting Ember irregularly. Yet I would not undo that deed! A hundred times no! And I cannot resign." Like a crusader he stood, his hand clenched on the open Book, and looking down compassionately into the shabby church with cheap glazed windows sullying the beam of the moon. "Let the conference part us," he told it. "I will stand fast until unfrocked and disgraced."

The destitution of his old comrade preyed on him as he passed into his study; he peered back through the door while opening a letter which the old gentleman with one eye had handed him. "If I could only have left you a legacy," he thought, his face grotesque and tearful. A window of cathedral glass radiant with the figure of the Shepherd! New carpet for the aisles. A chandelier! "You would have been very beautiful," he declared. He held the letter under the lamp.

"*Reverend Marlowe:* When the girl Ember threw down you and your church you put her on a pension to keep her out of trouble. Even when you found she was crooked you didn't regret that same money which you earned by hard preaching, and needed for groceries and clothes and furniture. There's no religious differences between us, but I did not understand before that my gospel had any minister. I leave you my money." The writing was becoming irregular. "The law of averages is against the man who tries to help people, the per cent being one hundred in the long run, and I will—that Dave have twenty thousand and your wife a new home and gowns, before our congregation gets it all. Your own salary will be five thousand, which is cheap enough for a high-class man in this business."

The writing at this point was ragged and gigantic, as if the testator had been incessantly wrenching his hand free of some restraining clutch. But the lines beneath were written with an abrupt, astonishing change to the old, free-running script.

"Done in the Temple Dusk this midnight, October 8th.

"BROTHER CLEMENT PALTER."

A certified check attached by Major Treadwell was for two hundred ten thousand dollars.

It was tainted money! Reverend Marlowe laying the check on his desk regarded it with fiery watchful eyes. The telephone rang; Major Treadwell was calling.

"'By their works ye shall know them,' you preached to-night," said the major. "That is fair enough and I believe it will let me in. I will report in the morning at seven-thirty for duty."

The message, so mighty in pathos and in revelation, dazed the minister; at a loss to reply his eye fell on Palter's letter and the check.

"At seven-thirty I will be waiting in my study," he replied, inspired. "I need you. I am busy with the church, and you will take over the disbursing of—of Brother Palter's bequest to Christian charities, in the redemption of certain men."

"There is one I have spotted," replied Major Treadwell: "Charley the croupier. He won the Versailles and forty thousand from Fish to-day. But he plays hunches and will not have it long. I will get him at the end of his tether, as you did Ember."

"God bless you, Major Treadwell!"

He could not know that the single gleaming eye dimmed at his blessing, the first one in fifty years.

"I am much affected—I am not what I have been. Good night, Reverend Marlowe," he answered. "Good night. I am still a stranger, but by my work you will know me."

The minister turned down the student lamp and passed out through the church. It seemed filled with music as from the horns of the Holy City. People were there in the dim pews—he was surprised the space could hold such a congregation. The dusk thinned—a thousand lights were coming up, illuminating the faces of many whom Marlowe had passed by as lost. And here they were being blessed because of a manner of believing—by some it is called service—not even knowing they were Christians.

Up, up came the lights; the mean little church was like a rose in bloom, more splendid than any cathedral of Marlowe's imagining. Such was its legacy.

Suddenly the minister remembered the lines of Palter's letter, flowing and glowing beneath the blots and scratches which recorded the crushing out of life! "Done in the Temple Dusk this midnight."

And he whispered a prayer for his brother's soul.

The clocks were striking twelve as he departed, leaving the door temptingly ajar; the streets were deserted except for the strolling figure of the watch. Man's service for that day was ended; the hush of departing majesty filled the skies of the city.

Sometimes it is doubted that spaghetti as delicious could come in a can. But when you send for and share the very can it came in, the case is proved

HEINZ

Spaghetti

Ready cooked ready to serve

HEINZ SPAGHETTI is so convenient, so quickly made ready for the table, and so good, that it rapidly made a place for itself in many thousands of homes where it is a "standby" to be served often.

This Spaghetti is both made and cooked in the Heinz kitchens. The recipe was Italian originally, but that was vastly improved by the tomato sauce for which Heinz is famous and a special cheese of unusual excellence.

High in food value, low in cost and enjoyed by everybody, there is no food that is more perfect for family use.

Some of the 57

Vinegars
Baked Beans
Apple Butter
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

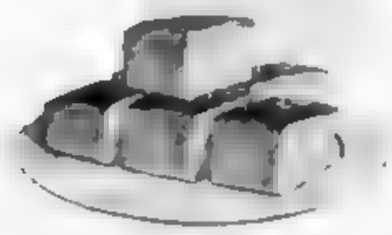
The Yellow is like grains of gold

The White is like marble dust

Just the hominy part of the corn.
The best 60 per cent.
No oily germs—No fibrous outer coat.

How to buy Corn Meal

For Muffins



For Corn Bread

For Mush

There is now a Corn Meal which is not whole corn ground.

It is made from the hominy part alone—from the sweet, flinty inner corn.

This new grade is called Quaker Best Corn Meal.

We discard the fibrous outer coat which made the meal coarse and gritty.

We discard the oily germ—the part that grew rancid.

We grind just the inner part—the best 60 per cent of the kernel. And we bring you new delights in Corn Meal.

A glance shows the distinction. The Yellow looks like grains of gold, the White like marble dust. And it makes the foods doubly attractive.

Get this new grade in the sealed round packages with tops. Ask for

Quaker Best Corn Meal

Yellow or White

Superfine Hominy

We make also a superlative Hominy, which gives new fascinations to this great Southern dainty.

You'll find recipes on the package. Serve as a breakfast cereal or in fritters. Use in pancakes, serve au gratin or cook it with tomato sauce.

If you don't serve hominy you miss much. This grade will win you to it.

Quaker Hominy Grits

The Utmost in White Hominy

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

Sense and Nonsense

A Dark Horse

AT A RECENT political gathering of editors, lawyers and other men of note the reception committee found it necessary in several instances to have two of the visitors room together. A New York editor, noted for his taciturnity, was given as a roommate a young lawyer of athletic appearance and very talkative. For a while they enjoyed each other immensely.

Eventually, though, the taciturn editor longed to be alone for a while. He did not wish to offend his new-found friend. In fact, he liked him very much. So the second morning he rose very early and was about to leave the room when his friend awoke. Having tried every other subterfuge for getting off to himself, he informed the young lawyer that he had decided to take a long walk.

"Don't worry to get up," he advised. "I am accustomed to taking very long walks, and I'm afraid you wouldn't like it. Just get your rest out and we'll get together at lunch."

"Oh, no!" declared the young lawyer, hurrying to dress. "There's nothing I like better than walking. Will be with you in just a minute."

There was no way out, and the editor accepted the situation as gracefully as possible. He made up his mind right then and there, though, that he would walk that young lawyer's legs off—make his tongue hang out.

They started at a good pace, the editor walking along the seashore for four miles. He then turned inland for another four. A detour carried him six miles farther, and he was beginning to tire himself. The lawyer held on doggedly, talking continuously. He apparently was enjoying every minute of it.

The editor's eardrums were as tired as his legs, but he simply could not go any farther. He doubted if he himself could last out the return trip. He braced himself, spurted ahead a minute, and then turned to his pleasant friend, who was beginning to whistle a waltz.

"It seems," said the editor, "that you enjoy walking as much as I do. That's rather unusual."

"Oh, I'm crazy about it," said the lawyer. "You know—oh, I don't know if I told you about it—you must have seen my picture in the sporting pages of the newspapers lots of times. I am a Marathon runner."

A Horse Lover's Lament

COL. EPH LILLARD was a famous Kentucky character. He had been a raider in the Confederate Army under General Morgan. He figured prominently in politics in his native state for many years. He was the close friend and bodyguard of Governor Goebel and was walking at Goebel's side in January, 1900, when Goebel was killed. Like most Kentuckians of his generation Colonel Lillard was a lover of good horseflesh.

In his latter years he served as warden of the Kentucky state penitentiary at Frankfort. It was his proud boast that no inmate of this institution whether white or black ever complained of the management or expressed dissatisfaction regarding the way things were run while he conducted the establishment.

One morning the town of Frankfort was startled by the news that during the night one of Colonel Lillard's charges had hanged himself to the bars of his cell. J. M. Allison, the Frankfort correspondent of the Cincinnati Inquirer, at once set out to find the warden and learn the details of the tragedy.

Colonel Lillard was at breakfast in his home when Allison entered.

"Colonel," inquired Allison, "is this true what I hear—about one of your prisoners committing suicide?"

"Yes, Jimmy, it's deplorable but true," said Colonel Lillard in tones of sincere regret.

"It can't be possible that he disliked your way of running things, can it?" asked Allison.

"No, son, not that I hope," said Colonel Lillard. "I've just been looking into the circumstances of this distressing case. It would seem that this fellow had been sent up here three times—each time for stealing a horse. And, the way I figure it out, the poor devil got to brooding, and just naturally despaired of ever getting himself a horse."

A Terrible Lesson to Pedestrians

ON A ROAD on Long Island there is a dangerous spot where five main roads come together. It is said that more than one hundred thousand automobiles pass there on Sunday. A stocky-built little policeman, known to nearly all New York motorists, stands there all day long regulating traffic. His arms are continually going like semaphores, but he always manages to say something pleasant—or caustic—to passers-by. This little policeman is very proud of his responsibility, and is imperious of gesture.

At a busy moment on a Sunday afternoon not long ago a pedestrian started to cross the road among the turning cars. Out of the corner of his eye the little policeman had just noted the approach of a woman driving a flivver.

"Stand back there!" he called to the pedestrian. "Don't you dare step off that curb!" This with an imperious wave of his white-gloved hand. "Stop!" he again ordered as the man started again. "There's a woman driving a car—never can tell what they'll do!"

At that very moment, while the policeman's back was turned, the woman driver became confused, and with a dull plump her car hit the officer squarely in the back knocking him down and skinning his arms and face. Luckily he was not run over. His dignity, though, was terribly upset. Painfully rising, he brushed himself off, but said not a word to the woman.

"Now," he called out, shaking his fist at the pedestrian on the sidewalk—"now, I reck'n you'll stand back when I tell you!"

Well Informed

A NEW YORK publisher takes an amused interest in the social affairs of his nineteen-year-old daughter. The other day he introduced a young man known to him to be rather stupid. The young man took the daughter for an outing at the beach.

"That's a rather intelligent young man, is he not?" the father asked of his daughter the next morning at breakfast, a twinkle in his eye.

"Intelligent?" she repeated indignantly. "Why, father, that boy thinks Rex Beach is a summer resort!"

Elijah Modernized

DANNY was looking at a picture of Elijah ascending to heaven in a chariot of fire. When he saw the halo about Elijah's head he cried: "Oh, look, mamma! He is carrying an extra tire."

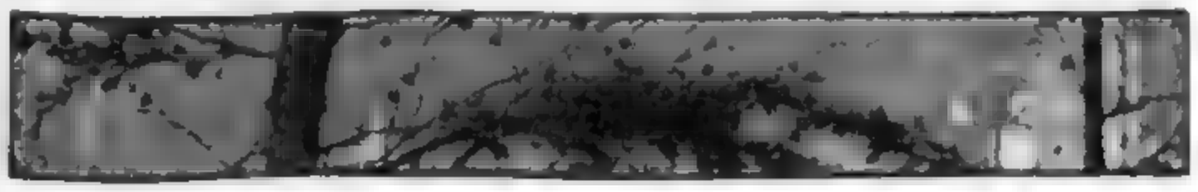
Where Depew Got Off

WHEN the late Joseph Choate was Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and Chauncey M. Depew was still active in the affairs of the New York Central Railroad, a distinguished Englishman at a dinner one night in London turned to Mr. Choate and said: "I see that a Senator Depew has lately been the guest of the king at Buckingham Palace. I also see him quoted frequently in our newspapers. I judge he is somewhat prominent in public affairs in your own country and I am curious to know more about his social position at home. Pardon me for asking, but would you mind telling me to just what station in life he may properly be assigned in America?"

"The Grand Central Station," instantly answered Choate.

The Britisher mulled the reply over for a bit in his mind.

"Oh, I see," he said at length. "What we call in England the great middle class."



They came They saw They marveled

Distributors of Leland-built Lincoln cars, at the Administration Building in Detroit

Many months ago, fourteen groups and individuals entered into sales agreements and placed substantial deposits.

Most of them arranged to erect fine structures; others made long-term leases for business quarters.

All upon faith and confidence — nothing more.

Upon faith and confidence in two men and their associates — faith and confidence that they would evolve an extraordinary motor car, a car of a kind which the world had long hoped for.

All upon faith and confidence that they would evolve a car which even in the face of existing fine creations would, by sheer superiority, force its way to leadership.

These groups and individuals were not novices. They were men who had known motor cars and motor car makers since the inception of the industry.

But of the car itself they knew nothing, neither its details nor its price. They knew only of the men behind it and their records for achievement.

Then they waited. After some twenty months' development and proving-out, the car was ready for their verdict. Then these distributors were invited to Detroit.

There they saw one of the world's wonder-workshops, equipped with the finest machinery, tools and devices ever conceived by man, and designed especially for this Leland-built Lincoln car.

They saw the car—sturdy, dignified, and impressive to look upon.

And they rode in that car.

They skimmed smooth stretches at express train speed—and even faster.

They bowled over hills and swept thru valleys that seemed almost to flatten into a level plane.

They traversed secluded, scraggy highways where motorists hesitate to go.

They rode in a manner they never rode before.

And among them was not a man who did not marvel.

They marveled at its fleetness and its seeming limitless power.

They marveled at its superlative ease and comfort.

They marveled at its quietness —its close approach to silence.

And they marveled that it was possible to evolve a car so wondrous in its action, so rarely fascinating and of such consummate charm.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY DETROIT, MICHIGAN

For fine manufacturing, the Lincoln is, in my opinion, without an equal. For ease, comfort and all 'round roadability, it far outperforms any car within my knowledge. O. C. FUNDERBURK, Puritan Motors Corp., Boston.

I have been associated with the automobile industry for many years and have driven the best cars made, but the demonstration today in the Lincoln surpasses anything I have ever experienced. MILTON J. BUDLONG, York Motors Corporation, New York

I have more than four hundred and eighty thousand miles of motor car riding and driving behind me, but today, in the new Lincoln, at from 3 to 75 miles per hour in a seven-passenger car with its full complement of passengers, I had the greatest ride of my life ROBERT P. McCURDY, Robert P. McCurdy Co., Pittsburgh.

In my many years experience with motor cars, I have never seen a car, either American or foreign, which for genuine comfort and remarkable performance even compares favorably with it. H. M. ALLISON, Allison-Rood Co., Chicago.

The Leland-built Lincoln is, without exception, the most wonderful of cars, and the organization the most proficient it has ever been my privilege to know. R. J. WEAVER, Weaver Motor Co., Kansas City

I had felt that motor cars had about reached their limit in development, but after riding in the new Leland-built Lincoln I concluded that I was about 100 per cent wrong. H. A. WHITE, J. H. Lifsey-Smith Co., Atlanta.

For quick get-away and swiftness it reminds me of a greyhound. For comfort and ease, particularly over rough roads, it is the most wonderful car I have ever seen. E. F. CONSIGNY, Consigny Motor Co., Des Moines.

After seeing the Lincoln construction and enjoying its remarkable performance, I am convinced that it is positively the finest car in the world, without exception. J. R. SMITH, J. H. Lifsey-Smith Co., Atlanta.

I have been selling motor cars for fifteen years and thought I knew what an ideal car was, but I was mistaken until I rode in the new Lincoln. I wish that I possessed sufficient command of the English language even to begin to do it justice. J. M. FITZGERALD, The Fitzgerald Co., Cleveland.

In the Leland-built Lincoln you have achieved what I believe to be the greatest efficiency ever attained in a motor car. It certainly must be very gratifying to the Messrs. Leland and their associates. WALTER M. MURPHY, Walter M. Murphy Motors Co., California.

The car is so far in advance of anything I know that I cannot find words to express my enthusiasm. C. L. McNULTY, Fosdick-Hawley Co., Dallas.

I could not conceive how this, in my opinion, most wonderful of cars could be produced at such a price, but when I saw that magnificent plant, its organization and equipment, it was not so difficult to understand. J. SWEETEN, Jr., Sweeten Automobile Co., Philadelphia.

I believe I have ridden in every good car made but my first ride in a Lincoln was truly a revelation. There was not only the maximum of comfort but a feeling of utmost security, even at express train speed. It must be gratifying to the Lelands to see their own ideals become a reality. I. G. McNIECE, McNiece-Hill Motor Co., St. Louis.

I thought I had had many fine automobile rides but after riding in the Leland-built Lincoln I found that I had never had a real ride before. L. E. ROOD, Allison-Rood Co., Chicago.

"Leland-built" means more to me now than ever. I do not believe any but a Leland organization could have conceived, designed and constructed such a truly wonderful car. The man who buys one of them is through buying for some time. C. W. HAWLEY, Fosdick-Hawley Co., Dallas.

There is no question in my mind that the Leland-built Lincoln is the most scientifically designed, the most accurately and most carefully constructed car the world has ever produced; and its performance fully bears out that estimate. S. HARDY MITCHELL, Puritan Motors Corp., Boston.

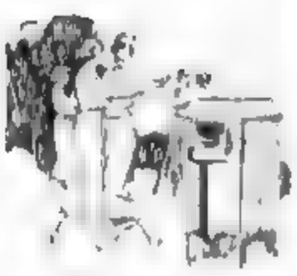
I did not believe that any manufacturer worked to such accuracy. Of course, knowing the Leland reputation, my expectations were high but the car far exceeded them. It runs so smoothly and so quietly that I scarcely realized I was riding. A. C. TEMPLETON, A. C. Templeton, Inc., Minneapolis.

I have been in the automobile business for twelve years but in the Lincoln car I have witnessed and experienced a performance such as I never believed possible. In no particular have I ever seen it equalled. C. P. STEPHENS, Rouse-Stephens Co., Denver.

The Leland-built Lincoln car comes nearer to being a perfect piece of mechanism than anything I have ever seen. I cannot see how it can be improved. J. H. LIFSEY, J. H. Lifsey-Smith Co., Atlanta.

Knowing the reputation and records of the Lelands and their organization, I came to Detroit with great expectations but even these were far exceeded. To say that the car is wonderful does not half do it justice. W. A. FOSDICK, Fosdick-Hawley Co., Dallas.

Until a person actually experiences the new sensations in this car, he cannot know what they are because I do not believe they can be described in words. C. W. DOW, Puritan Motors Corp., Boston.

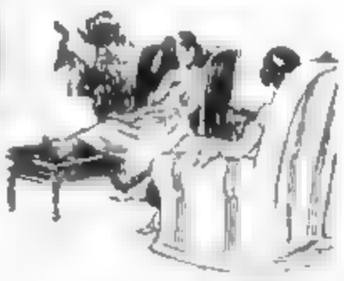


The Recreation Room

In a Quiet Corner

"The Girl Behind the Counter"

A Song at Noontime



During the Rest Period

From the oil painting by Tyler

An Appreciation—

The success of every great business enterprise is built on the loyalty, the interest and the co-operative spirit of its employees.

The Kresge Company finds it difficult to express adequate appreciation of "the girl behind the counter" for the whole-hearted manner in which she is maintaining its ideals and the part she is playing in promoting Kresge success.

Her cheerful willingness—happy smile—and ready courtesy are instilling in every one of the one hundred and eighty Kresge stores a spirit that is a delight to every patron and a source of deep gratification to the Kresge Company.

An intelligent, alert saleswoman to give you the best of service is the ideal toward which the Kresge Company is always striving; and to this end, is continuing to do all in its power to cherish the good will of its employees as well as to promote their health, contentment and progress.

S. S. KRESGE COMPANY
General Offices DETROIT

S. S. KRESGE *Stores*

5¢ - 10¢ - 15¢ *Red Front*

25¢ - 50¢ - $1.00 *Green Front*

A DELICATE ADJUSTMENT

(Continued from Page 13)

the hospital was instructed to give our address to anyone inquiring for Nurse Avice Brook. The following Monday morning I rang for Bronce and addressed him as follows:

"In the course of the day, and possibly during the week, we shall be entertaining a young man from Australia. For reasons which I need not explain you will address Mrs. Flintheart as Miss Avice, and in speaking of me you will remember that I am her father. And by the way, Bronce," I added as he turned toward the door, "when I propose to be funny I shall always give notice beforehand. There is therefore no occasion for you to laugh at the present moment."

"No, sir."

"Kindly inform the other servants in regard to Miss Avice and myself. And damn it, that isn't a joke either!"

He departed from the room with unbecoming speed, and a moment later I heard whoops of feminine laughter rising through the floor boards beneath my feet. As I said to Avice, one might as well be living in a native village at Earl's Court Exhibition.

There are few things more depressing than a humor in which one can take no part, and for this reason I suggested to Avice that we should dine out somewhere and do a theater. There was a twinkle in her eyes as she nodded consent.

"We'll have a cutlet in Soho and go to the pit somewhere."

"As a matter of fact," I replied, "I booked a box at the St. James, rang up for a table at the Carlton and instructed Harrods to send an electric brougham."

"But why such magnificence?"

I reminded her gloomily that I should be seeing little of her during the ensuing few days.

"Quite a farewell party," she twinkled, and mounted the stairs to dress.

Without prejudice, Avice looked extraordinarily attractive in the pinky light from the candles on our table. I found myself looking at her all the time.

We were silent throughout the soup and the sole, but in the little interval before the next course she asked softly, "What is it then?"

"I was wondering," I replied.

"Yes?"

"I suppose that sort of thing was of frequent occurrence at the hospital."

"Wounded men are naturally sentimental."

"And there were many who—who—behaved as this young man behaved?"

"There were lots of Syds," she smiled.

"Some, I dare say, of good position?"

"Um! I expect so."

"Young too—and well-looking."

"Strings of Adonises," said Avice

"Yes," said I thoughtfully, "it's very strange."

"Is it? What?"

"That you should have married me"

"Oh, but they weren't so well off, you see," she returned practically.

"If you dare to say that again"

"What do words matter?" came the answer, and that was true enough.

But suppose I had been a blind man, I shouldn't have been able to see the look that accompanied them. All that sort of thing seems very risky to me.

The following afternoon at four o'clock I entered the drawing-room. Avice was lying on the couch dressed in a flimsy pink wrap which I am glad to say I had never seen before. Her feet, incased in a pair of heelless shoes, were crossed and reposed upon a high cushion. On her head she wore a transparent cap threaded with ribbons and garnished with flowers and leaves in green and silver. Some highly illustrated papers with exotic covers lay in her lap, while upon a stool within easy reach stood an open circular box of confectionery.

Since I had been at no few pains to define the attitude and bearing she should adopt toward our approaching visitor, the spectacle presented rooted me to the spot, and I failed to observe Stella, who was standing near the hearth in an attitude of rapt admiration.

"Isn't it wonderful?" said Stella.

"Go to your room at once and remove those loathsome garments!" I ordered. "And you, Stella, open the windows and the door."

My sister sighed.

"Aren't men hopeless?" she said.

"Don't you like me?" Avice inquired.

"You remind me," I replied, "of the type of color print produced for and exclusively purchased by the lowest form of bachelor."

"Splendid!" cried Stella. "Then we're bound to succeed. Our fear was that you might think she looked alluring."

"I do!" I replied. "Indecently so!"

"Yes, but if you'd bought an eagle stove you wouldn't."

I began to see daylight—to realize anew the hideous subtlety of which the female mind is capable.

"But it's all very well," I protested. "I know of cases where even the most serious-minded in the presence of lesser temptations have turned from wisdom."

"There's always a risk," said Stella cheerfully.

"Avice, I implore you to go upstairs and put on a linen collar."

"I was wearing a linen collar when he took my hand and I said he mustn't."

I ran my fingers through my hair, and at that moment there came a single knock at the front door.

"Run!" said Stella.

It was Bronce's afternoon out, and Carrie, our house parlor maid, opened the front door. A thick-set young man in a rough tweed suit, carrying a deplorable holdall, was standing upon the step.

"Here I am—come for you!" he remarked to Carrie's evident surprise.

He peered quickly at her face and apologized.

"Sorry," said he, "but you're as like as two pins. She in?"

"Miss Avice is upstairs. Will you come this way, please?"

When I entered Mr. Collins was eying the walls and books with evident disfavor. He was quite startled by my greeting.

"Ho! Didn't 'ear you. Suppose you're 'er boss. Don't know what they brought me in 'ere for."

"Er—please sit down," I said.

Mr. Collins shuffled with his feet.

"Matter o' fac'," said he, "I'd as lief go down to the kitchen right away. No call to bother you. I come from Australia on the matter of a gel. P'raps you 'eard."

"Yes, so I was given to understand."

"Ah! Dessay she give you notice. She would 'ave—gettin' my letter."

"One minute!" I begged. "Are you under the impression that—that this young lady is in my service?"

"What else'ud she be 'ere for?" he asked forensically

"There is a slight misunderstanding," I said, "since I am less her employer than her father, so to speak."

"James!" exclaimed the young man.

"Richard," I corrected.

"Then this place belongs to you—and 'er?"

I nodded, and a quick hurt look came over his features.

"Yes, but—we're sweet on each other—see? I wanted 'er to—to ——"

I could see he was making a quick comparison between my open Tudor fireplace and his eagle range.

"I gathered that you were sweet on her," I said as gently as I could.

He shut his hands tight—a fine pair of worker's hands—and shot a glance at me.

"But she said—told me she had to work for her living—work damned 'ard."

"Our circumstances have changed somewhat."

"You mean you made a pile quick, eh?"

There seemed no point in correcting this surmise.

"So you're one of those war profiteers! That's about the strength of it. James!" he clicked his teeth. "But it makes a chap sick! What I mean—to give up four years' fighting, and then to see what he's lost through the chaps that didn't fight."

"Do me the justice of observing that I am putting no obstacles in the way of your hopes," I said.

"Arf a minute! 'Ow does that pan out?"

"If you can persuade yourself and—and my daughter—that marriage is the right thing for you both, go ahead and do it."

Clearly Mr. Collins was a wary individual.

"Where's the catch?" he demanded.

"It may be on either side," I remarked

"You mean to say I can walk right in and fetch her back?"

Starr

PHONOGRAPH

"The difference is in the tone"

Artistic!

Art is Truth. A piano is artistic when it gives truthful tonal response to the beauty of the pianist's conceptions. In a like manner the phonograph is artistic if it truthfully expresses the record of the artist.

The Starr searches out and reanimates the soul of the record—the soul of the artist. Through its wondrous singing throat of silver grain spruce, the Starr conveys the tones pure and undistorted.

For a new joy, hear the Starr Phonograph and Gennett Records at any Starr Dealer's.

THE STARR PIANO COMPANY
RICHMOND, INDIANA

NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LOS ANGELES
BIRMINGHAM · DETROIT · CINCINNATI · CLEVELAND
INDIANAPOLIS · LONDON, CANADA

Touch the Corn

with Blue-jay, and it goes

This is the method which has ended at least a hundred million corns.

It is scientific, easy, simple, painless. It is fast supplanting all the methods which were harsh, uncertain, wrong.

It was invented by a chemist who spent years in corn study. It is produced by a surgical dressing laboratory of world-wide repute.

The method is called Blue-jay. It comes in liquid form or plaster—as you choose.

A simple touch applies it, and the corn pain stops. In a little while the whole corn loosens and comes out—usually in a couple of days.

Millions of people use it. They stop every corn ache the moment it appears. Instead of paring and nursing a corn, they end it quickly and completely.

You will do that always when you once try Blue-jay. Then corns will cease to trouble.

Prove this tonight.

B&B Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

Liquid or Plaster

Blue-jay comes in both liquid and plaster form. Tell your druggist which style you prefer.

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

It was a tremendous effort, but I nodded.

"And then you wake up," suggested Mr. Collins.

"Love," I remarked, "has many of the characteristics of a dream."

I think he fancied I was laughing at him.

"I've loved that gel nigh on three year," he said seriously. "I made a 'ome for 'er. P'raps it isn't up to this—but there'd be me!"

He looked very strong and compelling as he spoke—the primitive man speaking the primitive word. At hearing, I confess to a curious sense of uneasiness. I felt almost thankful at the appearance of Stella.

"You're Mr. Collins!" she cried effusively. "Dear Avice is resting. She has rather a headache, but she's taken two powders and wants you to go up at once." She touched the bell. "Carrie will show you the way."

"Should 'ave thought she'd 've come down," mused Mr. Collins.

"The stairs are so bad for a head," Stella explained.

Presently Carrie arrived and our visitor followed her from the room. I rose and paced up and down.

"You needn't be nervous," said Stella. "She promised to be as good as she can."

I tugged the chain of the grandfather clock furiously.

"I'm sick of the whole business!" I said.

"It was your own fault. Avice offered to write. He is rather good-looking, isn't he?"

"Yes," I replied, and spiked that gun.

Upstairs I could hear a chair being drawn across the floor. Stella looked serious.

"I don't like that at all," she said.

"Look here ——" I began.

"Oh, well," she allowed, "perhaps he was only backing it."

I announced the intention of going to look for a pocket handkerchief, but Stella produced one of Robert's from her bag and gave it to me. I made no comment, but I took down a volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica and looked up the paragraph on garroting.

Some ten minutes later, to my immense relief, the door opened and Mr. Collins came in. His bearing was grave and his expression serious.

"So here you are!" said Stella fatuously.

Mr. Collins vouchsafed no reply, but took from his pocket a twist of plug which he cut thoughtfully on the palm of his hand. Presently he lit his pipe and looked at me.

"That gel o' yours ——" said he.

"Yes?" said I in a hopeful tone.

Mr. Collins considered a moment.

"Spoiled," he said laconically.

My spirits leaped.

"She is very young," I volunteered.

"Dessay 'tisn't 'er fault. Like as not you've muddled 'er up with this fancy-'ouse business. Used to be a 'andy little thing old days. I took that into account when writin'. A woman who can do no more than flop about's no use to any man."

A wild and senseless resentment persuaded me to retort:

"A more capable girl than Avice never existed."

In the shadow beside the window I saw Stella thrust a pocket handkerchief into her mouth. Mr. Collins brightened perceptibly. I could gladly have bitten out my tongue. He nodded and sucked at his pipe.

"I reckon you're right," he said. "I reckon when she finds out she 'as to get down to it she'll shape."

"Mr. Collins," I beseeched, "if you have the smallest doubt as to her suitability I entreat you to let the matter drop. I value my—my daughter's happiness above all else."

"You may," he replied, "but—well, look here! I come from a country where we speak plain, and father or no father I'll say this: You're a decent enough old buster, I make no doubt, but you 'aven't the strength to 'andle a gel like that. You're on the weak side, that's where the trouble is."

I mastered my wrath and quoted Burns on the advantage of seeing ourselves as others see us.

"'Ow far you've spoiled 'er nature it's early to say, but if it's all one I'll put up 'ere for a day er two and keep m'eyes open. You needn't be afraid that I shan't pay my whack."

"No," I began.

"I say yes," he repeated. "I'm not the sort to be be'olden to any man."

"You put a slight upon my hospitality."

"You can take my keep out o' this," said he independently, and slapped a pound note on my writing table.

It was Stella who remarked: "Inclusive tariff is ten and sixpence a day, but baths, of course, are extra."

"Then I'll wash under the tap," said Mr. Collins without a vestige of humor.

I left them talking about it. It struck me as I mounted the stairs that subtlety was a poor weapon to employ against a man who washed beneath a tap.

I found Avice still upon the sofa, her chin resting upon a closed fist. She seemed to waken from a reverie as I came in.

"Well, have I done it?" she demanded.

"Oh, yes, you've done it!" I replied bitterly. "Our friend proposes to stay a week and make sure."

Avice gasped.

"But what does he want to make sure of?"

"You!" I retorted.

A flicker of distress showed at the corners of her mouth.

"You know, Dick," she said, "it's a terrible thing to convince a man that you are not a nice woman. I talked Epstein and Bernard Shaw to him, and the expression on his face made me want to cry. Yes, and every time he led the conversation to Australia and the eagle stove I broke loose on futurism."

"Do you imagine I enjoyed listening to his doubts as to your suitability?" said I.

"What did you do?" she asked, slipping a warm hand into mine.

"Lumped it," I replied.

She withdrew the hand slowly.

"It wasn't at all nice of you, Dicky, to sit by and let him say unpleasant things about me."

I beat the air desperately.

"Good heavens," I cried, "what else could I do?"

She rubbed the end of her nose thoughtfully.

"If the tables had been turned I expect Syd would have punched your head."

"Damn Syd!" I suggested.

"Oh," said Avice, "you mustn't forget that he's your guest!"

"Not even that! He's given me a sovereign on account of board."

And I'm dashed if she didn't say, "There is something rather nice about him."

Mr. Collins was more than a little disgusted with the tea provided. He assisted Carrie to dispose of the tray, an act of gallantry which embarrassed her not a little. Nodding at the three-tiered cake stand, he drew a detrimental comparison between English and Australian appetites. Throughout the service of the repast Stella flirted with him outrageously and earned a well-merited rebuke. I cannot recall the actual terms employed, but it was something about not being so fresh.

"Your 'usband's got a nice 'andful in you!" he added.

"But over here," said Stella, with her eyes on me, "husbands don't mind what their wives do."

This remark provoked Mr. Collins to inquire when my good lady was taken.

"Never!" I replied. "And never will be if I can help it!"

He looked somewhat surprised.

"Still alive?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I replied vaguely.

"Father!" said Avice with a world of reproof in the tone.

I hastened to recover lost ground.

"Ah, 'my good lady'!" said I. "I see what you mean! Yes, poor soul, she was er yes ——"

"Well?" said Mr. Collins.

"Taken," I explained.

"Who took her?" Stella asked innocently.

"That will never be known," I replied.

Mr. Collins looked puzzled and fearful for my intellect. He put a question sternly:

"What did she die of?"

"A Tuesday," I replied—that being one of the few jokes I remembered.

Possibly Mr. Collins did not think it would be in season to take me to task for my levity, and the conversation languished. Later his mind reverted to the question of his lodging.

"Me and you," he said, "'ll doss down together, eh?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Avice, "father'll love that!"

I was about to protest, but remembered that our house, being somewhat overstaffed, boasted but a single spare room. It was a nice business I had landed myself in for!

"You might go and see about it now," Avice went on.

(Continued on Page 53)

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LYON & HEALY Apartment Grand Piano

(Continued from Page 50)

"Arf a minute," said Mr. Collins. "That's a woman's job, isn't it?" And he turned a compelling eye on Avice.

"Oh, no," I remarked maliciously, "my daughter is far too accomplished to attend to such matters as the making of beds."

His reply, I thought, was in singularly bad taste.

"It wouldn't be the first time she's made mine."

As I was carrying a quantity of clothing into the spare room with a view to giving it an air of occupation, I was interrupted by Carrie. The expression on her face was one which I recognized as the usual precursor to the giving of notice.

"I beg pardon, sir," she said, "but when gentlefolks are gentlefolks and they try to deceive a simple fellow it isn't my idea of gentlefolks."

"Just a minute, Carrie," I begged, and laid my forehead against the brass rail at the end of the bed.

"I don't know what it all means, sir, and I don't wish to know, but I would like to know what it's all about."

"I can see what it is," I replied. "You're trying to frighten me."

She drew breath and began afresh.

"When a gentleman calls his own wife miss and then moves his pyjamas from one room to another ——"

"Please," I said, and held up my hand, "if you examine the significance of the act you will see at once that it is in strict accordance with morals and with logic."

Carrie straightened her apron.

"I wish to leave this day month," said she.

"For my part," I moaned, "I would like to leave very much sooner than that."

I kept to myself until dinnertime, and subsequently learned that Avice had contrived to do the same. Stella had departed, and Mr. Collins was left to his own devices. His activities during this period are perhaps worthy of chronicle. I understand that he smoked a pipe in the kitchen, where he engaged his leisure severally in cleaning the table knives, peeling potatoes and reciting experiences of a military and agricultural kind. I further understand that he spoke in derogation of myself and charmed his hearers with the simplicity and frankness of his opinions.

Mrs. Wellaby, the cook, whom I had believed to be strong in allegiance, confessed to having doubted for some time my mental stability. She had grace enough, however, to reprove Anne, the between maid, who offered a contribution on the subject. The usually reserved and low-toned Carrie was all for the establishment of an immediate soviet. Inspired by her eloquence, conspiracy and Bolshevism ran very high indeed, and it is little short of a miracle that no cayenne pepper was introduced into the sweet. The outstanding feature, which will always remain a mystery to me, is the fact that the true relationship between Avice and myself was never revealed. Nor was any word of criticism leveled against her. Mr. Collins furthermore assisted at the laying of the table, and since his previous occupation had been connected with the filling of coal scuttles, the mark of his hand lay heavy upon the damask.

I cannot pretend the dinner that night was a success. Avice was frankly despondent, and my own somewhat laborious effort to appear hostly was ill received. I marked, too, that our society was having a bad effect upon our guest, who, not to be outclassed in the finer nuances of culture, threw a spice of French into his conversation. Here is an example:

"Wouldn't be a bad notion if ma'mzelle and I took a petty promenade appray dinner."

I was genuinely sorry to see a good man turn to such foolishness. Moreover, I had a strong aversion to the idea of Avice having her thumb held by any gallant in the Kensington High Street. Mr. Collins realized my displeasure and reproached it.

"I do my courtin' in private," he said. "Let's ask the young lady 'er views."

Avice wakened to reply.

"Oh, yes, courting should be done in private."

"Good! There's a bit too much o' the old woman about 'im. Get your 'at on and we'll 'ave our promenade."

To my horror she rose and left the room. My tongue felt very dry indeed, and to be on the safe side I collected what remained of the table knives and put them on a tray outside. This walking-out business was more than I had bargained for. When I returned Mr. Collins was standing with his back to the fire. I offered him a cigar and cleared my throat.

"Got a cold?" he inquired.

"Yes," I admitted. "These evenings are very treacherous, and if you'll take my advice you would do well to avoid the night air."

He threw back his head and laughed.

"If you'd stood up to your neck in trench mud, ol' cock, you wouldn't think about night airs."

I had, but I didn't think it advisable to say so.

"I am only afraid," said I, "that you might catch a romantic fever, which—of all complaints—is the most wasting."

He blew a cloud of smoke ceilingward.

"I'm likely as not to tell that gel of yours that she don't suit."

I remembered what had passed between Avice and myself that afternoon, and beseeched him to do no such thing.

"She wants a good shake-up," said he.

"I decline to have my daughter shaken up by you or any other man," I retorted.

"I go my own way with women," said he, "for I know a bit about 'em."

"That's a very vulgar boast."

"A man that's tying himself up for life don't want to take chances."

"I forbid any familiarity!" And I put firmness in my voice.

"Come down," said Mr. Collins. "That's where you got your cold—up there."

It was impossible to argue with such a man.

"Lots o' women," he proceeded, "never come to life till they've been kissed, they don't."

And at that moment Avice entered in a fur coat and cap, and she looked most damnably pretty.

"I must ask you to be back by ten," said I. "And, Avice, you should prepare yourself against the danger of being kissed."

"All women are prepared for that," she replied.

They marched out side by side, and the front door slammed behind them.

I am a man of deliberate rather than of quick decisions, but then and there I registered a vow that never willingly would I perform a kind-hearted action again. For lo, I had sought to preserve a man's ideals and rescue him from pain and grieving: and behold, he repaid me by destroying my peace of mind in all its variants!

With a pang of acute anguish I reflected that their footsteps had led them northerly, where in due course they would find themselves in the notoriously ill-lit solitudes of Edwardes Square. It seemed to me that a basely minded even though royal borough had deliberately withheld lamp-posts the better to shade my undoing. I recalled the long stretches of murk faintly fragrant with the smell of earth and of lilac, which as though by magnetism lured the clinging lovers of West Eight. It was here that even the least courageous might take heart of grace and challenge the tokens of affection. That narrow footway was worn deep by the slow tread of lovers, and where trees o'erhung the railings the ancient paving stones were troughed and basined by the feet of those who stayed to hold. Even I, least sentimental of men, one summer night had strayed thither when Avice and I were newly wed. There was a bush of syringa, and I robbed a bough for her, even though the squeak of a policeman's boots should have persuaded me to keep within the law. Yes, and she repaid me in a coinage which has been in currency through all the ages.

I rose and stopped the clock because I did not wish to see how long they were absent.

Click! That was the garden gate, and I sprang to the front door. Robert, grinning expansively, was standing on the step. Actions speak louder than words, and I slammed the door in his face, but he had anticipated some such matter and placed his foot against the jamb. He was still grinning when he followed me into the study.

"On second thoughts," I said, "I am glad you came."

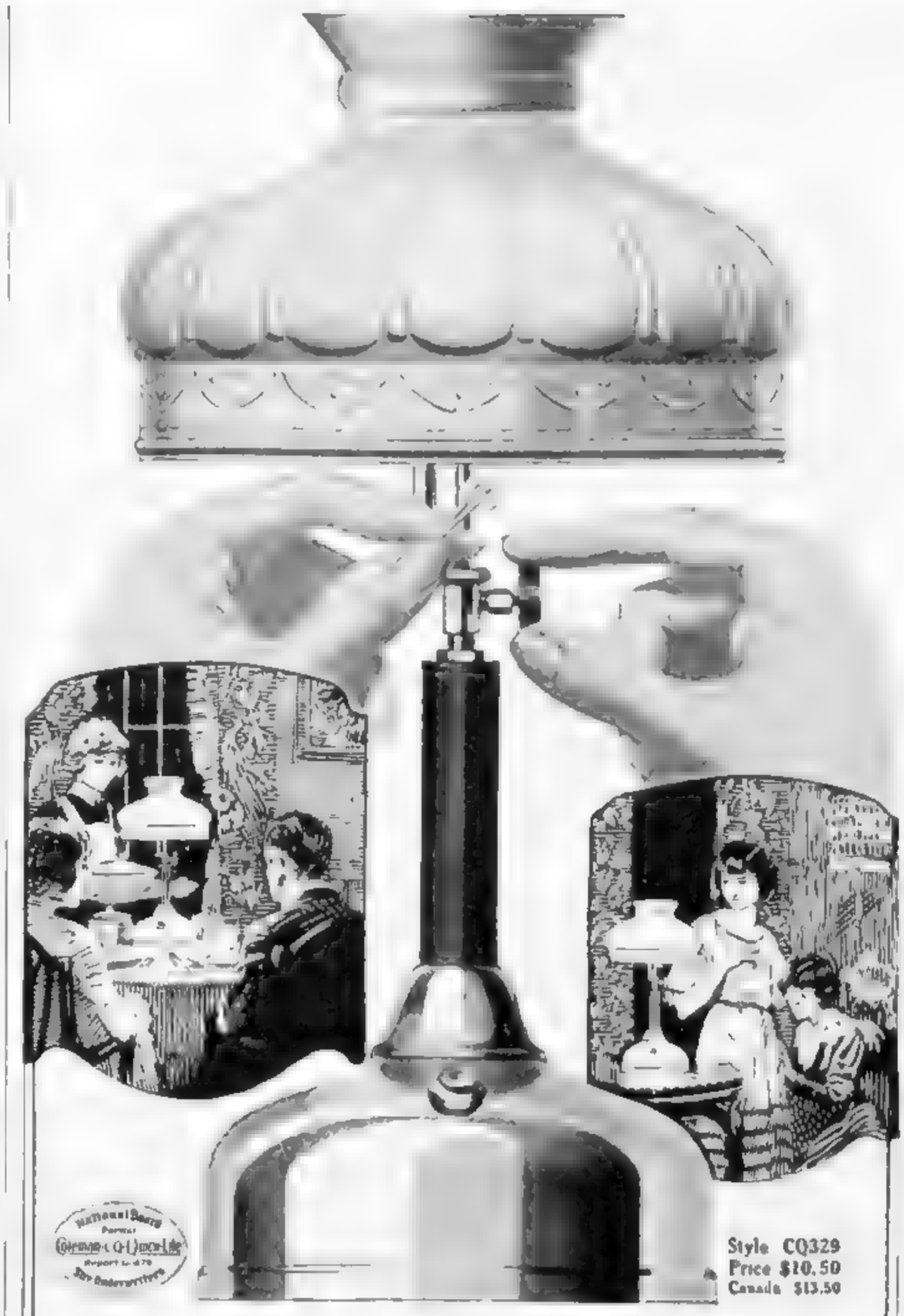
"I was sure you would be," he smiled.

"Yes," I proceeded, "for in certain circumstances human sacrifice becomes inevitable."

"As bad as all that?" he queried, and intrenched in one of my deep armchairs. "Let's hear!"

I told him all about it.

"I saw a couple as I came through the square. Very likely it was they."



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I asked how they were employed.

"Oh, well," retorted Robert broad-mindedly, "you know what it is when young folks get together."

I ground my teeth. I am not quite sure how this is done, but I am quite sure I did it.

"I suppose they are a bit late," he went on, "but he could hardly avoid offering her some small entertainment."

"Entertainment!" I echoed.

"Yes, it's strictly etiquette. A glass of port at the Scarsdale, you know."

He was unprepared for attack, and I had at him. The chair upon which he was seated had good casters and as he went into reverse it came into collision with a small table—the rivets in a pair of Kang-H'si tear bottles testify to the truth of that. A superhuman strength possessed me, and I was rolling him up in the bearskin hearth-rug when the wanderers returned. Mr. Collins' hand on my shoulder was the first indication I had of the fact

"Let me finish him!" I cried

"What's the game?"

"Murder by proxy!" I retorted.

Robert, coughing and laughing, extricated himself from his hairy coverlet.

"It's all right," he explained. "They're a queer family—homicidal, y'know. The mystery of his good lady was never properly cleared up." Stella had been talking.

Then I observed that Mr. Collins was looking very glum indeed, and realized with fierce exultation that my misdemeanor had nothing to do with it. I sought Avice's eyes for confirmation, but they were downcast, and her lower lip was drawn in pathetically.

"I'm going to bed," she said.

"That's right, my dear, I'll escort you."

But Mr. Collins thrust me away and passed out closing the door. I tugged at the handle, but he held it against me. A savage sweat broke out on my forehead. I heard a quick murmur of voices and an imperative question.

"Am I goin' to 'ave one or am I not?"

The reply was inaudible. I put out all my strength, and the door came open freely in my hand. Mr. Collins was standing alone in the hall.

"I think I'll be saying good night," said Robert from behind me.

"Yes," said Mr. Collins. Then addressing me: "And you'd better do ditto. I want a good think to myself."

And the words came to my ears as manna in the desert

"Don't tell me you've found her unsuitable!" I implored.

He ignored the question.

"I want a good think," he repeated, "but you can put this under your 'at: Nothin's worth winning that don't 'ave to be won. The on'y point is whether she's worth winning."

I shut my fist tight and drew it back, but Robert closed both hands about it and wrung it warmly. At the same time he shook his head ever so little. After all, perhaps it was a good thing he called that night.

A moment later I tapped on the door of Avice's room. There was no reply.

"Avice!" I whispered "Avice!"

"Good night," she said

"Yes, but, my dear — —"

"Oh, go away!" she pleaded. "I feel for all the world like a murderess."

So I turned into the spare room, which I found a very beastly place indeed.

I was wakened early by the sound of whistling. Opening my eyes, I saw Mr. Collins completing his toilet with the assistance of my brushes. One of these he dipped into the water jug, which, as everyone knows, is highly injurious to ivory. I tried to exonerate him from studied wrongdoing by reflecting that kangaroos do not wear tusks, and that doubtless he would have behaved with better discretion had the brushes been backed with the shell of an emu's egg. But his whistling distressed me beyond measure, since to whistle is the outward evidence of freedom from care. Observing he was about to turn, I closed my eyes again. He paused for a moment at the bedside and murmured something derogatory, which I prefer not to repeat. Then I heard the door close and the sound of his footsteps descending the stairs. Somewhere in the neighborhood a clock struck six—chillily.

As I felt very wide awake, I rose and put on my dressing gown and crossed the landing to Avice's room.

She was sitting up in bed boiling some water in a little electric kettle. A teapot and cup stood on the side table. She gave me a doubtful smile and patted the eiderdown quilt at the foot of the bed. A cup of tea with Avice in the short hours after dawn seemed to me a good thing after the night I had spent—better perhaps for the sense of adventure which accompanied it. I kissed her and sat where she had indicated. Nothing was said for a while, and we took sip and sip alike from the single cup.

Then, "I've been thinking, Dicky," she said.

"You have not been alone in that," said I.

"It was your idea, Dicky, to have him here"

"Don't be unkind," I pleaded. "It was the rottenest idea I ever gave birth to."

"But you meant awfully well."

"I meant well enough."

"You wanted him to preserve his ideals."

"That was before I realized their violent nature."

"And to achieve that end you've behaved like a lunatic and I—like a beast."

I tried to appear sorry at hearing this.

"It was a poor way of setting about it. A miserable way."

"But some people's ideals are so disgustingly deep-rooted," said I.

She looked at me reproachfully.

"I think," she said, "that neither of us realizes how deep-rooted they were. I thought he was probably just a sentimental boy, and that ten minutes' flippancy would cure him, but I did him an injustice, Dicky. It goes deeper than that."

"With a certain type of man," I suggested hopefully, "the desire for conquest is stronger than the appreciation for any particular individual"

"Of course if you like to think so," she said with an inflection that implied, "I happen to know better than that," or alternatively, "You couldn't have said an unkinder thing had you tried."

I tightened the waist cord of my dressing gown and rose to my feet.

"Avice," said I, "this is the end. I am going downstairs to lay the true facts before him. You may never see me again—it is extremely probable I shall be thrown through the window—but let me say at once that I should prefer to close my career by a header into the area than endure such another ordeal as yesterday's."

"Oh, you dear!" said Avice and she slipped her arms round my neck. "Oh, you dear brave husband!" Her voice fell to a whisper. "It's awfully silly, you know, but I don't believe I ever could have made him—give me up."

And from my heart I answered:

"The man who'd give you up isn't fit to be called such."

Then I squared my shoulders, descended the stairs and threw open the dining-room door.

Mr. Collins and Carrie were kissing each other with a fervor that seemed to be mutually shared. They broke apart as I tallyhoed into their midst. The fires of new love were burning in their eyes, but I had no fears of being scorched.

"What I want I takes!" said Mr. Collins. "Your gel 'ad 'er chance and missed it."

"Which only proves," I cried, "that a missus can never be missed. My dear fellow, let me be the first to congratulate you."

"If you mean to be funny——" he began.

"I don't," I replied. "I only mean to be glad."

And I wrung him warmly by the hand.

"By your leave, sir," said Carrie, "I should wish to have a word with you alone."

I turned to Mr. Collins.

"I'll wait outside," he said, and favored me with a glance that plainly read, 'No larks, mind!'

Carrie waited until the door closed. Then, "Me and Sydney have made it up to get married."

I bowed, assuming that to be the proper thing to do.

"And I should like to take him away at once."

"A most excellent idea."

"In fact—now, sir."

"Your things shall be sent after you," said I. "There will be no difficulty about that."

"I don't know whether you intended telling Sydney that you was madam's husband, but if it's all one, sir, I should be rather glad if you didn't."

"I shall refrain from all mention of the fact."

"Oh, thank you, sir! You see it might upset his notions if he got to know. We thought of going to my mother's, sir."

"That," said I, "is an admirable policy, and I am sure your mother will agree with me that at no meal are visitors more welcome than at breakfast."

"Then I'll put on my hat straightaway."

"I wouldn't even bother about it being straight," I said. "These things take time."

"And should I say good-by to madam, sir?"

"Well, no, Carrie. Perhaps it would be a pity to disturb her at so early an hour."

"That's what I thought, sir."

She passed out smiling. I waited with Mr. Collins in the hall.

"A man must think first of himself," said he, "though it would 'a' done your gel a power of good if I'd took 'er in 'and."

"Oh, well," I replied, "I have very little doubt you chose the better harborage. But Sydneys were ever fortunate in that respect"

"Carrie, now, is a gel!" said he.

I left it at that. Two minutes later they were marching up the street side by side. As I mounted the stairs I tried to remember the more important things to forget.

"Well?" said Avice.

"He's gone."

"Gone! Without a word?"

"Yes, I think so."

"You mean—he—he couldn't speak?"

"I think," I ventured, "he had been doing a good deal of talking before I came down."

"To whom?"

"Carrie and he were—er ——"

"What about Carrie?"

"There must be something about her. Otherwise ——"

"Oh, what are you talking about?"

"Nevertheless, his was a compelling nature. It would never have occurred to me to plight a troth before seven o'clock in the morning."

Avice's eyes opened very wide.

"Dicky! You don't mean that he oh-h!"

"After all it is a most satisfactory solution."

"Satisfactory! And I was sorry for him!"

There was a pause. Then "How brazen! And where is she?"

"They went away—together."

Another pause—a horrid one.

"Did you tell him about me—us?"

"I would have, but Carrie asked me privately not to do so."

"Why?"

"She seemed to think he would be happier in ignorance."

"Oh, did she?" said Avice slowly. "Did she? Oh!"

The final oh was almost inaudible.

"A clever girl, that," I remarked offhandedly.

"Yes," Avice agreed. "Yes, I think she was rather."

It was only to be expected that Stella and Robert would turn up to breakfast. They are like that.

"I think Dicky behaved abominably all the way through," said Stella.

"A remarkable-looking girl, that Carrie," mused Robert. "Appealing! I often wondered at Avice engaging her. Ever notice her eyes, Dick?"

"Never!" I replied. "Never! I didn't even know that she had any."

In extenuation for which I would remind the reader that the glass was very low.

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Special Booklet descriptive of each style, free on request to nearest office named below.

Your Choice of Four Styles

Everlastic Multi-Shingles. The newest thing in roofing—*four* shingles in *one*. Tough, rigid, durable. Made of high grade waterproofing materials and surfaced with crushed slate in all shades of red or green. When laid they look exactly like individual shingles and make a roof worthy of the finest buildings. Weather and fire resisting. Need no painting.

Everlastic Single Shingles. Same material and art shades of red or green as the Multi-Shingles, but made in individual shingles, size 8 x 12¾ inches. A roof of Everlastic Single Shingles is far more beautiful than an ordinary shingle roof and in addition, costs less per year of service.

Everlastic Slate-Surfaced Roofing. The most beautiful and enduring roll roofing made. Surfaced with crushed slate in art-shades of red or green. Very durable, requires no painting. Nails and cement in each roll.

Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. This is one of our most popular roofings. Thousands upon thousands of buildings all over the country are protected from wind and weather by Everlastic "Rubber" Roofing. It is tough, pliable, elastic, durable and very low in price. It is easy to lay; no skilled labor required. Nails and cement included in each roll.

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston
Detroit New Orleans Birmingham Kansas City
Seattle Peoria Atlanta Duluth
Syracuse Lebanon Youngstown Toledo

The Barrett Company

St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Minneapolis Dallas Nashville Salt Lake City
Milwaukee Bangor Washington Johnstown
Columbus Richmond Latrobe Bethlehem Elizabeth Buffalo Baltimore

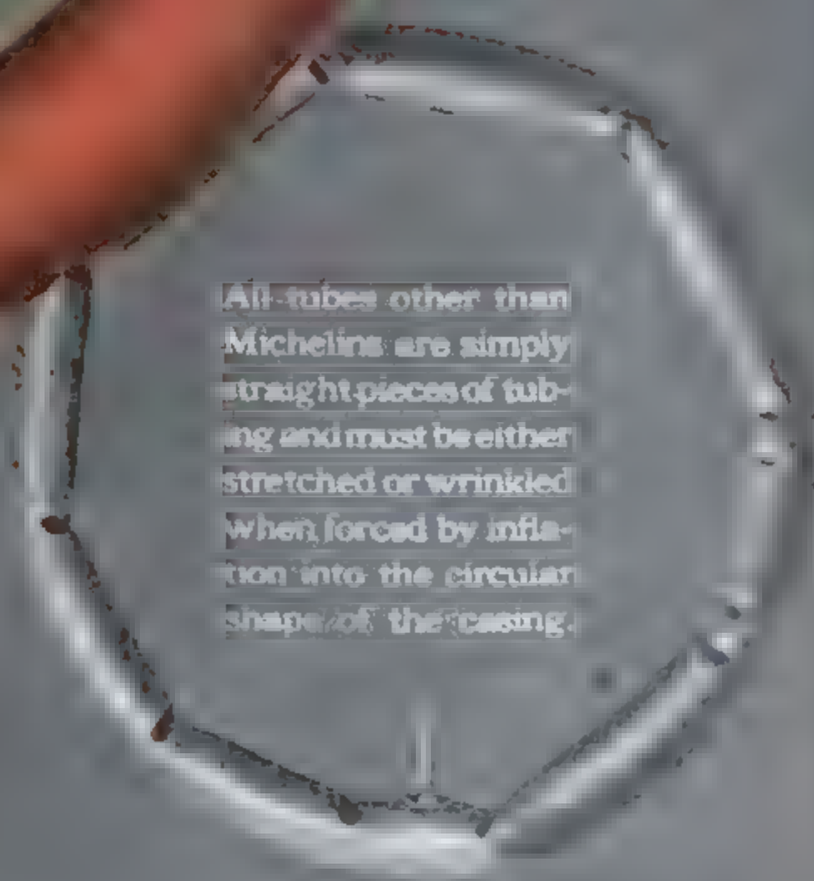
THE BARRETT COMPANY, LIMITED: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

MICHELIN

ring-shaped tubes fit perfectly

MICHELIN

Michelin Red Inner Tubes, being made ring-shaped like the inside of the casing itself, fit perfectly without stretching or wrinkling.



All tubes other than Michelins are simply straight pieces of tubing and must be either stretched or wrinkled when forced by inflation into the circular shape of the casing.

MICHELIN TIRE COMPANY, MILLTOWN, N. J.

Other Factories: Clermont-Ferrand, France; London, England; Turin, Italy

Dealers in all parts of the world

HOW RADICAL ARE WE?

(Continued from Page 28)

have received many letters from all parts of the country, most of which expressed dissatisfaction, in varying degrees, with the platform and candidatorial outcomes of the conventions. These letter writers have been, nominally, either Republicans or Democrats, but, all told, neither in any strict sense, because with them, as with a large proportion of our citizenry, the party labels mean nothing and stand for nothing except arbitrary partisan designations. Of course the writers need not be taken too seriously, because whatever happened at Chicago or at San Francisco happened because the American people, having an opportunity to nominate men themselves, delegated that power of nomination to the politicians, and got exactly what they deserved.

That is water over the dam. The interesting phase of this correspondence is the numerous determinations expressed to vote the Socialist ticket in November as a protest. Passing the thought that the time for effective protest was before the nominations instead of afterward, I quote a letter typical of many, with a few verbal changes to conceal its authorship:

"I intend to vote the straight Socialistic ticket this fall, for these reasons:

"Who I am: A high-salaried professional man, sole owner of a publishing business established for sixteen years, and one-third owner of a factory established five years; average number of help, 128. Plenty of labor, plenty of orders, ample material to last until January 1, 1921.

"Dissatisfaction: The Government as administered in all three branches is doing nothing to curtail profiteering; the asinine bungling of the tax problem—allowance of but $200 for children and the stock-dividend contrast is an example; the criminal appropriations made at the last session; the joke investigations; the cut-and-dried nominations; the legislative wait-until-the-house-falls-and-then-we'll-see-what-we-can-do attitude.

"Belief: That the Socialists could not do as badly as the two old parties have; that an increased Socialistic vote might throw the fear of God into the ungodly.

"Hope: That something will crack wide open and that out of the débris we can get material for a decent structure."

This is one of a considerable number of letters of similar vein. It is the experience of men who write on controversial matters, or on matters that may be made controversial, that though many persons may agree or disagree with what the writer sets forth, comparatively few persons go to the trouble of writing letters either to the editor or to the author. Hence, the receipt of a more than ordinary number of letters such as the one quoted means that a great many more people than those who wrote are thinking as the men who wrote are thinking, that it is a possibility that Debs will get many more votes for President than the million or so political calculators allow him in their forecasts.

California's Typical Figures

In some states the registration laws require that the registrant shall give his or her political preference when registering. California is one of these, and the totals of the most recent California registration, for this year's elections, are at hand. These totals are as follows: Republican, 779,854; Democratic, 288,449; Socialist, 19,071; Prohibition, 19,117; scattering, 2500. In addition to this, 143,077 voters declined to label themselves, refused to state any party affiliations.

Wherefore, the question arises: Is 19,071 the Socialist vote in California, or may the Socialist vote of California be, potentially, the 19,071 who registered as Socialists and a part of the 143,077 who refused to state their party affiliations?

Potentially, according to the registration figures, Debs has a strength of 162,148 votes in California, or the sum of the avowed Socialist registration and the refused-to-state registration, provided, of course, that the refused-to-state voters are in the mind of my letter writers and those who feel as my letter writers do, but are not articulate on the matter. What is true in California is probably true in other states—undoubtedly true—not because of any great advance of Socialism, *per se*, but because Socialism offers an acquainted and familiar medium for protest. Therefore, on the basis of the California potentiality, if the protest vote goes to the Socialist candidate, the vote of Debs will be much larger than the one now allowed by the political calculators.

It must be remembered that the statement that this nondefined vote is likely to be a protest vote is a statement of assumption, based on various evidences and currents of thought discernible throughout the United States; just as the statement that it may go to the Socialist ticket is an assumption. There is basis for the assumption. In an extended period of political observation in this country there has never been a time when I have found signs of so great an underlying discontent among the people, a discontent not with any particular party or individual or group of individuals but with the system and its results as exemplified by the two great parties and the operating individuals therein. The reflexes of the war explain this to some extent, as does the economic situation in its various production, consumption, price, labor, capital and other phases.

The Universal Scapegoat

Our people, believing that their Government is the best of governments—starting with that as a foundation—are translating their own difficulties, annoyances, problems and inequalities into governmental terms, and are disgusted with the ineptness of the Government and its failures to operate in their behalf. They find taxes vastly greater and living more difficult because no matter how much greater the governmental income is the popular benefits therefrom decrease rather than increase. Without going into a detailed discussion of causes and effects it may be said that the average American, both as an individual and in the mass, finds, and makes, the Government a convenient scapegoat for his troubles, and as those troubles seem to have multiplied since the close of the war, whether they have or not, the Government now is not only the political scapegoat but the economic and a dozen other sorts of scapegoat—a flock of them.

The blame cannot be attached to one party, because while the administration is Democratic the Congress is Republican. The public mind is not at all apt in differentiation as to responsibility, and holds both parties equally responsible for maladministrations and for the heavier burdens of taxation, expense and the ramifying personal demonstrations such as profiteering, shortages in essentials, difficulties in transportation, and all those harassing features of life that may be broadly classed as due to an inflated currency, a disturbed production, a hampered distribution and an underlying conflict between labor and capital.

Concretely, it does no good to explain, in terms of the financial markets, why the Liberty Bonds the people bought on the statement of the Government that they are the best securities in the world, and always worth dollar for dollar, have fallen in value from ten to fifteen dollars a hundred; nor does it satisfy any traveler or shipper to explain the large increase in railroad fares and freight charges on the basis of railroad necessities. In both instances, and in others that might be cited, the people who bought the bonds on the Government's guaranty and who know the railroad increases were authorized by the Government get down to brass tacks and hold the Government responsible.

Volumes could be written in explanation and analysis of the unrest in this country, but in the end there would be no change in the fundamental proposition. There is unrest. It has been fostered by various circumstances. It may resolve itself into a ballot protest, because it all gets back to the Government, and to the system of that Government and the practitioners of that system—the politicians and officeholders. That protest must be radical in its manifestation because there is no other ballot protest possible, as this campaign has been shaped. Though there is a third-party medium in the field, of sorts, it is likely that the protest in its bulk will be made with the Socialistic medium, because the people as a whole are familiar with the term "Socialism." They do not understand it. Indeed, not many Socialists understand it, as may be proved by an examination of the numerous interpretations of it that exist.

The point is that Socialism has been talked, written about, discussed and politically recognized in some parts of the country until the name and style of it have entered the public consciousness. The people do not know what it is except that it is something different, a plan of government not Republican and not Democratic. Any third party that may exist, such as the one that held its convention in Chicago, suffers from lack of advertising. It takes a long time to get over a new movement. Hence, if the average American wants to make a ballot protest he is most likely to vote for the Socialist candidates, not because he is a Socialist but because he is familiar with the name, however vague he may be about the principles and policies of it.

We cast 18,500,000 votes in the election of 1916, and of these the Socialist candidate received almost 600,000 and the Socialist Labor candidate less than 15,000; say, 600,000 in round numbers, or a little more than three per cent of the total. With the women voting this year the total vote is likely to be in the neighborhood of 33,000,000, and on that basis the normal Socialist vote might be about 1,000,000, provided there is a proportional number of Socialists among women who vote. That may be doubted, because the woman is an individualist in her political theories as in most other things. The all-for-all theory makes no hit with the average woman.

However, allowing for a proportional increase, and figuring on a protest vote that undoubtedly will be cast, it is a fair assumption that the vote for Debs will be more than 1,000,000. How much more is entirely speculative, but it is likely to be a great deal more. Then what?

It will be an entirely futile protest.

The Futility of Protest

The idea of the man whose letter I have printed, and of many others, is that such a protest will frighten the politicians of the two old parties—scare them into a different course—terrorize them so much that they will abandon their practices and adjust their inequalities and right the popular wrongs. That is the protest end of it. The idea of others is that this will start the ball of Socialism rolling, and eventually bring about state socialism as our theory and conduct of government, a theoretical condition that is held to be millennial. One or the other of those impulses must be behind this voting—vote wasting, indeed.

Political circumstances are such, at present, that either Senator Harding or Governor Cox will be President of the United States after noon of March 4, 1921, provided nothing untoward occurs to either of them before November second, next, or to the one successful at the polls, until after he is inaugurated. That means that either the Democratic Party will continue in administrative power in this country for another Presidential term or that the Republican Party will be returned to administrative power. It also means that if Harding is successful the Republican politicians will return to power, and if Cox is successful the Democratic politicians will continue in power; perhaps not the same ones who are in power now, but Democratic politicians none the less.

It shows a small knowledge of American politics and American politicians to think that a protest of a few million votes out of a total of thirty-three or more million votes will change those politicians sufficiently to bring about any single reform in their procedures, practices or policies. Furthermore, American politicians have a good understanding of their public, and know accurately what motives are, just as they appreciate manners. That is proved by their success in remaining in office and in their control of parties. No American politician of even rudimentary experience could possibly be so far out of touch with his people as not to know that an increased vote for outside candidates, in the present circumstances, was a protest vote, and nothing more. The American politician would instantly size up such a vote for exactly what it was—based on a protest rather than a belief in the principles represented by the candidates voted for.

The men who control the Government politically, or the men who hope to control it, do not frighten so easily. Even if there were 5,000,000 Socialist votes, say, that would not scare them, because they know there are not 5,000,000 real Socialist voters in this country, and because they also know that sooner or later the protestants will all return to the fold. Indeed, there are not 1,000,000 real Socialist voters in this country in the sense of voters who actually believe in any of the various theories of Socialism. Popularly, that theory of government means not at all what the Socialists hold it to mean. Popularly, it means something entirely and radically different. Many a man who might vote for a Debs or a Christensen as a protest against the dominant parties and their politicians would run a mile before he would vote for either if he thought either had a chance to win. Mostly, we Americans are conversational radicals. As in the immortal story, the bulk of us, who might think of making a ballot protest, own a couple of pigs when it comes to the practical operation of the theory.

The idea of scaring the politicians with any such demonstration as may be staged is absurd. It is hard to root the American people from an established position. As I have said, we are awkward radicals. We do not function well in that rôle, and for the reasons set forth at the beginning of this article. Nevertheless, it is equally absurd to refuse to admit the underlying discontent in this country and to minimize the efforts of the agitators who are fomenting it.

The only other American reason for a largely increased Socialist or other vote outside the two great parties is the conclusion that what this country needs is a radical departure from its present theory and practice of government. That is preached by various missionaries in various forms, but it all gets back in its fundamentals to a species of state socialism. There are many definitions for it. Each proponent has his own terms and each advocates his own panaceas, but intrinsically it is all based in its varying degrees on the theory of state socialism, and comprehends not only the governmental operation and control of the national natural resources—the raw things—for the benefit of the people as a whole, but the governmental operation and direction for the benefit of all the people of all correlated and subsidiary resources, including all property, wealth and all attributes thereof.

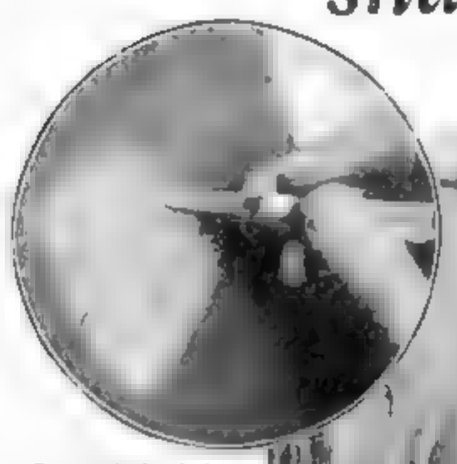
There can be endless dispute over terms, but the basis of it all, when demands are sifted, is a paternalism that means state socialism. Therefore let us assume that a large body of the American people feel that some such departure from our established form of government is possible, and are determined to voice that feeling by ballot action next November. Just what do they want, and if they were successful just what would they get? The present situation in England supplies an answer.

Socialism in England

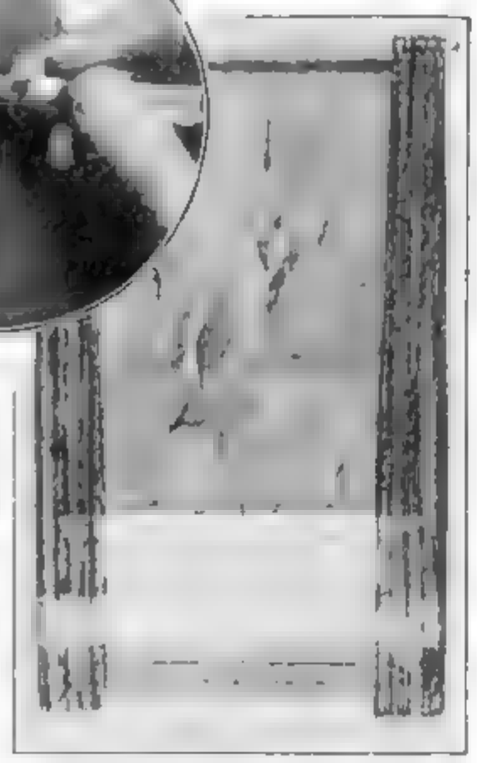
The national expenditures of England have risen from £202,817,437 in 1913–14 to £1,282,274,000 in 1920–21, or, roundly, in dollars at the present rate of exchange, from $725,000,000 to $4,500,000,000. Half of this increase is directly chargeable to war costs, such as interest on the increased national debt, support of largely augmented fighting forces, pensions and so on. Of the other half, the immense sum of $2,250,000,000, a large portion is spent to finance the socialistic policy of the government, and the people are taxed to get the money—taxed far more heavily than the American people are taxed at present, and the American people feel that the limit of taxation has been reached in this country.

Old-age pensions, a truly socialistic doctrine, have been increased from £12,425,821 to £25,974,000. The grants to the coal miners amount to £15,000,000. The cost of the insurance feature of the government has risen from £5,000,000 to £17,000,000. The expenditures of the Ministry of Labor, which cover the doles paid to the unemployed, have advanced from a little more than £1,000,000 to almost £26,000,000. The bread subsidy, which is given to enable the farmers to pay the increased wages granted farm labor, is £45,000,000, and the

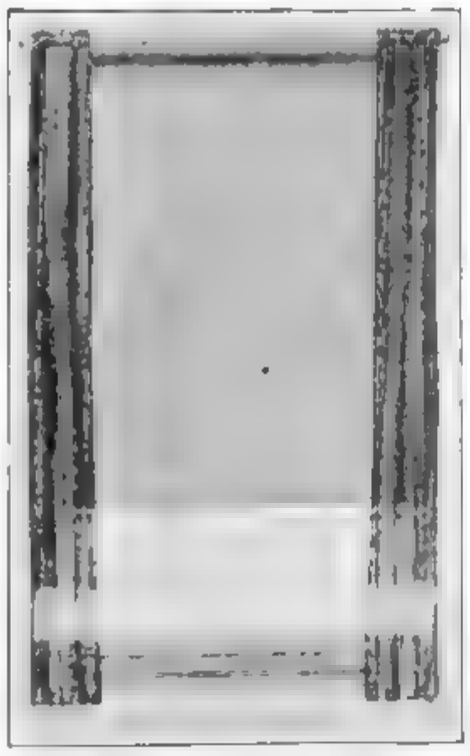
Like school chalk, "filling" crumbles—it makes shades crack and sag



Scratch lightly through the surface of ordinary window shade material. Tiny particles fall out leaving countless pinholes. That's the "filling" of chalk or clay.



Ordinary shade—made with "filling"



A Brenlin—made without "filling"

There's no "filling" in Brenlin Window Shades

The ordinary window shade is made of a loosely woven cloth that must be filled to give it weight and smoothness. This "filling," usually a chalk or clay substance, soon becomes hard and brittle. Like school chalk, it crumbles easily.

A shade so made *can't* stand the strain of everyday usage. When the wind sucks and snaps it, the brittle filling loosens and falls out. Cracks and pinhole streaks appear. The shade wrinkles and sags—is soon ruined!

The Brenlin Window Shade is entirely different. *Its* base is a material so fine, so heavy, so tightly woven and perfect that it needs no chalk, no clay, no filling of any kind!

Instead of being brittle, Brenlin is soft and supple, yet always hangs straight and smooth. Brenlin outwears two or three ordinary window shades. It is the cheapest window shade you can buy.

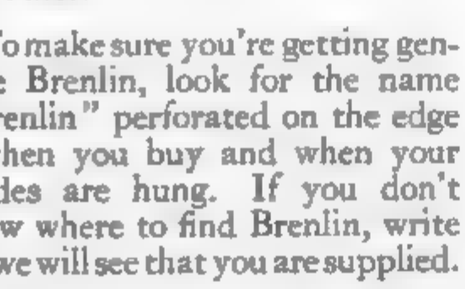
Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town. See the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this long-wearing material—and Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

To make sure you're getting genuine Brenlin, look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy and when your shades are hung. If you don't know where to find Brenlin, write us; we will see that you are supplied.

Upon request we'll send you, free, a valuable booklet on how to shade your windows beautifully—and, with it, some actual samples of Brenlin in several different colors.

The Chas. W. Breneman Co., Inc., Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America."

Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Camden, N. J. Branches: New York City, Philadelphia, and Oakland, Calif. Owner of the good will and trade marks of the Jay C. Wemple Co.



The Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Company, Portage, Wisconsin, shaded with Brenlin by the Geo Mursten & Sons Company, Portage, Wisconsin

For windows of little importance Cumargo or Empire shades give you best value in shades made the ordinary way

Brenlin

the long-wearing WINDOW SHADE *material*

housing subsidies are more than £15,000,000; and a pound, on the day this is written is worth $3.68.

Now these huge sums are spent for the carrying out of state socialistic doctrines. Parliament fixes wages and grants subsidies to pay the wages. Subsidies are made for house building. Doles are made to the unemployed. There is public insurance. Wages are guaranteed to coal miners and railway employees. The building subsidies keep up the high wages of the building trades; and so on. Meantime, the English people are taxed to provide all these vast sums. All this is state socialism. Casuists may argue round the point, but that is what it is, reduced to its terms. And if that is what state socialism means in England it is what it would mean in America—taxation to the limit and beyond; taxation not only of the rich even heavier than now, but taxation of everybody to carry out these theories and practices.

It is unnecessary to go to England for examples. We had a fling or two at it over here during the war, with railroads and wheat and sugar and so on, and the people are now being taxed to pay the price. These English figures are introduced here merely to show what Socialism means in some of its political exemplifications, in actual burden for the taxpayer and for the contemplation of those voters who may think they can ease their burdens, or help to, by voting next November to advance the cause.

The plan, either as a warning or an intimidation, or as an acceleration to the cause of Socialism, is futile. It can amount to nothing either way, because the protest can in no conceivable circumstances become formidable; and because the American people, once they understand what state socialism, or any other sort, means, will have nothing to do with it, even if it were a widely held idea, which it is not at all probable it is.

Belated Protests

There is nothing extraordinary in the political situation in which the American people find themselves in this Presidential campaign. It is entirely ordinary and of their own making. It is the commonplace situation brought about by the failure of the people to act in their own behalf, and to allow those who delegated authority to themselves to act for them as if that authority was delegated rather than assumed. There is no doubt that the aggregate popular thought of the United States, previous to the conventions, was that the best interests of the country would be served, and the best interests of the people, by the nomination and election of a President whose chief concern would be the business wants of the country rather than the politics of it.

They had an opportunity to secure such a candidate. All that was necessary was an insistent and organized demand. But the people occupied themselves with their own affairs, and allowed the politicians to do the nominating. The nomination of Harding was absolutely political, and so was the nomination of Cox. The element of popular demand or of popular requirement did not enter into either nomination, for there was no popular demand for Harding, nor was there any popular demand for Cox.

The time for effective protest ended last May. It is too late to protest now, because any protest there may be will be individual, and not organized. Of course any outraged American may salve his feelings by marching to the polls and voting for any person whose name appears on the ballot, but it won't get him anything save the salve, and not much of that. It will be like dropping a pebble in the Pacific Ocean, which process makes a very small ripple within the restricted gaze of the pebble dropper, but leaves the remainder of the ocean entirely undisturbed and placidly unconscious of the effort.

It takes a mass operation to gain a political effect in a country as big as this. Some small effects might have been attained by early post-convention organization perhaps, but there was no attempt at that, even. Such dissatisfaction as there was was voiced, and pretty feebly, by individual expression; and with the campaign coming to its close as this is written there is nothing apparent save the coast-to-coast lack of interest.

Either Harding or Cox will be elected. The type of men who will be in governmental control, in either case, is too well known to require description. They will all be politicians, and politicians of the exact brands of the present lot. They will not differ a particle. Why should they? The people allowed them to do as they pleased at Chicago and at San Francisco, and they feel safe in assuming that the people will continue to allow them to do as they choose hereafter.

They may. The people of the United States are incredibly careless as to their political affairs, and unbelievably ignorant of the primary fact that the quality of a government of a country depends entirely on the quality of the politics of that country, and the corollary of it, that every prosperity and well-being of the people is the resultant of good government, as is every lack of prosperity and well-being the direct result of bad government. The people of the United States may allow the politicians to continue as before. Probably they will.

What confronts the people of the United States now is the election of either the Republican or the Democratic candidate. They must go to the polls and vote for either Harding or Cox, as they decide, and with view of all contributing influences and affiliations. There isn't anything else to do, because either the Debs or the Christensen alternative is worse than no account as a remedy.

Organize for 1924

The remedy must be applied after the event. No heed need be paid to the campaign promises of the candidates, nor any regard taken of their platforms. Those are as political as their makers. It might do no harm to catalogue them conveniently, but it isn't necessary. The test the people should apply to the elected man, and those who operate with him, should be the test of results. Four years are coming, after March fourth next, when either Harding or Cox will be in power, and when both Harding politicians and Cox politicians will be operative. If the people desire to advance their own interests they will take close heed of what happens during these four years, and be ready to name their own candidates in 1924.

The politician knows explicitly what the people do not appreciate even dimly, which is that his position, power and influence come only by complaisance of the people. His play is to suppress and avoid direct and organized demand, but if direct and organized demand is made on him he meets it and complies with it. He has no alternative, because he cannot last a minute in face of popular action. He can last indefinitely, as has been shown repeatedly, against popular dissatisfaction, dissatisfaction that is vocal and diffuse, and not actual and organized.

If the American people want a hand in their own Government; if they desire to have a part in the selection of their own President other than the mere act of voting for or against such candidates as are selected for them; if they think it advisable that the Government shall be of and by and for the people instead of of and by and for Tammany and similar organizations—the remedy is in their own hands.

If the American people, having allowed themselves to be taken in thus completely this year, as they have so often allowed themselves to be taken in in the past, really want anything better, any politics more representative of themselves, any Government more in consonance with their needs—they must begin with this new administration, keep tab on what it does, check up its failures of representation, and organize their protest; because as surely as there is to be a new administration so surely will there be a political administration exactly of the sort we have had in the past.

The people cannot wait, as they waited in 1920, until after the nominations are made in 1924. They must begin at once. They will know, if they attend to the matter, just how the new administration is delivering, and they will be able to organize and act in accordance with the shown results. A demand organized and kept effective until 1924 will get the desired results, but a last-minute demand will get nothing.

The thing is elementary. It requires nothing but attention, decision and organization. A dozen determined men in each state can bring it about. Protest voting and cussing the politicians will get nowhere, but a nation-wide organization of state units will get everything.

KREOLITE WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

Outlast the Factory

The World Asks—

Kreolite Answers With a New, Odorless Antiseptic Floor for the Food Industry

IT was a four-fold problem: To make a floor of enduring strength; to treat the blocks with an odorless preservative; to insulate the floor so it would not condense vapor from the air; to prevent moisture from creeping in from beneath. This is what the food industry asked of our Factory Floor Engineers, and how they solved this problem.

It proves again to the world that Kreolite Floors are not only a satisfactory floor surface but *more—a satisfactory Floor Service.*

The Merrell-Soule Co., manufacturers of "Klim" Powdered Milk, had long sought a solution for their floor troubles. The hard, stone-like floors not only held moisture but gathered it. Their storehouses must be as dry as powder houses—to preserve the powdered milk in a dry, clean, and sanitary condition.

Our Engineers went to work; our Chemists assisted. The outcome was a new Kreolite Odorless Antiseptic Wood Block.

The Merrell-Soule Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., are using these blocks at their Little Valley, Arcade, Attica, Bliss and Warsaw, N. Y., plants and at Union City, Pa. Since these floors have been installed in the storehouses of the Merrell-Soule Co. the results have been perfectly satisfactory, and all former obstacles have been *permanently* overcome.

The Kreolite Odorless Antiseptic Wood Blocks are particularly well adapted for use in packing houses, wholesale groceries, confectioneries, canneries, condenseries, bakeries, dairies and all branches of the food industry.

Like other Kreolite Floors, this new floor is treated to prevent decay; then laid with the tough end grain of the wood uppermost.

In treating the blocks, the preservative oils are refined to eliminate all odor without interfering with the long-wearing qualities of the floor.

If you have floor difficulties of any kind, write us. Our Engineers will help you as they have thousands of others without your being obligated.

Tell us your problems, or write for our booklet on Kreolite Floors.

Address the Toledo Office

The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio

Branches. New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto and other principal Cities.

Western Sales Distributors—Western Wood Preserving Company, Spokane, Washington.

British Distributors—Anglo-American Agency, Royal Liver Building, Liverpool, England

Corner of one of the dry, sanitary storehouses of the Merrell-Soule Co., showing odorless antiseptic, non-absorbent Kreolite Block Floor.

MAW'S VACATION

(Continued from Page 15)

and Rowena and Cynthy. Often I walk with Cynthy and her Vassarrority on the Angel Terrace, when the moon is up, when it is all white, and Cynthy is almost the only angel left there. Such a moon as the Interior Department does provide for the summer here! I defy Secretary Baker or Secretary Daniels, or whatever the navy man's name may be, to produce any such moon as this at six dollars and fifty cents a day with bath; or four dollars and fifty cents a day with two towels; or four bits a day at Maw's camp on the Madison. So, though I know Cynthy would prefer the young park ranger—who really is the son of a leading banker in Indianapolis—to explain the algæ and the Algys, I do the best I can at my age of life with Cynthy.

Rowena, the younger, seventeen now, who wears hers with spirals, tells me that Cynthy keeps a diary, because she herself found it in the tool box. "And once," says Rowena to me, "Cynthy, after coming into camp from a walk through the moonlit pines, wrote in her diary: 'August 12, 11 p. m. Trout for supper. Walked with —— toward the Hymen Terrace, just beyond Jupiter Hill, I think it is called. The moon wonderful what woman is there who has not at some time in her life longed to be swept off her feet by some Strong Man!'"

I copy this as Rowena did, punctuation and all. Rowena has not yet gone to Vassar.

Cynthy is the one who thinks the family ought to have a six-cylinder car next year, with seats that lie back, and air mattresses. Maw does not agree with her, and says that four cylinders are plenty hard enough for Paw to keep clean. By what marvel Cynthy is always so stunning; and Hattie so nurselike in denim and white; and Rowena always so neat in hers with spirals, which she bought ready made at the store for seven dollars and fifty-two cents—I cannot say; but when I see these marvels I renew my faith in my country and its people, even though I do wish that Paw would pause at some geyser and have a Sunday shave. He says he forgot his razor and left it home.

In the Grip of the Law

Speaking of room with bath, Maw solved the ablutionary problem for herself the other day at Old Faithful Ranger Station. The young men who make up the ranger force there have built a simple shanty over the river's brim, which they use as their own bathhouse. As there is no sentinel stationed there Maw thought it was public like everything else. She told me about it later.

"I went in," said she, "and seen what it was. There was a long tub and a tin pail. There was a trapdoor in the floor that was right over the river. I reached down and drew up a pail of water, and it was right cold. Then I seen a turn faucet, end of a pipe that stuck out over the tub. It brought in some right hot water that come up within six feet of the door. It didn't take me long to figure that this was the hot-water faucet. So there was hot and cold water both right on the spot, and I reckon there ain't no such natural washtub as that in all Ioway. I got me a wash that will last me a long while. There wasn't no towels, and so I took my skirt. Now, Cynthy——"

But Cynthy was writing notes in her diary. All college girls write notes in diaries, and sometimes they take to free verse. Of course writing in a diary is only a form of egotism, precisely like writing on a geyser formation. They both ought to be illegal, and one is. Maw knows all about that. Sometimes, even now, she will tell me how she came to be fined by the United States commissioner at Mammoth Hot Springs.

You see, the geysers rattled Maw, there being so many and she loving them all so much. One day, when they were camped near the Upper Basin, Maw was looking down in the cone of Old Faithful, just after that Paderewski of the park had ceased playing. She told me she wanted to see where all the suds came from. But all at once she saw beneath her feet a white, shiny expanse of something that looked like chalk. At a sudden impulse she drew a hatpin from her hair and knelt down on the geyser cone—not reflecting how long and slow had been its growth.

For the first time a feeling of identity came to Maw. She never had been anybody all her life, even to herself, before this moment on her vacation. But now she had seen the mountains and the sky, and had oriented herself as one of the owners of this park. So Maw, dear, old, happy, innocent Maw, knelt down with her hatpin and wrote: Margaret D. Hanaford, Glasgow, Iowa.

She was looking at her handiwork and allowing she could have done it better, when she felt a touch on her shoulder, and looked up into the stern young face, the narrow blond mustache, of the ranger from Indianapolis. The ranger was in the Engineers of the A. E. F. When Maw saw him she was frightened, she didn't know why.

"Madam," said the ranger, "are you Margaret D. Hanaford?"

"That's me," answered Maw; "I don't deny it."

"Did you write that on the formation?"

Maw could not tell a lie any more than George Washington when caught, so she confessed on the spot.

"Then you are under arrest! Don't you know it's against the regulations to deface any natural object in the park? I'll have to telephone in the number of your car. You must see the commissioner before you leave the park."

"Me arrested?" exclaimed Maw in sudden consternation. "What'll that man do to me?"

"He'll fine you ten dollars and costs. If you had written it a little bit larger it would have been twenty-five dollars and costs. Now get down and rub it out before it sets, and do it quick, before the geyser plays again."

And so Maw got down on her knees and rubbed out her first feeling of identity. And the commissioner fined her ten dollars and costs in due time—for Maw was honest as the day and didn't try to evade the punishment that she thought was hers.

"I ought to have knew better," she said—"me, a woman of my years. I don't begretch the money, and I think the young man was right, and so was the judge, and I'll never do it again. The commissioner said that I looked like a woman of sense. I always did have sense before. I think it must be these mountains, or the moon, or something. I never felt that way before."

It was this young man who walked down to Maw's camp to take her number. It was there that he met Cynthy, and I am inclined to think that she took his number at the time. Later on I often saw them walking together, past the great log hotel with its jazz architecture, and beyond the fringe of pine that separates the camp trippers from the O'Cleaves, who live in the hotels. The young ranger was contrite about arresting Maw, but that latter was the first to exonerate him.

"You only done right," said she. "I done what I knew was wrong. Now, Hattie, and you, Roweny, don't you let this spoil your trip none at all. It's once your Maw has allowed herself the privilege of being an old fool, the first time in her life. I dunno but it was worth ten dollars, at that."

And so I suppose we should let Cynthy and the young ranger go out into the moonshine to learn how the algæ grow, of how many different colors. Consider the algæ of the geysers, how they grow. Solomon in all his glory had nothing on the algæ; and the Queen of Sheba nothing on Cynthy.

Sometimes, even yet, Maw and I talk about the time she was fined ten dollars for writing her name. "It might have been worse," said she to me. "When we was coming through some place a ways back we heard about a man there that was sentenced to be hung after he had been tried several times. His friends done what they could with the governor, but it didn't come to nothing. So after a while his lawyer come in the jail, and he says: 'Bill, I can't do nothing more for you. On next Monday morning at six o'clock you've got to be hung by the neck until you're dead, and may God have mercy on your soul.' 'Well, all I can say,' says Bill, 'that's a fine way to begin the week, ain't it now!'"

The time she wrote her name upon the geyser will always remain the great event in Maw's life. When she makes down her bedquilt bed in the pine woods, from which she can hear the music of the hotel orchestra when the nocturnal dance has begun, and can see the searchlight playing on the towering pillar of Old Faithful, once more in its twenty-four daily essays from the bowels of the mysterious earth shooting up into the mysterious blackness of the night sky, Maw on her hands and knees says to herself: "I'm glad my name ain't on that thing. It was too little to go with that, even if for a minute I felt like somebody."

Speaking of the midnight and the music, sometimes I go over to the hotel to tread a measure with Stella O'Cleave, able for a moment to forget Stella's father in the opulent beauty of Stella herself. Her mother is what is called a fine figure of a woman, and so will Stella be some day. Sometimes, when we have left the dance floor to sit along the rail where the yellow cars will line up next morning to sweep Stella away within a day after she and her putties have come into my young life, I may say that I find Stella O'Cleave not difficult to look upon. I always feel a sense of Oriental luxury, as though I had bought a new rug, when Stella turns on me the slumberous midnight of her eyes. I am enamored of the piled black shadows of Stella's hair, even as displayed in the somewhat extreme cootie garages which, in the vernacular of the A. E. F., indicate the presence of her ears. I admire the long sure lines which her evidently expensive New York tailor has given to hers; they are among the best I have seen in the park. I could wish that the heels on Stella's French shoes were less than five inches high. I could wish that she did not wrap her putties, one from the inside out, and the other from the outside in. But these are details. The splendor of her eyes, the ripe redness of her lips, the softness of her voice, combined, have disposed me to forgive her all.

"There are times," sighed Stella that evening, beneath the moon, as we sat against the log rail and listened to the jazz, "out here in these mountains, when I feel as though I were a wild creature, like these others."

"My dear," said I, "I can believe you. Your putties do look wild."

"Listen," said she to me. "You do not get me."

The sob of the saxophone came through the window near by, the froufrou of the dancers made a soft susurration faintly audible. I looked into Stella's dark eyes, at her clouded brow.

"Come again, loved one," said I to her.

"What I mean to say," she resumed, "is that there are times when I feel as though I did not care what I did or what became of me out here."

My hand fell upon her slender fingers as they lay twitching in the twilight.

"Stella," I exclaimed, "lit-tel one, if that is the way you really feel—or the way really you feel—or really the way you feel—why don't you go down to Jackson's Hole and try a congressional lunch?"

Enough for Five More

The spruce trees rustled amid their umbrageous boughs. The sob of the saxophone still came through the window. I saw Stella tremble through all her tall young body. A tear fell upon the floor and rebounded against one of the rustic posts.

"No, no!" said she in sudden contrition, burying her face in both her shapely hands. "Say anything but that! I did not mean me hasty words. My uncle is a congressman, and he has told me all."

A silence fell between us. The sob of the saxophone, still doing jazz, came through the window. Once more I recalled the classic story—no doubt you know it well. A musician one evening passed a hat among the dancers, after a number had been concluded.

"Please, sir," said he to each, "would you give fifty cents to bury a saxophone player?" Then out spoke one jovial guest, to the clink of his accompanying coin: "Here's three dollars, friend. Bury six saxophone players!"

Absent-mindedly recalling this story I reached out my hand with a five-dollar bill in it, as I saw a quiet-looking gentleman passing by with a hat in his hand.

"Bury ten saxophone players," I hissed through my set lips. He turned to me mildly.

"Excuse me, sir," said he, "I am not an undertaker. I am only the Secretary of the Interior."

Of course one will make mistakes. Still, under our form of government methinks the Secretary of the Interior really is responsible for the existence of saxophone players within the limits of the park.

In common with Maw and others, I realized that in many ways the park might be better. It might be far more practicably

(Continued on Page 63)

A Yellowstone Camp

Your Share of the Prest-O-Lite Factory

WHEN you hand over your check for a new Prest-O-Lite Battery you get *more* than a storage battery. Your money buys a first mortgage on the Prest-O-Lite good name and all it represents—the great Prest-O-Lite Factories—the knowledge and experience of Prest-O-Lite Engineers—the Travelling Force of Service Experts—absolute assurance of a dependable starting-and-lighting service.

Your interest in the Prest-O-Lite Factory, like the factory's interest in you, begins—not ends—with your purchase of a Prest-O-Lite Battery. More than 2500 Prest-O-Lite Service Stations stand ready to relieve you of all your battery care and attention.

A CORRECTION

IN our Saturday Evening Post advertisement of June 30th, which featured Prest-O-Lite Service in Scotts Bluff, Nebr., as an example of efficiency, the population of Scotts Bluff was given as only 1800, whereas the population is 6946 and increasing rapidly. We are indeed glad to make this correction.

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY, Inc., Carbide & Carbon Bldg., 30 East 42nd Street, New York
Eighth and Brannan Streets, San Francisco, Calif. *In Canada, Prest-O-Lite Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto*

Prest-O-Lite Storage Battery

"Fastest-growing Battery business in America"

For *all* milk or cream uses—Libby's

Don't think that Libby's Evaporated Milk is just for *special* dishes.

It is true that it whips like cream, that it makes wonderfully smooth and rich ice cream, that it adds immeasurably to the flavor of unique desserts—

—but you can use it—and save money—in *all* your regular cooking!

If a recipe calls for milk you simply add water to Libby's—use as much water as you do milk—and you have milk of guaranteed purity, of exceptional richness.

It's always fresh; always ready.

If the recipe calls for cream, use Libby's as it is. It is pure, rich milk—from the finest dairy sections of this country—with more than half of the water removed and nothing added. Milk like cream at a cost only one-third that of bottled cream!

Try Libby's Evaporated Milk in soups, in gravies, in creaming potatoes, in cakes, puddings and breads.

Use it as cream on your breakfast foods, in your coffee. See what wholly new richness and flavor you achieve, how convenient it is.

And note how much you save as the price of ordinary milk and cream goes up.

Your grocer has Libby's Evaporated Milk or will get it for you. Order a supply today.

Libby's

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 510 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

(Continued from Page 60)

administered. This morning I met a procession of fifty women, all in overalls, who all looked precisely alike. Maw was at their head.

"We're going over to the store to get a loaf of bread," said she, "and a picture of Old Faithful Geyser and a burnt-leather pillow. And lookit here, mister, here is a book I bought for Roweny to read. I can stand for most of it. But here it says that the geysers is run by hot water, and when they freeze up in the winter the men that live in the park cut the ice and use it for foot warmers, it's so hot. That might be true, and then again it might not. If it ain't, why should they try to fool the people?"

I referred Maw to the superintendent of the park, with the explanation that he has full control over all the natural objects, and that if any geyser proves guilty of obnoxious conduct he is empowered to eject it.

"I dunno but what that would be the best way to do," said she. "If these places ain't fit to walk on, summer or winter neither one, something ought to be done about it.

"But lookit here," she went on, "if you want to see people busy, come down to our camp, some sundown. There ain't that many mosquitoes in all Ioway, and they call this place a national playground. It ain't no such place. And yet, when I go to the post office store, or the superintendent's office, or the head clerk's house, or the curio store to get some mosquito dope to rub on myself, they ain't got no mosquito dope; but for four dollars you can buy a lovely leather pillow with 'Mother' on it. What do I want with a leather pillow with 'Mother' on it when mosquitoes are biting; or a picture of an Indian on one side of a sheepskin; or bead bags; or moccasins that they say are made by the Indians? What I want is mosquito dope and bread; something practical. When you got a bite on your elbow you don't care a durn about a card showing a picture of Artist Point, and I am as good a Presbyterian as anybody. I say them stores ain't practical."

Quite often when I stroll down to interview Maw and her family at their camp I am able to obtain a free expression of opinion on current matters. The other evening Paw was hammering at something which at first looked like a piece of stone.

"It breaks right easy," said he. "I got this piece off the Angel Cake Terrace. Having so many in the car I have to cut down the weight. But what I and Maw want," he said, "is a pair of them elk horns. Everybody is taking home some elk horns this year. If I can get a good pair I allow to paint them red and black, with gold round the lower ends. Maw and me think they'd look right good in the parlor."

Old Stanley's Story

They have visitors now and then, Paw and Maw, at their camp. The local old-timers seem to gravitate toward them. One evening I found old man Stanley sitting on a log and talking to them in reminiscent mood about himself, his deeds and his dentition.

"It looks to me like a fellow could work hard enough in three months to last him the hull year," said old man Stanley. "Just last week the camp folks wanted me to go to work for them. I told them I wouldn't work for nobody but the Gover'ment, and only three months in the year at that. But they persuaded me to go to work for night watchman. I said all right, only I had to go down to Gardiner and get my teeth fixed. They asked me why I didn't go to Livingston. I told them some of my friends down to Gardiner had been pulling my teeth for me for six or eight years, them having a good pair of forceps. Of course they break some, but take it one way with the other, them uppers of mine get along right well. So I goes down to them friends last week, and had some more teeth pulled. They mostly get nearly all the pieces out. I've got four teeth left now, and that's enough for anybody. I sort of wish they'd track a little better; but still, four teeth is enough for any reasonable man."

Maw spoke to me in an aside. "I wisht I could believe everything I see and hear," said she, *sotto voce*. "Now, here, this man and old Tom Newcomb, they both tell me that them and old John Yancey, which is dead now, was here so long ago they saw the water turned into Yellowstone River. Of course it may be true; but then again, sometimes I doubt the things I hear."

"The safest thing you could do is to doubt them geysers," interrupted her husband, who overheard her. "I was walking round on them just the other day, right where signs said 'Dangerous.' It didn't seem to me there was no danger at all, for nothing was happening. But one of them rangers come up to me and asked if I didn't see the sign. 'That's all right, brother,' says I. 'I've tried this place and it's all right.' And right then she went off."

"And you should have seen Paw come down off from there," commented his spouse. "I didn't know he could run that fast, his time of life."

"If they let me have my gun," said Paw, uncrossing one leg from the other, "I could mighty soon get me a pair of elk horns for myself. But what can a fellow do when they tie his gun up, time he comes in the park?"

"You ain't maybe noticed that hole in the back end of our car," explained Maw to me, pointing to an aperture in the curtain which looked as though a cat had been thrown through it with claws extended. "Tell him about it, Paw."

Spontaneous Eruption

"Well, I dunno as it's much to tell," said that gentleman, somewhat crestfallen. "This here old musket of mine is the hardest shooting gun in our county. I've kilt me a goose with it many a time, at a hundred yards. She's a Harper's Ferry musket that done good service in the Civil War. She's been hanging in my room, loaded, for three or four years, I reckon, and when I told the ranger man, coming in, that she was loaded he says: 'You can't take no loaded gun through the park. We'll have to shoot her off before you can go in the park.' So we took old Suse round behind the house, and snaps six or eight caps on her, but she didn't go off. Finally the ranger allowed that that gun was perfectly safe, and they let me bring her on in, of course, having wired up the working end.

"I think old Suse must have got some sort of examples from these geysers. I just throwed her in back of the car, on top of the bed clothes, pointing back behind where the girls was setting. All at once, several hours later, without no warning, she just erupted. There's something eruptious in the air up here, I guess."

"And they do the funniest things," nodded Maw. "I was saying I thought this park wasn't practical, but some ways I believe it is. For instance, they told me about how when they was making the new road from the Lake Hotel over to the Canyon the engineer run the line in the winter time, and it run right over on top a grave, where a man was buried. There was a headstone there, but the snow was so deep the engineer didn't see it. Come spring, the road crew graded the road right through, grave and all. When the superintendent heard of that he come down and complained about it.

"'Now,' says he, 'you've gone built that expensive road right over that feller, and we've got to take him up and move him.' There was an Irish foreman that had run the road crew, and he reasons thoughtful for a while, and then he says to the superintendent, says he: 'Why can't we just move the headstone and leave him where he's at?' So they done that, and everybody is perfectly contented, his widow and all. What I don't see is why don't the yellow cars stop there and point out that for a point of interest. But they don't. I believe I'll speak to the superintendent about that."

As to the latter personage mentioned by my friends, one must search far to find a more long-suffering man. As a boy the superintendent was wild, and during a moment of unrestraint he slew his Sabbath-school teacher while yet a youth. The judge, in sentencing him, said that hanging would not be severe enough, so he condemned him to a life as superintendent of a national park—a sentence barely constitutional.

The park superintendent is a study in natural history. During the open season on superintendents, some three months in duration, he does not sleep at all. For one month after the first snowfall he digs a hole beneath a rock, somewhere above timberline, and falls into a torpor, using no food for thirty days. Then he goes to Washington to meet the Director of Parks, after which he gets no more sleep until next fall. It is this perpetual insomnia which gives a park superintendent his haunted look. He knows he ought not to have killed his teacher, so he suffers in silence.

When the superintendent comes down to his office in the morning Maw is sitting on the front steps, sixty thousand of her. She has not got that letter with the money in it yet; and it's such things as that which keeps people away from the parks. And what has become of her dog? He was right in the car last night and he never harmed nobody in his life and wouldn't bite nobody's bears if left alone. And what can folks do when it rains this way and the roads so slippy? And about that man on the truck that sassed us the other day? And about the price of gas—how can folks afford it even if they only need two gallons to get to the railroad? And if I couldn't make better soup than they serve at the camps I'd resign from the church. And how far is it to Norris Geyser Basin and why do they call it a basin and who was Mr. Norris and do they name all the things after people and why not name something after Congressman Smith or the editor of some Montana paper and what's the reason people have to pay to ride in the parks anyways and why can't we bottle Apollinaris Spring and would some salts help the Iron Spring and what makes the pelican's mouth so funny that way and do they eat fish and is there any swans on Swan Lake Flats and which way is the garage and is there church on Sundays and who preaches and why don't they have a Presbyterian and is that map up to date and are you a married man and how many people does it take to run the park and how much do the hotels make and why is the owner of the camps always in such a hurry to get away when you want to talk with him and who is the man who drives the sprinkler wagon with specs and can you get pictures cheaper if you take say a dozen and why can't everybody sell pictures and run hotels—we could take them right with our Kapoks anyways—and is there a place where you can get some writing paper and an envelope and do you write all your own letters yourself but of course how could a stenographer stand the altitude? Why, I get out of breath sometimes.

His Busy Day

I think Maw, sixty thousand of her, does sometimes get out of breath, but not often and not for long. The superintendent, contrite because of his past, is patient when he replies.

"Dear madam," he begins, the tips of his fingers together as he sits back in his chair, "your inquiry regarding this national park is noted, and in reply I beg to state that I will answer all your questions after I have told the rangers where to let the hotels cut wood and where to run their milk herd and how to feed the hay crews and where to send the road crews and where to have the gravel crews sleep and where to get four more good trucks and two more garage men and a steno and a new man on the files and look after the Appropriations Committee and write my annual report to the Secretary of the Interior and my weekly report to the Director of the Parks and my daily report for the records and my personal correspondence and see where the automobile blanks all have gone and order some more permits to take out elk horns and get the daily total of visitors classified and find a new site for a camp and lay out twelve miles of new road and have the garbage moved and get the elk counted again and the antelope estimated and stop the sale of elk teeth and investigate the reasons why the bears don't come in and look at a sick lady at the Fountain and wire the Shriners that I will meet them at the train and write Congressman Jones that his trip is all arranged for and pick out a camp site for the director's Chicago friends and make my daily drive of five hundred miles round the park to see if they haven't carried off the mountains and tell the United States commissioner to soak that party who wrote six names on the Castle Geyser and get in oats for the road teams and take up the topographic maps with the U. S. engineers and send some photos to twelve magazines and arrange for the last movie man to photograph the bears and see about some colored prints of Old Faithful and have the bridal chambers of the hotel renovated for the party of New York editors and get a new collar for my wife's dog, and explain why there are so many mosquitoes this year even under a Republican Administration—and a lot more

(Continued on Page 65)

For Cuts and Scrapes

When the children cut themselves, don't take a chance but apply New-Skin at once.

It is folly to neglect small cuts and scrapes, when there is a preparation so easily applied as New-Skin.

NEW-SKIN

Just a light coating seals the wound against dirt and germ infection, giving Nature her chance to repair the damage.

You can never be sure a bandage will stay where it is put. A germ gets in and a small scratch becomes an infected wound.

NEW-SKIN

New-Skin forms an antiseptic, transparent film that resists wear and washing.

Don't wait until you have cut yourself before buying New-Skin. Keep a bottle in the medicine chest at home, in your desk, in your handbag.

"Never Neglect a Break in the Skin."

Be sure you get New-Skin, not an inferior substitute. Smells, but burns.

All Druggists—15 and 30 cents.

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"Horse Sense"

In Saskatchewan, Canada, more than three-fourths of the automobile licenses issued during the first six months of this year were taken by farmers.

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The State of Kansas is constructing more than nine million dollars' worth of hard-surface roads for motor traffic.

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An endurance run was recently made by a motor truck from Los Angeles to New York—3,450 miles in thirteen and a half days, averaging 260 miles a day.

The economy of the motor truck for hauling is no longer questioned—the question is which motor truck presents the greatest economy.

Thousands of owners have found the answer in the Traffic, ***the lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world.*** It saves hundreds of dollars in first cost, hundreds of dollars in maintenance cost and cuts in half the cost of hauling with teams.

Specializing, standardizing and quantity production of 4,000-lb. capacity trucks only have made the Traffic's low price possible.

Traffic all-steel dump truck, hoist, all-weather cab and chassis, complete at factory, $2090.

Write for Catalog Today

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation, St. Louis, U.S.A.

Largest Exclusive Builders of 4000 lb. Capacity Trucks In The World

(Continued from Page 63)

things that are on the daily tickler pad. Then I have to keep my personal books and write my longhand letters until after midnight and read up some more of the geology of the park and the times of intermission for the geysers and the altitudes of all the peaks and learn the personal names of all the geysers and woodchucks and ——"

"That man wasn't right polite to me," said Maw in commenting upon some of this. "He told me he was busy. I'd like to know what he's got to do, just setting round."

Myself, I sometimes think the punishment of the superintendent is almost too severe. He is obliged, for instance, to know everything in the world that everyone else in the world does not know. He has pictures and exact measurements of all the game animals in the park, all the flowers, knows all the colors of the Grand Cañon and the location of every sprinkling hose in fifty square miles. I have never been able to ask him any questions that he cannot answer—except perhaps my favorite question: "Why do they have this curio junk in all the park stores—moccasins, leather Indian heads, and all that sort of thing?" He sobbed when I asked him that, but I thought I could hear some muttered word about there being a popular demand. As for me, I hold with Maw that, if a person is being bitten on the elbow, better a bottle of marmalade, a loaf of bread or a bottle of mosquito dope than a pair of beef-hide moccasins with puckered toes. In my belief a few paintings by Mr. Thomas Moran at a cost of fifteen thousand or twenty thousand dollars, or sets of the works of some of our more popular authors, with flexible backs, would be far more appropriate in the curio stores.

Maw is of the opinion that most of the merchants, storekeepers and venders of commodities west of the Mississippi River are robbers. "Not that I mean real robbers like used to hold up the stagecoaches here in the park," she explained. "They don't do that no more since the cars has come—I suppose because they go so fast that it ain't convenient for robbers no more. But in the old times, they tell me, when they run stagecoaches in here, and didn't have no railroad in on the west side, there used to be a regular business of holding up the stagecoaches right over where old man Dwelley used to have his eating house for lunch. There's a clubhouse there now, instead of his old eating house, they say. I heard that when they wanted to buy old man Dwelley out for a club and asked him how much he wanted, he thought a while, and then did some counting, and then allowed that about twelve thousand dollars would be about right. The man that was buying the place, he set down and writ a check right then for twelve thousand dollars. But old man Dwelley didn't take it. 'I dunno what that thing is,' says he. 'When I say twelve thousand dollars I mean twelve thousand dollars in real money."

When Bozeman Was Riled

"They told him he had for to wait a few days, and they went over to Livingston and got twelve thousand dollars in five-dollar bills, and brung it to Dwelley, and told him to count it. He counted a little of it, and then said it was all right; he'd take their word for it that there was twelve thousand dollars there. So then he put it in a sack where he had some beaver hides. They told me he sent it all by express to a fur buyer in Salt Lake after a while, and told him to put it in a bank. He had one thousand five hundred dollars saved out, so they told me, and he put that in the bank over to Bozeman. It riled them people at Bozeman a good deal to think that anybody not from Bozeman should have one thousand five hundred dollars inaccessible in their town. So one day when old man Dwelley was there they fined him one thousand five hundred dollars for killing a elk out of season, or something. That made him mad. Still and all, he had his twelve thousand dollars left, not mentioning what he got for his beaver hides.

"One thing with another," continued Maw after a period of rumination, "you can't say but what this park is a fine place. Of course there's always a wonder in my mind where they get all the hot water for the geysers. It looks to me like a industrial waste. If the geysers could be used for laundries, that would be something like. Then, again, they're all the same color. If they'd throw in some bluing now and then, or some red or green, they'd look prettier—that'd give more variety, like. Yet they say these geysers has been running for years and no let-up. Ain't it funny the things you see, away from home?

"I like to ride along these roads up in the mountains, and look down at the rivers. You get way up above a river and it looks like a long washboard, down below, here in the mountains. And I'll have to say the roads is crooked. I say to Paw: 'We're all church members except Cynthy, which went to college, and if we go we go.' And even if we do—why, we've all had a vacation, and I'll tell it to the world that a vacation trip once in a lifetime is something no family ought to be without, no matter what the preacher says about idleness. I'm strong for vacations from this time on. Fact is, I believe Paw and me has got to have them, though this is our first. And to think we was afraid to buy ice cream once, except on the Fourth of July! Now, Paw goes right up to one of them stands and buys five dollars of gasoline like it was nothing. Times has changed, like I said. Lookit at our car now. I can remember back—not so far, neither—when if I got a ride in a side-bar buggy I thought I was a mighty lucky girl. And here we are, traveling with every sort of comfort anybody could ask."

There were many appliances which Maw gradually had installed for facilitating housekeeping in her day-to-day camps folding beds, a cracker-box pantry, a planed board for table, racks for groceries and the like, all strung alongside the car, so numerous and extensive that by the time the Hickory Bend Outing Club's great wall tent had been added you barely could see the wheels underneath the moving mass. From the midst of all projected the steering wheel, which Paw grasped as he sat, with only the top of his hat visible to the naked eye. Maw rode beside him somewhere. I never was able satisfactorily to determine where Cynthy, Hattie and Rowena rode. Danny, the family dog, had his seat outside on the fender, against the hood. I presume Danny's feet got hot sometimes on the up grades, but Maw said he ought to be used to it by now.

All Ready for Bud

On top of the load, with the stock projecting well forward, I quite often was able to recognize old Suse, the ancient firearm of geyserlike proclivities. Maw said she always felt more comfortable when there was a gun round, because she never could get used to bears, no matter how afraid they was of folks.

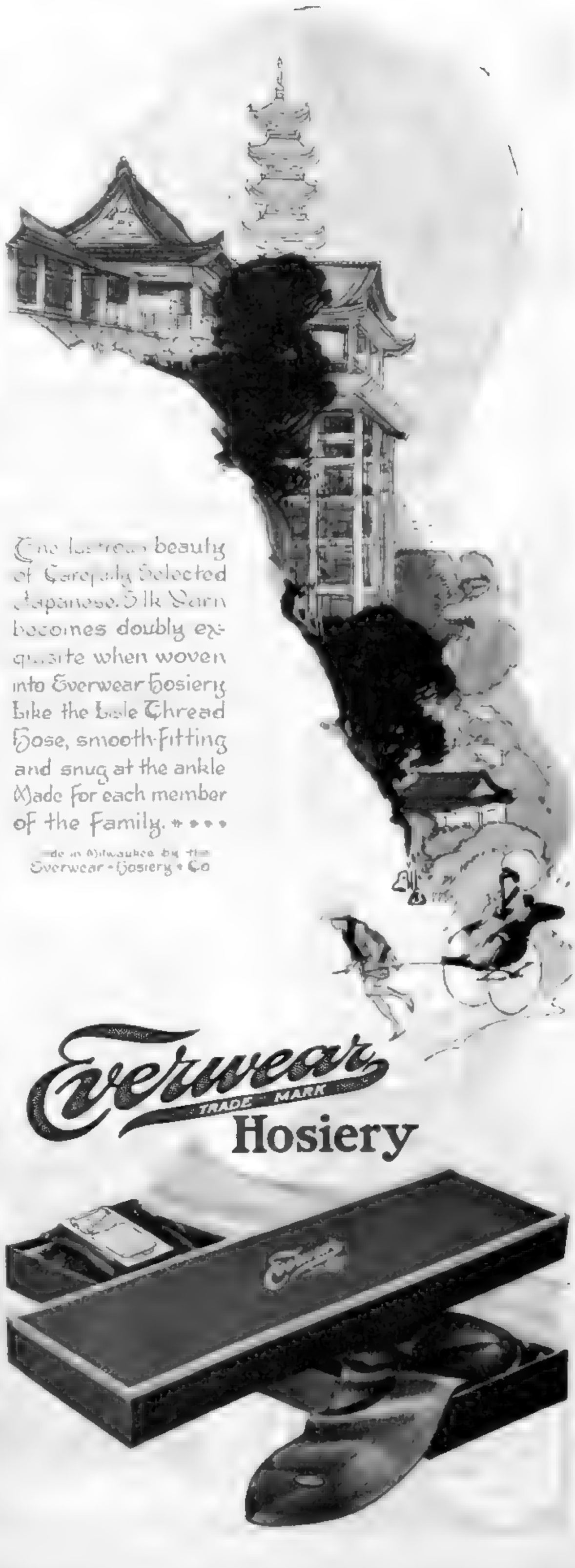
"When we come out here we didn't know but what we could get a shot on the quiet at a buffalo, Paw never having killed one in his life. Plenty people believes the same till they get here. When we was at the ranger station we seen one Arkansas car come in with six shooting irons, and they all made a kick about having their guns locked up. Then there was a deputy sheriff from Arizony, with woolly pants on, and he made a holler about them locking up his six-shooter. 'This here may cost me my life,' said he to the ranger. 'I dunno for sure that Bud Cottrell is in this here park, but he might be; and if I should run across him I serve notice on you right now I'm going to bust this seal.'

"'My!' says the ranger to this Arizony man, 'you look to me like a sort of ferocious person. Have you killed many people?'

"That sort of quieted him down. 'Well, no,' says he, 'I ain't never killed nobody, but I've saw it did, and if I ever meet Bud Cottrell I shore am going to bust this seal.' I ain't ever heard whether he busted it or not."

"Funniest thing to me about this here park," commented Paw, "is that they call me a sagebrusher and the people at the hotels dudes. And the girls in the hotel dining rooms they calls savages, though some of them wears specs, and most of them is school-teachers, with a few stenographers throwed in. Why they should call them people savages is what I can't understand. And what do they mean by dude wrangling, mister?"

I explained to Paw that this was a new industry recently sprung up in the West, among those residents of adjacent states who take out camping and hunting parties, or even such persons as desire to see mountain scenery and the footprints of large game, formerly embedded in the soil and now protected by log parapets.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Take no chances! You can't tell how careless former tenants may have been.

Close each room and fill the air with Red Wing Powder. Floats like cigar smoke.

Blow it into cracks of walls and floors; in closets; under sink.

RED WING POWDER

in the "Round Bellows Box with Red and Yellow Label"

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Kills bedbugs, roaches, waterbugs, fleas, moths, mosquitoes, flies, ants, red ants, lice, chicken lice, certain plant lice. They die by breathing it. Never loses strength.

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For Sale at Drug, Seed, Hardware, Grocery and General Stores Everywhere

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"So that's what it is," nodded Maw as I gave this information. "I suppose it's just part of the funny things that happens back here. Such things as a person does see on a vacation! Don't it beat all? Now I caught Hattie walking off towards the electric light last night with a young man that had specs and leather leggins like the officers has, and I declare if she didn't tell me he was a perfessor of geology down to Salt Lake or Omaha. Once I gave a quarter for a tip to a man that brought me some gasoline, and I declare if I didn't find out he teaches law in a university somewheres! Then, they tell me that the young man who peels potatoes in the kitchen back of our camp has only one more year to get through Princeton—whoever Princeton is. I wish he was through now, because he sings thungs.

"We're making quite a stay here in the park—longer than what we allowed we would do, Paw and me. We haven't found a good set of elk horns yet to suit us. Besides, the girls seem to be having a sort of good time here, one thing with another. You can't leave a girl alone anywheres here, unless she's taken in by some perfessor or ranger or guide or cook or chauffeur or something, who comes along and carries her off to show her the bears or Old Faithful or Inspiration Point or something. Seems to me like we've heard them words before, too—and then there's Lovers' Leap and the Devil's Slide. We've even got them in Ioway, where the hills is rough.

"Set down on the log here," said Maw, "and rest yourself, and I'll build up the fire. Ain't it fine outdoors? I declare, I let out my corsets four inches above and below, I breathe that much deeper here in the mountains; and the air makes you feel so fine. What was I saying?—oh, about my knitting. You see at home, when I get my work done, I knit or crochet or embroider. Mary's baby is a right cute little thing, and I like to sew or knit things anyways. But Joseph said to me: 'Now, Maw! Now you forget it; we're going to have a vacation now, with no work at all for no one at all, and all strings off. We're just going to have one mighty good time,' says Joseph to me. At first, having nothing to do, I felt right strange, but I'm getting used to it now, though I do think I could knit comfortable while setting watching the geysers spout.

"I dunno how we happened to come out so far as this—we didn't allow to spend over two hundred dollars, but I allow we've spent over five hundred or six hundred dollars now. The funny thing is, Paw don't seem to care. He always was aggressive. He just driv right on West till we got here. He said his Paw traveled across all that country in a ox team, and he allowed he could in a automobile. So we done it, and here we are. I don't care if we don't get home till after harvest."

Many and many a talk I had with Maw, dear old Maw, some sixty thousand of her, this past summer. The best of all vacations is to see someone else having a vacation who never has had a vacation before in his or her life. The delight of Maw in this new phase of her existence has been my main delight for many a week in the months spent, not so much in watching geysers as in watching Maw. Sometimes I steal away from the pleadings of the saxophone, leaving even Stella O'Cleave with the slumberous eyes sitting alone at the log rail of Old Faithful Inn. I want to see Maw once more, and talk with her once again about the virtues of a vacation now and again; at least once in a lifetime spent in work for others.

I do not always find the girls at home in the camp. For some reason they seem of late to be out later and later of evenings. Paw has found a crony here and there about the camps, and swaps reminiscences of this sort or that. Sometimes I find Maw alone, sitting on the log, gazing into her little camp fire. Once, I recall, one of the girls was at home.

"Roweny!" called out Maw suddenly. "Roweny, where are you? Come and talk to the gentleman."

A voice replied from the other side of the car, where Rowena was sitting on the running board. I discovered her, chin in hand, looking out into the dark.

"I was afraid some perfessor had got her," explained Maw to me. "Come on out, Roweny, and set by the fire. This gentleman seems sort of nice, and he's old."

Rowena, seventeen years of age, uncrossed her long young limbs and came out of the darkness, seating herself on the running board on our side, where the firelight shone on her clean young features, her splendid young figure of an American girl. She was comely enough in her spiral putties and her tanned boots as she sat, her small round chin on the hand whose arm was supported by a knee. Rowena appeared downcast. While Maw was busy a moment later, I asked her why.

I think it must have been the mountain moon again; for Rowena, seventeen years of age, once more looked gloomily out into the night.

"If I thought I could ever find a man that would understand me I believe I would marry him!" said she, as has every young girl in her time.

"Tut, tut! Rowena!" I replied. "I believe that I understand you, simple as I am myself, and you need not marry me at all. I understand you perfectly. You are just a fine young girl, out on almost your first vacation, with your Maw. It is the moon, Rowena. It is youth, Rowena, and the air of the hills. Believe me, it will all come right when the cook has finished his Princeton; of that I am sure.

"And Rowena," I added, "you will grow up after a while—you will grow up to be a wholesome, useful American woman, precisely like your Maw."

"Precisely?" said Rowena, smiling.

But I saw how soft her eye was, after all, when I mentioned Maw—her Maw, who came out of another day; who has worked so hard she is uncomfortable now without her knitting when Old Faithful plays.

"Come, Rowena," said I, and held out my hand to her. "Let us go."

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Maw, just then emerging into the firelight of the sagebrush camp. "I almost got a turn. One of them two bears, Teddy and Eymogene, is always hanging round us begging for doughnuts, and here it was standing on its hind legs and mooching its nose, and I stepped right into it. I declare, I can't hardly get used to bears. There ain't none in Ioway. But if Eymogene gets into my bed again to-night I declare I'll bust her on the snoot, no matter what the park regulations is. People has got to sleep. Not that you girls seem to be troubled about sleeping. Where were you going?"

She spoke as Rowena and I stood hand in hand, after so brief an acquaintance as might not elsewhere have served us, except in these vacation hills.

"I was going," said I, "to take Rowena up past the camp and beyond the hotel and the electric light to the curio store. I was going to get something for Rowena to bring to you—a sort of present from a nice old man, you know."

"As which?" said Maw.

"I was going with Rowena, Maw," said I, "to get you a present."

"As which?"

"And it shall be a leather pillow; and on it shall be the word 'Mother.'"

You see, the moon on the sage makes a strange light.

It may even enable you to see into the hearts of other people.

The Mountaineers on Tour—Wash Day at Nyack Lake

Why Smith Pays Less for His Paint Than Jones Pays

Jones wants his house painted pearl gray. Smith prefers olive green. It costs more to make pearl gray paint than it does to make olive green.

Why then, should Smith pay the same price as Jones? He doesn't pay as much when he buys Certain-teed paint. The Certain-teed policy is to charge a fair price for each color, based on the cost of making that color.

That is why the price of Certain-teed paint varies according to color. The Certain-teed Fair Price policy is also one reason why Certain-teed paints sell for less than other high quality paints.

Other reasons are: the elimination of a large number of unusual and seldom called for colors, which are not profitable; the Certain-teed distributing system of warehouses and nearby jobbers, which makes it unnecessary for dealers to carry unduly large stocks that add to the cost of doing business.

The next time you need paint be sure to see the Certain-teed dealer and get the benefit of Certain-teed quality at a saving to you.

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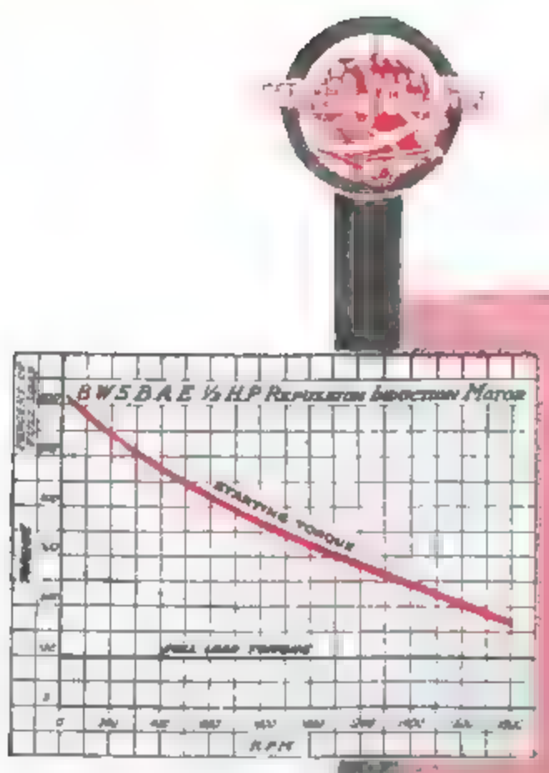
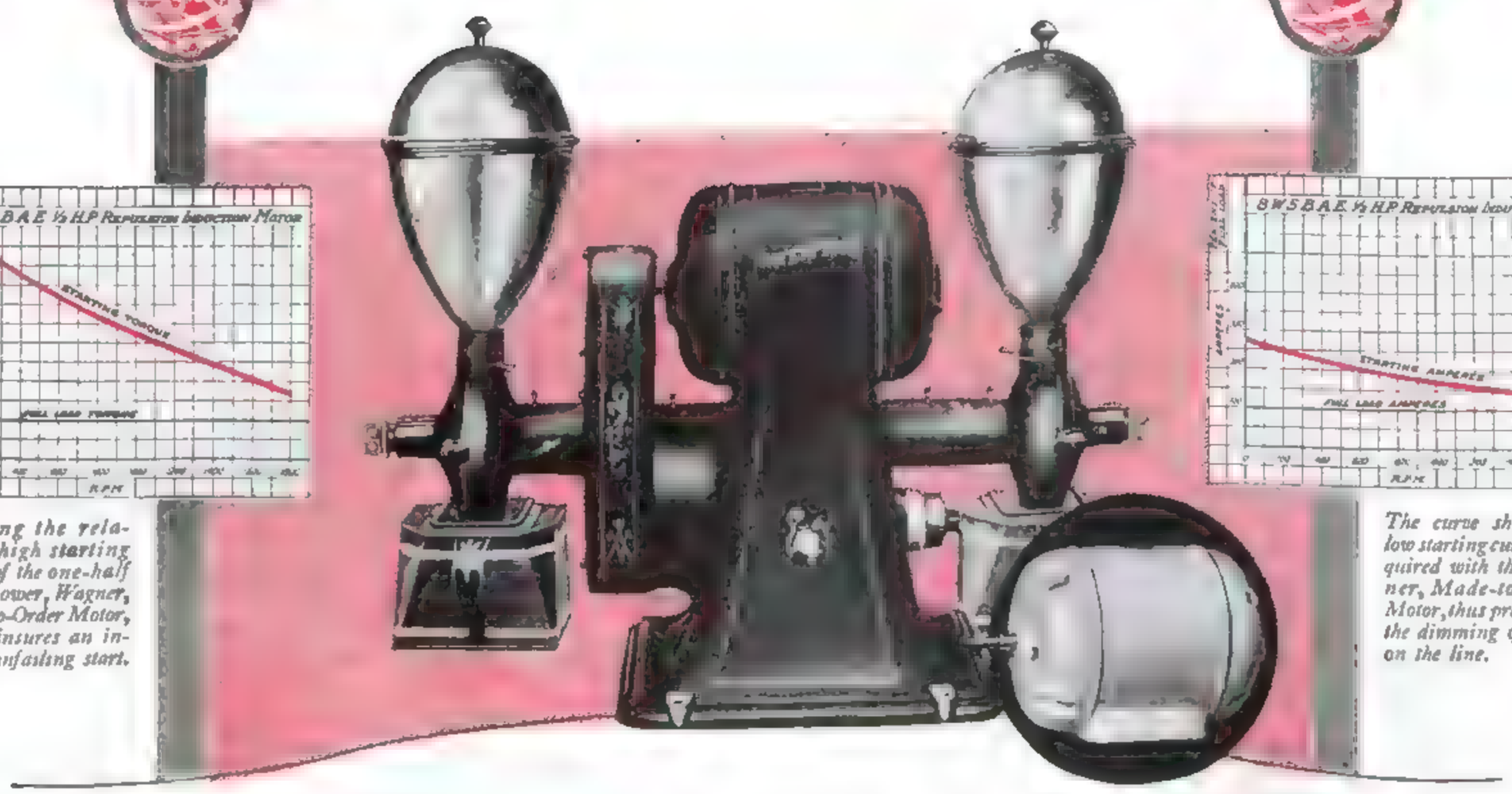
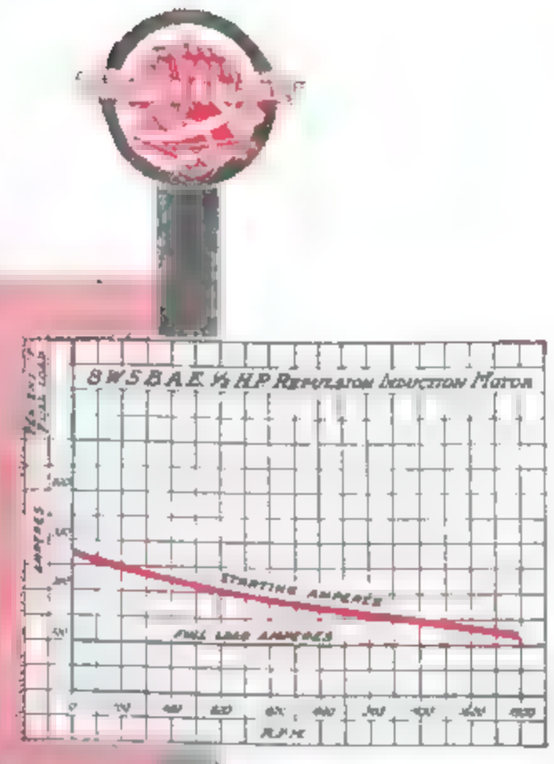


Showing the relatively high starting torque of the one-half horse power, Wagner, Made-to-Order Motor, which insures an instant, unfailing start.





The curve shows the low starting current required with the Wagner, Made-to-Order Motor, thus preventing the dimming of lights on the line.

A Plain Tale of Achievement

How the Enterprise Manufacturing Company of Phila., Pa., revolutionized the grinding of coffee

When some of you who read this used to go down to the corner grocery for a pound of coffee, do you remember the coffee grinder with the big fly wheel that sat on the end of the counter—and how you had to wait while the clerk poured in your pound of coffee and got the fly wheel going and ground it thru by hand?

That coffee grinder represented the height of efficiency until one day the Enterprise Manufacturing Company conceived the idea of making a power-driven coffee grinder—and set out to find a motor to run it.

To be practical the motor would have to start the coffee grinder quickly and keep it running at the required speed. It would have to be absolutely dependable and must be capable even of standing abuse, for the average clerk in grocery stores knew very little about machinery or its care.

So tests were made with a calibrated motor under conditions similar to the worst that would ever be met. The power necessary to run the coffee grinder was determined, and a Wagner motor made to order.

This Wagner, Made-to-Order Motor was then tried out on a grinder. It did its work unfailingly. It even started the coffee grinder from a standstill under a full load of poor-grade, damp coffee, altho no coffee was ever supposed to be fed in until the machinery had gathered momentum.

Such service is characteristic of Wagner, Made-to-Order Motors. They are always found in the forefront of progress and they are always built to cope efficiently with every phase of their work.

Wagner Electric Manufacturing Company
St. Louis, U. S. A.

Factory Branches and *Maintenance Stations:

*Atlanta, *Boston, *Buffalo, *Chicago, Cincinnati, *Cleveland, *Dallas, *Denver, *Detroit, *Indianapolis, *Kansas City, *Los Angeles, *Memphis, *Milwaukee, *Minneapolis, Montreal, *New York, *Omaha, *Philadelphia, *Pittsburg, *St. Louis, St. Paul, *San Francisco, *Seattle, Springfield, Mass., Toledo, Toronto, Washington, D. C., New Orleans, *Selling Agency*

Wagner Quality

MADE-TO-ORDER MOTORS

THERE GOES THE GROOM

(Continued from Page 11)

she moved like a cat—gracefully, deliberately, with an object; unlike so many who move because they are embarrassed or at a loss for conversation. She did not laugh overmuch and she was never shrill. She—ah, well, I cannot describe her. I have tried and I cannot. She is indescribable—she is Annabel.

III

ANNABEL greeted George with a stepcousinly kiss—at least, that being their relationship I suppose that the kiss was stepcousinly. Most young men in their twenties would have given those twenty-odd years to have obtained it, but George, who had been brought up with Annabel, took it very calmly and patted her back affectionately but platonically, as if she had been an attractive dog of which he was fond.

"You handsome young hero!" exclaimed Annabel. "I certainly am glad to see you."

"Thanks," said George. "You're looking pretty fit. I'm glad you're not getting fat like your mother."

Now I protest that the above is no decent greeting between a returning young soldier and a beautiful girl. The younger generation takes things far too casually and is acquiring rapidly what is known as the British reserve. There was once a time when we Americans rejoiced to display our emotions—to wave flags and shed tears—but I fear that we do those things only in public nowadays. In private we stifle our natural instincts under that British reserve. This is true certainly of a certain class of us. But I still have hopes for the Great West, where, I am informed, people continue to slap total strangers on the back and to offer them drinks—near beer, I suppose, since July, 1919.

The admiral passed the cocktails, bearing the silver tray in his own hands.

"George," he said, with a twinkle in his keen old eyes, "you being in uniform will not have one, I'm sure."

"Of course not," said George. "And we all know, admiral, how dry the Navy is. Here's how."

Then we went in to dine. It was a good dinner and a successful one. We drank George's health, which Hector Ramsen proposed in a very happy little speech. He began in a humorous vein, his cheerful face shining behind his spectacles, but as he neared his conclusion there crept into his voice a note of earnestness, and we who knew him knew too his emotion.

"George Coventry," he said, "is typical of what is so splendidly known as our Man's Army. He is representative of its youth, its enthusiasm and its unfaltering courage. What France thinks of him she has evidenced by the strip of ribbon that he wears on his breast; what we, his friends, think of him needs no visible token. Rather it is he who has decorated us. He comes to us bearing gifts, but we do not fear him, for the gifts that he brings are honor and peace and victory."

Poor George was greatly embarrassed. He sat blushing like a girl while we stood and drank the toast. I noticed that Annabel's eyes were very bright, and my stepsister, Mary, was as usual weeping contentedly. Of course we demanded a few words from George.

He got up reluctantly, his face still red, his fingers nervously playing with the silver beside his plate.

"Well," he said, "that's a pretty good speech, but I wish Mr. Ramsen hadn't aimed it at me. It's the sort of thing we all feel, and we're all glad that our job was done to everybody's satisfaction. I won't say any more because the ice cream is getting cold and I see that Aunt Mary is diluting hers with her tears. I confess I'm a little teary myself. You see it's a long time since I've been home. Thank you."

No heroics about George, you see. I wonder if he has forgotten that he brought down eight German planes. We at any rate have not forgotten.

After the speeches everybody except George talked of the war. George merely answered questions—answered them at least to the best of his ability. His Aunt Mary, for instance, was eager to know how an aviator got down when his gasoline gave out in the air. She thought perhaps they sent up another plane to his assistance with an extra five-gallon can. Victor Ramsen wanted George's opinion on the soundness of the obligations of the city of Bordeaux, and Annabel asked if it were true that women in Paris were wearing no stockings. Hector Ramsen and I refrained from questioning, but the admiral, who before George's return had been considered an authority, told George all about the war, dwelling especially on Admiral Jellicoe's strategy at the Battle of Jutland and concluding with a brief critique of Italy's position with regard to Fiume. It was obvious that the admiral knew far more about the war than did George and it was equally obvious that he was determined to enlighten George's ignorance.

Mary and Annabel left shortly after the admiral's lucid exposition of General Gouraud's defensive tactics. Their departure interrupted the war talk and the admiral produced in its place—and an excellent substitute too—some Napoleon brandy—the last, I believe, of a dozen bottles that he had inherited from his father. Naturally this priceless liquor was poured only on very solemn occasions, and even then only for those who could appreciate it justly. Never for women.

"Huh," grunted the admiral, "women couldn't tell the difference between this and blackberry brandy—God bless and pity 'em!"

So the Napoleon was served with all pomp and reverence to the five of us men.

"Admiral," said George, "you are doing me proud. This stuff is beyond thanks."

We sipped it for a while in a dim, religious silence. At length Hector Ramsen, who—except for his speech at dinner—had been habitually uncommunicative, addressed to George a query that I myself had already ventured to propound.

"George," he said, "what do you intend to do when you quit the Army?"

"Practically nothing," said George. "Why?"

"I don't know—I was wondering," murmured Hector, and then added softly, "*Cœlebs, quid agam?*"

"Which means?" asked George, smiling.

"Talk English, Ramsen," adjured the admiral peevishly.

But Hector beamed, and his broad smile broadened his face.

"It means, 'I'm a poor dog of a bachelor and what shall I do to remedy it?' The Latin is perhaps more concise, however."

"Ah-ha," said the admiral, "you're suggesting that George get married, are you? Well, George, it's not a bad idea. Annabel now ——"

"She's a sort of cousin," I interposed—"a stepcousin. No blood relation of course, but still ——"

"That's so," agreed the admiral. "I forgot that."

"Wouldn't do at all," said Victor Ramsen. "Quite out of the question, I should say."

"Quite," said I.

"Well," said George, "that seems to settle Annabel. Too bad—I rather like Annabel. But, of course, I'm in your hands, gentlemen. Do with me as you see fit."

There was a brief silence, and then Hector Ramsen came out with an astonishing remark.

"I know a girl," he said ruminatively.

We stared at him, distrusting our ears. The admiral pounded his chair arm and emitted a veritable roar. Then we all roared. But little Hector sat smiling quietly in his chair, his hands clasped across his convex white waistcoat.

"An excellent girl," he vouchsafed when quiet was restored. "Truly an excellent girl. She resembles a nymph, but has, I believe, more—er—stability—shall I say?—than we associate with nymphs. Had she lived in the age of fable some high god would have marked her and pursued her. Mars, I think—yes, Mars certainly. She is the sort that Mars liked, and I have always considered Mars an excellent judge. Warriors seem to have a keen eye for women."

This last was directed at George with an admiring glance from behind the spectacles; admiring and semiapologetic, as if Hector were asking pardon for the intimate homage.

"Venus and Mars, eh?" remarked the admiral—rather coarsely, I thought.

Hector pondered this, shaking his head in dissent.

"No," he said—"no, not Venus. Younger than Venus somehow, and slimmer, and less experienced. More of the nymph, as I said, and poised to flee—startled—surprised. Daphne, I think."

"Is that her name—Daphne?" asked the admiral.

"No, no, no!" said Hector a little impatiently. "That is her prototype. Brush up your mythology. Read the admirable Bullfinch."

I ventured an interruption.

"It was Apollo, not Mars, that loved Daphne," I pointed out.

"Of course," agreed Hector. "What difference does it make? I was merely trying to give you an idea of the girl. I don't care whom she flees from. I say simply that she is poised to flee. That was Daphne and that is Deborah."

"There," observed Victor Ramsen; "now at last we have her name—Deborah. What's her date of issue?"

"I imagine that means, in your business man's language, when was she born? Yes? Well, I have not the remotest idea when she was born and it is, moreover, completely unimportant. She is young. Is, was and shall be. She may live long, but yet she will die young. I should like George to have the honor of meeting her."

"Thank you," murmured George. "I hope your intentions are honorable, Mr. Ramsen—or are you trying to lure me into matrimony?"

The professor of classics blushed.

"It would be a fine thing for you, George," he said. "I could wish you no better mate."

"But I don't want a mate," said George a little petulantly. "What have I done that you should all be trying to thrust a mate on me? Haven't you any pity for my youth and innocence?"

"But, George," I explained, "if you don't marry when young you are apt not to marry at all."

"I know," he answered. "And if you don't take to drink when young you are apt not to become a drunkard."

The admiral slapped his thigh resoundingly.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "Good boy, George! Have another drop of the brandy."

George refused. The admiral chuckled in his chair, but the professor did not laugh. I think his feelings were hurt.

"I'm sorry, George," he said. "I had no intention of forcing anything—anything distasteful upon you. I looked upon it merely as an opportunity for you to meet a very lovely person. *Detur digniori.*"

"Now you've made him mad," observed the admiral. "He called you some improper name in Latin. Better apologize."

"I do," said George contritely—"I really do. I'm sorry, professor, and there is nothing I'd rather do than meet your friend, Miss Deborah. Miss Deborah—what?"

"Miss Deborah Peters," said Hector, mollified. "She lives at the end of Long Island—the far end. Her father is an assistant professor in the chemical laboratory at the university. A very able man—widower. I have been out at their place on the island. It is delightful—positively delightful; so simple as to be primitive, but beautiful roses and bees. It is like a pastoral. Virgil could have done it justice, but I am unable to do so, though I have tried. We will motor out some day after you have received your discharge from the Army. We might all go—there is an inn, I believe—some Saturday and Sunday. That is, if you still desire to go."

"Of course," said George. "Let us go by all means."

But I noticed that he sighed furtively—a sigh, I fear, of despondent resignation to Fate. He has told me since that he thought we were four old fools.

IV

IT WAS two weeks before George could rejoin us, but during those two weeks Hector had not been idle. On the contrary, I suspect—though he never admitted it, and we did not press the question—I suspect, I say, that he spent several days at Sun Harbor with his colleague, Professor Peters, and the divine Deborah. This was in late July, you must remember, and the university was closed for the summer, so that both professors had ample leisure.

The admiral, Victor Ramsen and myself were beginning to feel the heat and were

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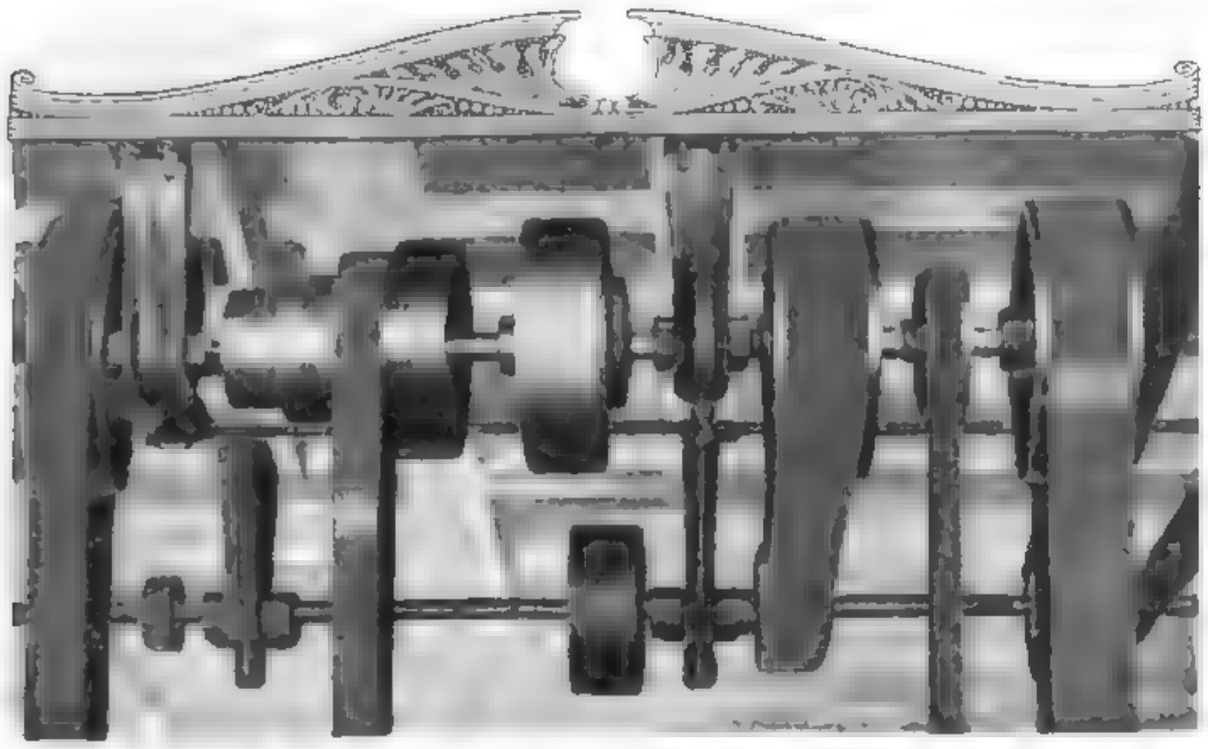

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contemplating a two weeks' outing, but were unable to agree upon a suitable spot. The admiral especially suffered and was becoming irritable. Hector admitted that a vacation was necessary, but urged us to wait George's return, shortly after which it was planned that we should motor down to Sun Harbor, sample the inn and, if it proved comfortable and offered enough distractions, stay on in the village as long as we could tolerate the simple life. The fishing, Hector assured us, was excellent; and the admiral is an enthusiastic if unsuccessful fisherman. Also there were sailing boats; no stock ticker, however, to amuse Victor; and, Hector added, no afternoon teas to amuse me.

So when George returned and got himself once more into civilian clothes we made ready to start. Unfortunately at the last minute Annabel McKnight heard of the proposed hegira and insisted that she and her mother accompany the party. I say insisted advisedly, for there was no invitation extended and no encouragement offered her by any of us, with the possible exception of George. He, I think, felt the need of some woman on whom he could rely—to whom he could run for shelter should the nymphlike Deborah flee toward him instead of away from him.

At any rate Annabel insisted, and—her mother being as wax in her hands—Annabel went. She went in her own runabout, escorted by George, and her mother perforce went with us, for the runabout held only two. This disconcerted us exceedingly, for Mary was so wide that we were very crowded in the tonneau and the admiral was forced to leave behind one of the baskets of claret that we had planned to take.

"And we won't be able to make ourselves comfortable in the heat either," the admiral complained. "No smoking, I suppose, and no swearing."

"The uplifting influence of a pure woman on coarse man," I pointed out.

"Huh!" he said.

It was a very hot day indeed when we started. George and Annabel, being younger, got away first, and of course Annabel's mother delayed us. All sorts of coats and cloaks and veils and umbrellas and parasols and what nots. The admiral, I could see, was rapidly losing his temper. He mopped his brow with a large red handkerchief and fanned himself vigorously with his panama, and all the time he glared at poor Mary. She, however, was contentedly occupying more than half the tonneau, while two maids scampered in and out of her house retrieving the forgotten articles. So Annabel and George, as I say, got away before us; but it had been arranged that we should meet them at some roadside inn near Huntington for lunch—one of those so-called shore luncheons, I supposed. Hector recommended it highly, and as he seemed thoroughly acquainted not only with Sun Harbor but with everything that lay on the route we could not but acquiesce.

That motor trip to Sun Harbor will linger long in my memory. In the years to come, when I shall have forgotten many of the pleasant events in my life, when even the bitter moments will have been sweetened by the sugar of Time, when I shall have forgiven mine enemies and their trespasses against me, I shall still remember that motor trip to Sun Harbor. It will hover as a black cloud athwart the sun of my memory. As I write of it now I feel an ache creep down my back and into my legs—a dull ache like the recurrent pain of an old wound in damp weather.

To begin with, one of the folding seats in the tonneau was allotted to me. It seems that I was the youngest male—a fact that had never before to my recollection been so greatly stressed. The admiral and Mary shared, though unequally, the rear seat; Hector Ramsen was beside the chauffeur, in order—as he craftily explained—to indicate the route; and Victor Ramsen was wedged into the other folding seat beside me. Victor, it appeared, was the second youngest male. The only relief to my annoyance lay in contemplating Victor's annoyance.

We bowled over Queensboro Bridge in a gloom that was in no way brightened by Mary's irritating cheerfulness—bright, coquettish little remarks, naïve observations on trivial objects, the sort of observations one would expect from a child of six, but which, emanating from a child, one would ignore. The admiral, it is true, ignored all of Mary's remarks but one.

"What a pretty tugboat!" she said. "You must look at it, admiral. You who are a navy man."

The admiral groaned. He did not want to look at anything and certainly not at a dumpy tug.

"Lovely," he answered. "It looks like a fat woman sitting down."

Victor Ramsen and I smiled through our pain and Mary started to say "Incorrigible," but desisted, not being sure perhaps how it is pronounced. So she said "Wicked" instead.

I trust that I am not portraying my stepsister too unfavorably or with malice. I dislike her, but at the same time I wish to do her justice, for it is possible that my dislike is unwarranted—possible, but not probable. She is one of those unfortunate women who are compounded of major but unavailing virtues and of minor but insufferable faults. Mary's virtues are as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar—good, Christian virtues too, such as are most highly recommended by the best ecclesiastical authorities. But of what advantage is it, for instance, to love one's neighbor as oneself if one constantly irritates one's neighbor while doing it? And that is the way with Mary. It is good women like her that make the world miserable.

At Flushing, I believe, we had a glimpse of an expanse of water large enough to cause Hector Ramsen to point it out with a triumphant cry.

"Thalassa!" he exclaimed in his best Greek, and looked as proud as Cyrus' army. It happened to be merely Flushing Bay, but we could smell the salt and there was a sea breeze, so even the admiral forgave him. Mary wanted to know how far Thalassa was from Manhasset.

As we neared Huntington the air grew pleasantly cooler, the admiral recovered something of his equanimity and we our appetites. Hector Ramsen guided the chauffeur to the inn where we had arranged to meet George and Annabel. Their roadster, a sporty canary-colored affair, stood beside the door. How long they had been there I do not know, but I inferred that it had been a considerable time. However, they did not seem bored by waiting, and we found them seated beside each other at a table laid for seven, talking in that careless manner which indicates that the conversation is born and not made.

Annabel, I must add, was looking very well in a gray tailored suit and a small black straw hat with a white feather in it. I reflected that simple, quiet clothes became her, and then I reflected that simple, quiet clothes become all women if they but knew it. But women, as I am not the first to remark, are strange creatures. They dress avowedly to please men, and yet they ignore men's opinions and tastes in the clothes they wear. I have yet to see a woman who does not look well in black and a string of pearls, but in the majority of cases one would have to kill off some dear relation to force them into the black. None of them, I concede, balks at the string of pearls.

WE LUNCHED on the terrace overlooking the sound. The boughs of a horse-chestnut tree sheltered us from the sun and all about us were green shrubs, some in bloom and visited by bees, some past their blooming but still redolent of the fragrance that had once been theirs. There was just enough breeze stirring to waft an occasional leaf or petal into the fish plates and the salad. Yes, in all that weary, nerve-racking day, that luncheon stands out in my memory as the one bright spot.

George, I noted, was unwontedly quiet. Perhaps he viewed the future and the prospect of Deborah with alarm. There was a pathos in his eyes such as one sees in those of dogs or—I imagine—of sacrificial lambs, though I have never viewed a sacrificial lamb.

We all endeavored to rally him from his despondency, Annabel alone evincing little interest in his condition. My stepsister, Mary, once she had eaten adequately, settled back in her chair with a long, fat sigh and said to Hector Ramsen: "Now, Professor Ramsen, you must tell us more about Miss Deborah. Annabel and I are so excited."

"I'm not in the least excited," said Annabel carelessly, "so don't blame your own curiosity on your young."

"That's just Annabel's way of talking," her mother explained generously. "She won't admit she has any emotions at all."

(Continued on Page 72)

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(Continued from Page 70)

"A cold-hearted blonde, eh?" observed George. "Poised to flee like Deborah."

Mary pricked up her ears at this.

"Poised to flee?" she repeated. "What do you mean, George, by poised to flee? I see there's some mystery here that I'm out of."

The admiral, now fully recovered, undertook to explain.

"It seems," he said, "that this Deborah is like a fleeing nymph, according to the professor at least. She's like Daphne or somebody who was pursued by Apollo or somebody. Daphne, they say, put on full speed ahead and cried, 'I won't give up the ship!' But just then she broke a propeller or something and it looked as if she'd have to lower her flag. Fortunately, however, she turned into a laurel tree just in time."

Mary lowered her eyes modestly to her empty plate and I'll vow that she blushed, and this at her age—forty-eight. I claim that it was inexcusable of her—low-minded, as if one should blush at a Botticelli or a Rubens. What was worse, she glanced at Annabel, doubtless to make certain that Annabel also was blushing correctly. But in that she was disappointed, for Annabel had the decency to keep her eyes up and to maintain her even, delicate color. I like the way young girls behave to-day—if only they wouldn't giggle. Still their mothers, I remember, giggled and simpered, and their grandmothers fainted. Yes, we have improved.

"As the admiral recounts it," said the professor, "the legend of Daphne is graceful and as delicate as peach bloom. But he does not, I fear, quite interpret my meaning. What I meant to convey was simply that Deborah Peters is not quiescent—she is evanescent, fugitive, whatever you choose to call it. She is always moving—like a brook. Moving mentally and spiritually as well as physically."

"A restless sort of person," said Mary.

"She keeps bees," murmured George.

I noticed that Annabel cast him a curious sort of glance, as if she laid some importance to the tone in which this trivial remark was made. She wanted, I think, to make certain that George was deliberately facetious; but she needn't have worried about George, for he would be facetious even at the altar—unwontedly facetious perhaps at the altar.

"There's not much money in bees," remarked Victor Ramsen. Then he added ruminatively: "I don't suppose her father makes much out of being a professor of chemistry either. Let's say four thousand a year and a thousand more from the bees and the chickens and the other truck. No, not very much. I wonder how they live? How do they live, Hector?"

"Simply, with dignity. The father, Professor Peters, is a very able man. He experimented for the Government during the war."

"So did a lot of poor fools," retorted Victor brutally, "and look what it cost us."

Victor, the business man, is and always has been vehemently opposed to whatever administration is in power.

"The trouble is," he went on, "we have too many experimenters and too few men who know their jobs. That's why we've bungled everything—and we'll always bungle everything as long as we're a democracy. The rule of the unfit—that's all a democracy is. Give me a benevolent tyranny—give me Augustus, Louis XIV or Elizabeth and I'll give you a nation that amounts to something!"

The admiral, who had been growing restless, interrupted to remark that he couldn't give him any of those people, but that he would give him a glass of brandy if he'd keep quiet. Mary began collecting things, or rather began to think of collecting things, preparatory to departure. Mary has to do a great many things before she does anything, and that is why she is always starting early and arriving late. Moreover, she insisted on annoying Annabel, who never hurries unnecessarily and who now was placidly eating a peach.

"Annabel, dear, don't forget your gloves."

"I shan't, mother," said Annabel.

"And perhaps if we've finished George will help you with your dust coat."

Annabel agreed that perhaps George would, but continued with the peach.

"Where did you put your road book?"

"Well," said Annabel, "it may be in my stocking with my money, but somehow I don't think it is."

"Really, Annabel, you—you talk like a girl of the stage. I'm sure I don't know what people must think. Isn't she awful, Foster?"

"Don't appeal to me," I protested. "I am one of Annabel's most loyal worshipers. I've idolized her ever since she was born and I've yet to observe a touch of clay about her. She's gold all through—just like her hair."

"I love you, Uncle Foster," said Annabel. "You're the nicest man I know."

"Praise from the idol is praise indeed," I said.

"Ugh!" said George disgustedly. "Cheap stuff! You ought to have a moon and a Renaissance fountain to get away with that."

I think he was annoyed, for he got up and made for the runabout without further words.

■

WE REACHED Sun Harbor at an hour when the sun was leaving it, but the smell of dead fish still lingered. It is an odor that in Sun Harbor will never die. You get something similar at Gloucester, or even in the vicinity of Gloucester, when the tide is low and the wind is right. Personally I do not dislike the smell—a little of it, I mean, and well seasoned with salt.

Sun Harbor was merely a fishing village and, unlike many of the former fishing villages of Long Island, it had never become fashionable. It had not even become artistic—that is to say, it was not thronged with mad, shabby actors and artists. The houses belonged to slothful fishermen and to lazy farmers. They were not ornate; they had not been remodeled; they were not—except at dusk—picturesque. None of them had been utilized, so far as I know, as a setting for a musical comedy actress in order to emphasize her simple, home-loving nature. Movie stars had never romped on the front lawns in riding breeches with a troupe of hired collies. Lady authors had not been photographed completing Chapter Fourteen under the maples, and the chaste pines and oaks that go to make up Thatcher's Woods had never, I am certain, been stirred by barefooted dancers. No, Sun Harbor was neither distinguished nor notorious.

The village was built along the crescent-shaped shore of a small bay. It was built without plan or pattern and the streets wandered at will, those leading inland rising with the slope of ground for about half a mile. At that point they became mere country lanes bordered by farms—truck farms for the most part. Beyond the stretch of farm land was Thatcher's Woods, whose virginal quality I have already referred to. Beyond Thatcher's Woods was heaven knows what; I never cared to penetrate farther.

The inn which Hector Ramsen had selected as suitable for our habitation stood at a crossroads just outside the village. It was called the Hoffman Arms. I wonder why Hoffman and arms seem to go together so frequently in the names of inns, though the owner is never called Hoffman, and if he were his arms would probably be unattractive. However, our inn was called the Hoffman Arms. I don't know when it was built or who built it, and I do not care to know. It was a deplorable example of whatever architectural period it belonged to. It was gloomy, dark, forlorn. It had a musty, unaired smell and a damp feel about it. It reminded me of a country poorhouse or an old ladies' home in disrepair.

When I first set foot within it I gathered that there must have been—and that there very likely still was—a plague of flies and mosquitoes against which the owner had to contend. Everything, at all events, was protected from these insects with scrupulous care. There were screens and nettings everywhere—the porch, the windows, the doors were screened; the chromos on the walls were covered with white netting; the chandeliers were swathed in red netting; there was a sort of netting cage over the vinegar and oil bottles on the dining-room table. That the landlord's tactics were not limited to defensive operations, moreover, was amply proved by innumerable corpses of his enemies that adorned the fly papers. Fly paper and netting were the dominant notes in the decorative scheme; and where there was no space for either of them, little saucers filled with poisoned liquid lay to trap the enemy. Truly it was war to the death, and I have no doubt that The Hague Conventions were disregarded freely by both sides.

George met us as we drove up. He had been there twenty minutes and was extremely gloomy. Annabel, he explained was somewhere behind the fly screens.

"This is a deuce of a place," he whispered to me. "You'll never be able to stand it."

"We mustn't hurt Hector's feelings," I whispered back. "He thinks it's very nice here."

But the others of our party—Mary and the admiral in particular—were not so considerate of the poor professor.

"Dear me," said Mary, "is this where we are to stay?"

Hector replied beamingly that it was.

"It is primitive," he added, "but I have found it very soothing. I have passed many peaceful hours in the old inn."

"Where's the inscription?" asked the admiral crossly.

"The inscription?"

"Yes. When you or George Washington or Lafayette sleep anywhere don't they always put up a tablet?"

But Asa, our chauffeur, was the most brutal. He took one scornful, sweeping glance at the place and refused point-blank to pass a night under the roof.

"Not for me," he said. "It's all right for you folks if yuh like that sorta thing. But not for me. I ain't used to it. But don't worry," he continued magnanimously. "I'll just drive on to the first decent town where I can get a room and bath; and if yuh want I'll come back with the car in the morning. Besides there ain't no garage or movies or nothing. This place is dead—yes, sir, dead. No, not for me."

That was his ultimatum, and he backed it up with the awful threat of resigning his job. Of course we couldn't think of permitting him to do that, for he was very satisfactory and had been with us for eight years; so when he had assisted us to unload the hand baggage we bade him farewell for the night and watched him speed away to some far paradise where there were movies and porcelain tubs. Servants, I suppose, must be kept in the luxury to which they have been accustomed.

Then we entered the Hoffman Arms.

Apparently Hector Ramsen had chartered almost the entire place for our accommodation, or else few others cared to visit it, for the only other guest was an old lady with a few teeth and a rich bass voice. She sat rocking amid the nettings and fly paper in the dark parlor and she rumbled something incoherent at us as we filed by. Hector waved at her cheerily and explained that she was a little feeble-minded, but came out occasionally with some startlingly original remarks.

The landlord—Mr. Hoffman, I suppose—emerged from some place in the rear to greet us. He was in shirt sleeves and suspenders and looked very dirty and hot and moist. He did not seem particularly pleased to see us, though he admitted that the professor had engaged the rooms and that the rooms were ready.

"I'll show you up if you want," he concluded. "There's seven of you, I guess, ain't there?"

"Yes," said the admiral grimly, "we are seven. I only hope some one of us will live to tell about it."

The landlord ignored this and led the way up the stairs. There were four rooms on the first floor, with use of bath, and three rooms on the second, likewise with use of bath. The feeble-minded old lady occupied the fourth room on this latter floor, but the landlord assured us she would not interfere, as she never bathed.

We disposed of ourselves as well as we could, my stepsister rendering the disposition the more arduous through her inability to make up her mind as to which of the seven rooms she preferred.

"No sunlight, but plenty of company in bed," was the admiral's comment on the quarters assigned to him. I admit that there was probably reason in his remark. However, there we were and the chauffeur gone—our only means of retreat cut off. What were we to do but make the best of it?

Annabel, I must say, behaved like a trump. True, she shivered a bit at first sight of her room, but thereafter she managed somehow to maintain a cheerfulness of disposition that shamed the rest of us into at least silent discontent. I except of course Hector Ramsen, who was cheerful throughout.

Supper, we discovered, was served at half past six and, moreover, was served at but one large table. This resulted in the feeble-minded old lady becoming a member

(Continued on Page 75)

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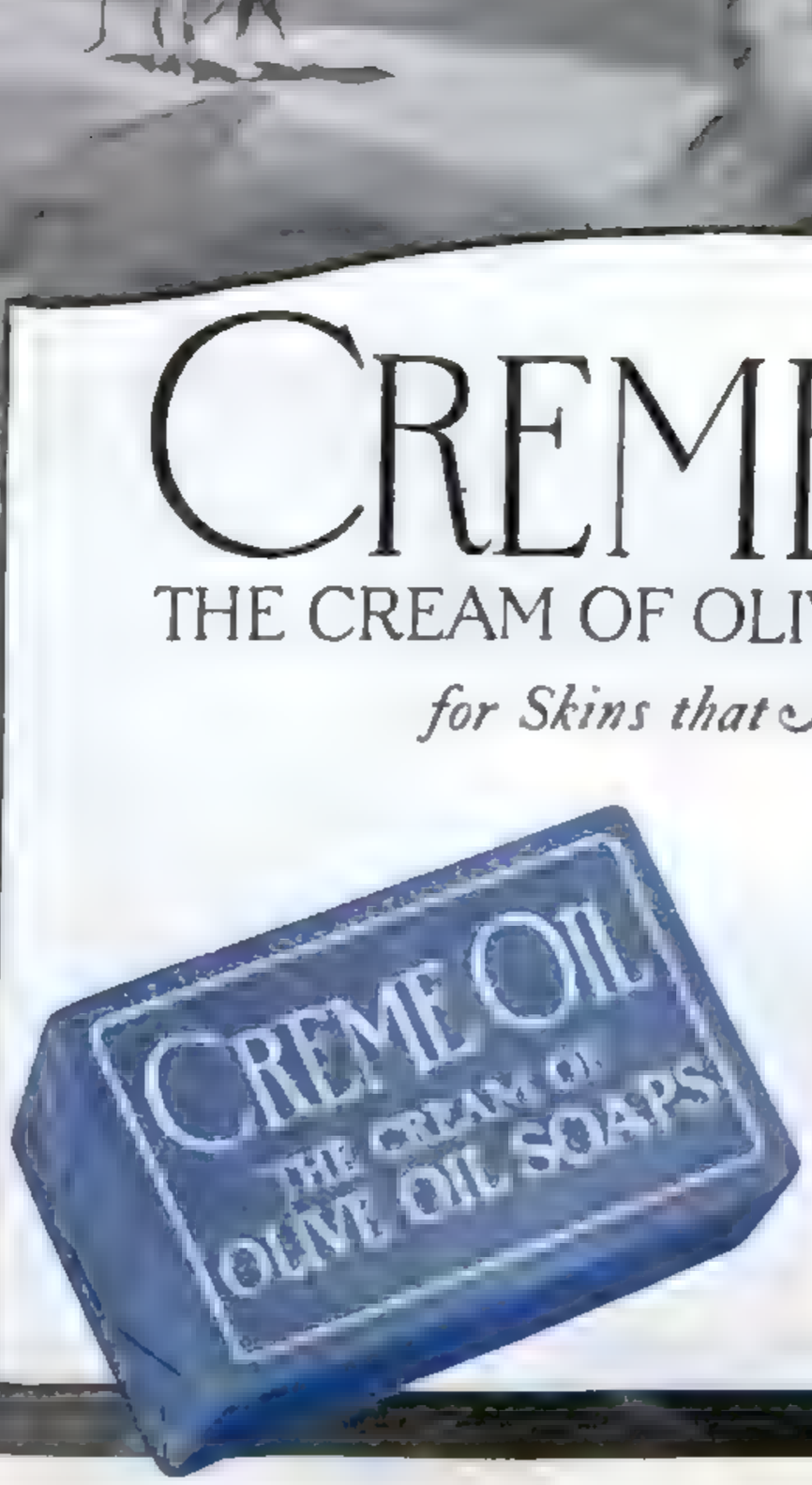

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(Continued from Page 72)

of our party. We put her between Hector and George, but as a recompense to my nephew we allowed him Annabel on his left.

The old lady, whose name was Mrs. Jenks, babbled along harmlessly but rather incoherently. Eating nothing that required mastication, she did very well by the soup, the mashed potatoes and the crushed parsnips, and she came back three times, as George noted and informed us, for the cabinet pudding.

"Well, I declare," she said, "it's nice to see company round. I like old men too, they're so chivalrous. And the pretty young girl—just like me at her age. Youth is the golden age, my dear—it just matches your hair."

"Thank you, Mrs. Jenks," said Annabel nicely.

"And the young man here," continued Mrs. Jenks, pointing at George with a parsnip-laden fork, "is he your young man?"

George squirmed a little—with vexation, I suppose—but answered pleasantly enough: "No, I'm nobody's young man so far. Sometimes, though, I imagine I hear the baying of the hounds."

"What's that?" said Mrs. Jenks sharply. "What's that?"

"Nothing," said George; "just a feeble attempt at wit."

"And very feeble too," said Mrs. Jenks. "My husband was a wit, and all that I am I owe to him. He's dead now, in the cemetery, with the daisies and the buttercups and all the lovely flowers over him; and he wore side whiskers. So I'm a widow. Why don't you marry, young man?"

"Must I?" murmured George.

"Yes, you must. Marry and have seven children and all of them ungrateful. And when you've buried them all you can say that you've done your duty in this world of sin and sorrow."

At this the admiral, who had been listening intently, turned to me and remarked in a loud whisper that there was nothing feeble about her mind.

"Would you raise seven children for cannon fodder?" said Mary, who had been quiet too long.

"What's that?" said Mrs. Jenks. "What's that?"

My stepsister repeated the phrase that she had doubtless culled from a pamphlet.

"Cannon fodder? What's cannon fodder? I don't know these new foods. My teeth aren't what they used to be. Bessie, I think I'll have a little more of the parsnips."

Bessie, the waitress, placed another canary's bathtubful of the vegetable beside Mrs. Jenks' plate.

"It's nice to have company, isn't it, Bessie?" said the old lady. "Sort of gives me an appetite."

"Yes'm," agreed Bessie. "You do be eatin' better, I think."

"Did you all come just to see me?" Mrs. Jenks inquired.

Hector ventured to explain that she was not the sole object of our visit. He said something about rest and recreation and his good friend Professor Peters.

"And a very unpleasant man he is too," she said to our amazement. "He and that hussy of a daughter. I hate them like fly poison."

She said this with such conviction that I am sure she must have tasted fly poison at some time during her sojourn at the Hoffman Arms. We were all greatly startled—all except Hector, who tapped his forehead surreptitiously. Annabel put her astonishment into words, demanding the reason for such intense hatred.

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Jenks.

"Why do you hate them?" said Annabel. "And why do you call the daughter a hussy?"

"Because," said Mrs. Jenks, "because I hate what I hate and I call a hussy a hussy. In my day I never went round naked."

"Now, please," soothed Hector, aggrieved.

"God forbid, madam!" cried the admiral, by now highly amused.

"Well, he did forbid," said Mrs. Jenks, "and if he hadn't I wouldn't have anyway. Swimming in the ocean up to the beach in the moonlight—that's what she did—and Silas Thatcher and all the fishes looking at her. And she as naked as the day she was born—not so much as a shirt. Bessie, I'll have a little of the cabinet pudding."

My stepsister rose aghast and left the room, motioning violently for Annabel to follow. But Annabel said "Don't be silly, mother," and, like Mrs. Jenks, ordered some more cabinet pudding.

VII

IT HAD been arranged that we were to call in a body on Professor Peters and Deborah after supper. Hector had arranged it. "Do you think we ought to attack like that in mass formation?" George had ventured. "Wouldn't it be apt to frighten the nymph?"

"No," Hector had answered seriously; "it will be quite all right. I have arranged everything."

"So it appears," George had said ungraciously—"so it appears."

But even if George did not look forward greatly to the evening, I am sure that the rest of us did. Though George was the hero of the piece, he was on that very account the only one of us expected to play an active rôle. George was expected to fall in love and declare his passion almost before our very eyes. I will admit that he had reason to be stage frightened.

In pursuance of his plan, Hector marshaled us together soon after supper. Mrs. Jenks was rocking comfortably in the front parlor, reading some religious weekly and making it evident that we were not expected to linger to entertain her further. Hector led the way to the Peters house, we following two by two, even as the animals entering the Ark. George and Annabel were the first pair, and neither of them seemed at all in haste.

Fortunately we had not far to go—perhaps a quarter of a mile of dusty road—and then we turned into Professor Peters' gate. In the twilight we had a glimpse of a rather unkempt garden, with a low, rambling white farmhouse behind it—a house apparently rebuilt and added to by various successive owners, and added to so frequently that it was difficult to tell just which part was the original. It was an attractive place, especially in the dim light. In the broad sun one would have been more struck by its untidiness, for untidiness was surely its chief defect; the chief defect, I mean, from an æsthetic point of view. There were other and graver defects which I shall have occasion to dwell upon later.

The garden was really lovely, color piled against color in confusion. No symmetry there, no careful clipping, very little weeding, but the effect was excellent and left me for one a little breathless. It was like a forsaken garden, except for the abundance of bloom. It was beautiful and yet depressing.

As we came two by two up the grass path the sun dipped red behind the hills and the land was flooded with a warm afterglow that tinted the sunflowers with orange. The air was heavy with the scent of the multitude of flowers and overhead the salt sea breeze stirred the tree tops gently and persistently. Not far away we were aware of the ocean murmuring on the beach. It was a night for loving. I am sure there was no one of us that failed to sense it, and there were five of us, I am sure, that sighed and wished for our youth. Even my stepsister seemed subdued. I wonder if she was not regretting Willie McKnight, for all his uncertain temper and temperament.

There was no word spoken, no suggestion made, but of accord we loitered on our way to the house. We loitered and inhaled the fragrance of the garden, and I recalled the poets who had hymned such gardens as this—Shelley and Swinburne and Tennyson—and I went so far as to compose a line or two of my own, something—which I later elaborated—about the transitoriness of beauty and the brief span allotted us in which to love and to live. I remember that, becoming interested in my composition, I stepped apart from the others the better to think of a dignified rime to lily.

As I advanced toward the house lights glowed out in some of the windows, and presently a door opened and I saw a dim figure come forth with a lantern. I looked back over my shoulder at the others of the party and perceived that they were standing as I had left them, talking together in subdued voices, reluctant to leave the evening. So I gathered my wits and, feeling an explanation due to the bearer of the lantern, stepped forward to present it as well as I might.

"Pardon me," I began, and then I saw that the lantern bearer was a young girl.

She raised the lantern so that it lighted my face and, more important to me, so that it lighted hers. She was very beautiful.

"Oh," she said, "I wondered if perhaps you were Professor Ramsen."

"The professor," I explained, "is yonder with some friends. We have stayed to enjoy the beauty of your garden and I'm afraid we've been trespassing. May I presume that you are Miss Deborah Peters?"

"Yes, I am Deborah Peters."

"And I am Foster Langley. Shall I take the lantern?"

"Oh, no; I am going to hang it on the gate. We always hang a lantern at the gate if we expect visitors. It helps them find their way to the house in the dark, you see, and it keeps them from trampling on the garden and tripping over the morning-glories. Come, we will go together."

She put out her hand with the confidence of a child that it would be taken. I did not naturally betray that confidence, but I wondered what the others would think of our appearance hand in hand. I reflected that I was possibly a little too old to appear boyish and at the same time a little too young to appear paternal or—well, I could not by any stretch of the imagination have been taken for her grandfather. That is the great drawback, I find, to middle age. You are neither one thing nor the other. If you try to pretend you are young you look silly and absurd, and if you fall back on a grandfatherly attitude you might as well resign from the game of life and enter a monkery. Either alternative is displeasing.

We advanced, I say then, hand in hand. Her hand was slim and cool, but it was not a weak, soft hand. Its clutch on mine was firm. She swung the lantern rhythmically as we walked, throwing the light now ahead of us, now behind us, now at our feet. She was right about the morning-glories. Their tendrils had curled themselves greedily about everything they could reach and, uncurbed, they had reached the path. Without the light we should have been sure to trample them. Hector stepped out of the dusk to meet her.

"My dear," he said, "I have brought my friends, as I promised you—and two more that I did not promise you, but who I'm sure will be very welcome. Is your father in the house?"

"No," said she, "father is in the laboratory. He told me to call him when you arrived."

The professor performed the necessary introductions. Deborah—of course she had released my hand—bowed gravely to the men and gravely but shyly, I thought, to the women. Then she turned and we followed her into the house. On the way Annabel seized my arm.

"I couldn't see her face very well," she said, "but I'm convinced that she is a beauty. She carries herself like a beauty—a beauty probably without corsets. What do you think, Uncle Foster? You seem to have got to know her quickly."

"Annabel," I answered, "I think you are quite right. There is no doubt of it at all—she is beautiful. But she's a mere child."

Annabel was silent for a brief space, and then: "I'll bet you she's older than I," she said.

"I know," I agreed, "but you're only a child yourself—a very wise child though. You have eaten of the tree of knowledge and you have the wisdom of centuries of women."

"Yes," said Annabel; "and she, I suppose, scorns even the fig leaf. I wonder just what Mrs. Jenks meant."

"Heavens!" I exclaimed. "As if you or I or anyone else knew what Mrs. Jenks meant!"

"Just the same I'd like to know," said Annabel. "I think we should know everything about this Deborah Peters before we risk poor George to her."

This gave me to think—if I may translate a foreign idiom. I am self-confessedly stupid in affairs of the heart, but no man can live to my age and not know the elementary rules. Was it possible that Annabel was jealous of Deborah? If not, then why this extreme and rather recent interest in shielding poor George? And why her insistence on accompanying us to Sun Harbor? I pondered, but I reached no definite conclusion save that we should have to tread cautiously lest we trample a flower.

VIII

THE low, rambling farmhouse was an extraordinary dwelling—not architecturally, for I have seen many similar, but in its interior arrangement and decoration.

(Continued on Page 77)

do you gallop to your shaves?

DO you gallop up to your morning shave? Are you eager for it? Are you merry? Do you sing as you lather?

Is your shave a temptation, or a job?

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Then select a shaving stick or cream that doesn't loaf on the job, but leaps instantly to a luscious lasting lather; we recommend SAFETEE Shaving Soaps.

Then you get yourself a REAL shaving brush—not a slow, stringy, scratchy, scrawny, hungry-looking brush—but a REAL brush—a regular lather factory. We mean the Ever-Ready Brush.

a big fluffy mountain of REAL lather

The Ever Ready is a brush that is all brush. It isn't part plug. Did you know that lots of brushes have a plug or wedge in the middle of them to make the bristles flare out? But when you wet 'em! !†*X*†!. They wilt to a mere wisp!

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"A Cube Makes a Cup"

"Simply Add Boiling Water"

(Continued from Page 75)

What I took to be the original building had been converted on the ground floor into one large room—one enormous room in fact—and rendered more so in appearance by the lowness of the ceiling. This ceiling rested on heavy wooden beams, and upon the removal of the partitions when the room had been widened these beams had of necessity been supported by uprights placed at intervals of about eight feet. The uprights were simply small tree trunks with the bark and in many cases the lopped-off geneses of their branches still on them. From these stumps of branches hung baskets of flowering vines, which seemingly clambered at will down to the floor and up to the ceiling. It gave the effect of a pergola, but for living purposes—well, I should about as soon have lived in a greenhouse. The impression of a greenhouse, moreover, was fostered by the fact that the back of this room—the south side—consisted entirely of a series of wide French windows. Cold in winter and hot in summer, I reflected.

The furnishing of the room was as bizarre as its arrangement, but here the decorator, whoever he was, had been eminently successful. It was an interesting color scheme well executed and richly executed; russet browns, greens and golden yellows—the color of a forest in the summer or early fall. And those colors were piled on thick, one beside the other, one on top of the other, just as they are in Nature. It was startling, but it was good.

"How do you like the room?" asked Deborah when she saw our obvious amazement.

"It isn't a room," I said. "It's all outdoors."

My stepsister went into cooing paroxysms of appreciation. She was heard to gasp several times that it was "too wonderful" and "simply delicious." Annabel said nothing. She was looking at Deborah, not at the room. And George and the admiral were looking at Deborah. She was engaged in lighting an additional lamp—a tall lamp—and the glow from it descended on her, circling her like an aureole. I wrote "aureole" unthinkingly, but I now see why. Her head was very similar to that of Bouguereau's famous Madonna—the same regularity of feature, the finely rounded face, the large, wistful eyes, the smooth, lustrous hair, the rather sensuous mouth. I do not admire Bouguereau's Madonna; there is too much of the flesh about her and too little of the spirit. Doubtless the artist painted the most beautiful woman he knew, but that is exactly what he painted and no more. Deborah resembled her, I say—resembled her physically at least. What lay within Deborah's large, wistful eyes we none of us could judge at that time; nor could we tell if she had a soul to wake or a heart to break.

"I will fetch father," said Deborah when she had lighted the lamp.

She passed among us the length of the room toward a door at the end. She walked freely and easily and so noiselessly that I instinctively glanced down at her feet. So, I am sure, did Mary and Annabel. She wore little black, heelless Japanese slippers—satin, I think, with felt soles—but she wore no stockings. There was not a trace of immodesty about it to my mind and—more extraordinary—there was not a trace of vulgarity, perhaps because her legs were slim and young and perfectly modeled. As a rule, however, I prefer stockings; and it was obvious that Mary always does, for she emitted a little scream which she unsuccessfully endeavored to transform into a cough.

Mary should be kept in the nursery. Still there are plenty of bare legs there to shock her, I suppose.

Fortunately Deborah appeared completely unaware of the emotion she had created. I recalled Hector Ramsen's phrase descriptive of her—"Like a nymph—poised to flee"—and I knew that he had spoken truly. She had a nymph's unself-consciousness, her spontaneity, her gayety and all of her timidity. She was poised to flee should danger, real or imagined, threaten; and she was unable to distinguish between the real danger and the imagined—unable until too late. That is the way with nymphs.

"Isn't she amazing!" exclaimed Hector Ramsen when she had shut the door behind her. He spoke as a proud father might speak of his first-born—as though indeed he thought himself deserving of a part of the credit for her amazingness.

"She is poetry," I said; "natural, simple, beautiful poetry like Keats'."

"But ——" began Mary.

"But nothing, Mary!" I interrupted. "If she doesn't choose to wear stockings it's none of our business."

"Like the girls at the Winter Garden," said Annabel sweetly, so sweetly in fact that I fear she intended the comparison to convey its sting. At any rate I saw her cast a quick, brief look at George.

But George surprised us all. He went quickly to the professor, shook his hand warmly and said: "She's all right." And again he repeated slowly and with great emphasis: "She's all right."

This, I suppose, was the highest tribute George ever paid a woman. These modern, undemonstrative young men are strange beings and I do not understand just why the women fall in love with them; for women, I have noticed—all women, young, old, deaf, blind or dumb—like to be told in glowing terms just how wonderful they are, and they like to be told it often—even at breakfast—and they always believe it. Moreover—and I am now divulging a very valuable secret—an ugly woman likes especially to be told that she is beautiful. She may be everything but beautiful, she may be a George Eliot, but even then she likes to be told she is a Maxine Elliott. God bless them, I say, and keep them as they are!

IX

DEBORAH returned shortly leading her father by the hand. He was a strange, vague little man, restless as a canary in a cage. He reminded me of a bird for some reason—I scarcely know why. Perhaps his thin legs and his plump body. His eyes, I am sure, were birds' eyes, but they were completely hidden behind large blue spectacles. He was very untidy and his fingers were stained brown from his chemicals. Altogether he did not make a favorable impression on me, nor of course on Mary. Indeed it was painfully evident that Mary disapproved highly of our venture—of the Peters' house and everything within it.

I think that Hector Ramsen and George were the only ones among the visitors who were thoroughly enjoying the visit. The admiral was growing sleepy, Victor Ramsen was bored—the whole affair was so unbusinesslike—and I fancied that Annabel was not especially pleased with George's attitude. She would have liked George to be bored to.

But George was frankly enjoying himself. He greeted Professor Peters most cordially and plunged into a discussion of poison gases. The eminent chemist, it seemed, had been experimenting for the Government during the war; and the war now being at an end and the need of absolute secrecy no longer existent, he was delighted—almost childishly delighted—to tell us all about it.

"Yes, Mr.—er—I forget your name—you will pardon me?"

"Coventry," supplied George.

"Mr. Coventry—of course. Yes, Mr. Coventry, I am convinced—convinced, I say—that I have at last the deadly, annihilating mixture that all the scientific men have been searching for. I have the insidious weapon with which to destroy entire armies; and I have it, sir—I have it in a highly concentrated form. One shell filled with my formula will upon explosion wipe out half a million men. Why? Do you know why?"

"No—why?" murmured George.

"Ah, that's it! Well, sir, it's because this gas not only is highly concentrated but it spreads with lightning rapidity. Men may turn and flee from it, but it will overtake them. It travels faster than the wind—except of course a very fast wind, and then it travels just as fast; and, mark you, with almost undiminished power. One of my gas shells will kill every living thing on a space four miles square."

"Why square?" asked the admiral, stifling a yawn.

"Round, if you will," conceded the chemist generously. "Shall we say round? One shell then will exterminate every living thing within a circle whose diameter is four miles. And it will make anybody even in the vicinity of that circle violently ill—actively ill, if I may say so. A triumph, gentlemen, a veritable triumph—but alas, too late!"

"Surely not, Professor Peters," interjected Annabel—"surely not too late. Such a wonderfully valuable contribution to progress is never too late."

"In a way you are of course right," agreed Professor Peters. "But the war is

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over and there is no one left to kill. It is, if I may say so, unfortunate."

"I shouldn't worry," the admiral observed. "There are children growing up every day. In ten or twelve years there will be plenty of men to kill."

The chemist shook his head sadly.

"I fear I shall not live to see the day," he said. "I am an old man. My years are numbered. I shall not live to witness my triumph."

"Oh, professor," cooed my stepsister, who always entered with interest into a conversation about death—"oh, professor, you must not say that! You're a young man still—just in your prime."

"Thank you, Mrs.—er—I forget the name. Will you pardon me?"

"Mrs. McKnight," said Mary, and returned avidly to the subject of death.

George, I noted, had withdrawn slightly from the center of the group and was talking to Deborah, who was seated on a cushion on the floor—on a cushion and on her left foot if my surmise is correct. I have often wondered why girls sit so often on one of their feet and how they manage it. Deborah managed it with ease and grace. She was very supple.

The subject of their conversation I could not hear, for naturally it was carried on in undertones lest we others be disturbed. But George told me later that it was mostly about bees. You remember, do you not, that Deborah kept bees?

"She knows all about them," George told me later. "It seems that bees are much more important than I had imagined."

"Yes," I murmured, "there was Fabre and Maeterlinck."

"Oh," he interrupted, "they're only nature fakers. Deborah really understands them. She ought to write a book on them herself."

It appears that Deborah had entertained George with a very learned and polished discourse.

"Keeping bees," she had begun, "is one of the oldest occupations in the world. The Greeks and the Romans write enthusiastically of bee farming. You remember Virgil's Georgics, for instance."

No, George had not read Virgil's Georgics, but he could not fail to be astonished that she had.

"Oh, you must read them," she urged. "Professor Ramsen and I read them aloud to each other very often."

"In the Latin?" George inquired.

"Why, yes," she said with a touch of surprise in her voice. "Professor Ramsen taught me both Greek and Latin years and years ago. We have such wonderful times together. Now that you are here, you must join us and we'll all take turns reading. The professor promised to bring down a new book with him to-day too—something by Plautus, I think, called Asinaria. Have you read it?"

No, George had not read Plautus' Asinaria.

"I'm not surprised," she said. "One can't read everything."

"Tell me more about the bees," suggested George. "How many of the little rascals have you got?"

"About eighty thousand of them. We have a beautiful queen. This is her second year with us and we're very fond of her indeed. I hope she will last for another year."

"What do you mean by a beautiful queen? Do you mean you can recognize her when you see her?"

"Of course," she said—"of course; anyone can recognize the queen. There's only one of her in a colony, you see. The drones are another matter—there are a hundred or so of them. But of course they are put out of the hive as soon as the mating season is over. They're such useless creatures—no work and always eating. Heavens, how they eat!"

"I take it," said George, "that they're the gentleman bees."

"Yes—and they're just like the men I read about. Now the workers—the worker bee, that's the type I admire. We have about eighty thousand of them, as I told you. They are simply wonderful."

"All of the eighty thousand?"

"All of them," she answered with conviction.

"What sex are they?"

"Oh, they? Why, they're neuters, I suppose. But they know everything. They are governors, lawmakers, architects and policemen."

"Good Lord," said George, "I'll bet they die young!"

"They live about six or seven weeks only."

"What is their politics?" George inquired.

She did not laugh.

"Socialists," she said seriously. "The drones are the capitalists—they live on the labor of others."

"How about the jolly old queen?"

"Oh, she's a producer! She lays as many as three thousand eggs in twenty-four hours. If it weren't for her there wouldn't be any workers and therefore no honey."

"Um!" said George. "I see that you don't hand the drones any credit at all. You evidently don't admire men."

"Oh, indeed I do—some men. Father and Professor Ramsen, for instance."

"But nothing younger than that?" George persisted.

"Well, you see, I scarcely know any men younger than that. I don't see many people down here and I never go away. I think you're very nice, though. Are all young men as nice as you?"

"Don't you believe it!" said George sturdily. "I'm a shining exception—I'm unique."

"I thought so," she murmured without a smile.

Shortly after that, according to George, we dragged him away. Mary gave the signal, seconded by Annabel. Hector alone remained, as he said, to converse further with Professor Peters. He was perfectly contented with the evening, but the womenfolk were evidently ill at ease. Women in some ways are much more conventional, I find, than men, and are much more disturbed by unconventional trifles. In spite of what I am told, I refuse to believe that they are the more adaptable sex—especially the American women. Place, for example, an average woman between a duchess and a chorus girl. She will be completely awed by the one and she will patronize the other, but she will be afraid of them both. On the other hand, place an average man between a duke and a dock hand and he will get along famously. That is because he will not be self-conscious and because in this democracy of ours it is mainly the men who are democratic. The women all strive to be aristocrats.

x

THAT night before we went to our unattractive beds George came into my room. I could see that he wanted to talk or be talked to—that he was a little upset.

"Well," he said, lighting a cigarette and seating himself on the bed—"well, Uncle Foster, what do you think of that bunch?"

"You mean Professor Peters and daughter? It's hard to judge on such a short acquaintance. What do you think yourself?"

"Huh," grunted George, "that's not much of an answer to my question. Still if you want to know what I think—I think the professor is crazy and the daughter's first rate. She may be crazy too, but if she is she's a lovely lunatic."

"Yes," I agreed, "she's quite lovely."

George yawned and stretched on the bed.

"Hector Ramsen, it seems, has taught her to read Greek and Latin. He's known her a long time. They're very thick."

"That's probably where he's been spending all his week-ends," I said. "He was never very specific about them."

"She seems very fond of him," said George.

"In a daughterly way?" I ventured.

"Damned if I know," said George. "He's all of fifty-two, isn't he?"

"He's only fifty-three," I corrected.

"I beg your pardon," said George, smiling. "Well, it's none of my business."

"Just what is none of your business?" I inquired. "Hector's age?"

"No," answered George brutally; "Hector's affairs of the heart."

I confess that this surprised me.

"Why, George," I said, "who's crazy now? Didn't Hector bring you down here on purpose to present you to Deborah Peters? You don't mean to say you believe for an instant that he himself—that he—er—is himself enamored?"

"I didn't say so," George answered, smothering another yawn. "But," he added after an interval, "he never took his jolly old eyes off her all evening, though every time I looked at him he had those spectacles of his focused on the specimen."

I was disturbed. What if George were correct? What if Hector Ramsen, perhaps unconsciously or subconsciously, were in love with the delectable Deborah? I foresaw complications, the more so because I had no reason not to believe that George, equipped with youth, would very shortly eclipse that genial and gentle Hector in the heart of Deborah. And then the catastrophe when—too late—poor Hector should realize that he had lost that which unwittingly he had been seeking this long time. However, I determined to jump at no conclusions and to borrow no trouble. After all I was not an arbiter of destiny. I could but sit back in the rôle of an interested spectator and hope that the piece would be a pleasant comedy rather than a tragedy.

"Well," said George, "I guess I'll get along to bed. I'm getting up early to-morrow."

"Ah!"

"Say ah all you want," he conceded. "I'm doing my duty—I'm doing what I was brought down here to do. I'm going for a walk and a swim with Miss Deborah Peters, and at sunrise. It seems that's her hour."

"Very well, George," I said. "I see no harm in that."

But George shook his head gloomily.

"Perhaps not," he said, "perhaps not. But it may lead to worse. It may be the beginning of the end. Still as long as you are all so set on marrying me off—well, I am a soldier, a brave soldier, and I can but obey. Orders is orders. Noble six hundred, you know. Good night, Uncle Foster. I'm glad we came, aren't you?"

With that he left me, and I thought I detected the trace of a sardonic grin on his face as he closed the door. I wondered. Was my nephew plotting some subtle, insidious vengeance against us? Did he—and perhaps with some reason—resent having been made more or less of a pawn in the game of four middle-aged gentlemen? Doubtless we had gone about this marriage business in the wrong way—you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. Well, we had led the horse to water, and it was possible that the horse, suspecting that one of us was thirsty, would out of spite drink up all the water in the trough. An unpleasant state of affairs truly.

And Annabel? Almost I had forgotten Annabel and the suspicions that she had roused in me. If she were in love with George—no, it became too involved. I could not consider it further.

Reluctant to enter my bed, I took a volume of Les Misérables from my suitcase. That book always cheers me, because it is so cheerless: Poor Jean Valjean suffers so much more than I ever did, do or shall that, reading of his sufferings, I become completely contented with my condition. Especially cheering do I find the portions devoted to the lives of the galley slaves, and I heartily recommend those portions to anyone who—with or without cause—is unduly depressed.

Of course in a way we are all galley slaves driven by an unseen whip. Whenever we violate any of the regulations that whip goes cracking across our backs, and the little stolen pleasure we have obtained is forgotten in the anguish of the increased pain. And always we must pull our oar. That is the worst of it. In order to live we must pull our oar. Sometimes I wonder why we are willing to suffer so much in order to live, for what is life? A little dust lit by a spark—that's the beginning. And then what? The sudden joys and the deep short sorrows of youth; the moderate joys and the deeper and longer sorrows of middle age; and finally the joys and sorrows of old age, so mingled and interwoven one with the other as to be almost indistinguishable. And then what? A few tender, poignant memories, a few charred letters, a few crumpled rose leaves, a smile and a sigh, and—dust again—dust without the spark.

I rose from the shabby armchair and, given over to melancholy, paced the room. For once Les Misérables had failed to cheer me. God might be in his heaven, but it seemed to me that, even so, all was wrong with the world. Rather should I have preferred to believe that God was not in his heaven. From more intimate troubles my mind passed to world troubles—the war, the inglorious aftermath of bungling and grasping, the greed of labor, the venality of politicians, the ominous threat of anarchy. I wondered if those who had died fighting did not look down and consider that they had sacrificed themselves to no purpose, that they had died in vain. Bitter thought. But what remedy was there with which to cure the sick world? Work of course. There lay the solution, and apparently it was precisely that solution that labor did not care to accept. Work? Yes, they would work, if they were permitted to name their price. Otherwise they—having made much money during the war—would strike and the country could go to the devil. Was this that wonderful American spirit of patriotism that I had heard so much about? Was this that backbone of the nation? If so, why then the nation was afflicted with spinal meningitis.

So upset was I by these dark misgivings that I determined to go out and walk in the night. I opened my door quietly and stole down the stairs. It was very dark, but in the hallway the moonlight came in through a glass transom over the front door. This door I found fortunately to be unlocked. Doubtless the landlord of the Hoffman Arms realized that his inn contained nothing more tempting to a burglar than flies and fly paper.

I stepped out to the screened veranda. It was then about half past ten and the air was perceptibly and refreshingly cooler.

"This should do me good," I reflected, and strode down the path under the horse-chestnut trees to the rickety gate.

Now, as I have said, the Hoffman Arms stands at a crossroads and, accordingly, the front gate provides one with a view in four directions. While I was hesitating which way to turn I heard subdued voices approaching, evidently along the road that paralleled the shore—the voices of a man and a woman in earnest conversation. I thought nothing of it, but instinctive curiosity caused me to wait until they should have passed, so with no idea of eavesdropping but merely not to make of myself a foolish figure standing alone at the gate, I stepped a little aside into the shadow of the nearest horse-chestnut tree.

Presently the two came into the full light of the moon and I saw that they were Hector Ramsen and Deborah. Something—I know not to this day whether it was an evil instinct or only a decent desire not to intrude—made me remain quiet in the shadow. Heaven knows it was all perfectly innocent what they said.

"And so," I heard Hector ask, "you think young Coventry is attractive?"

"Oh, yes, professor," she said. "He is very beautiful, isn't he?"

Hector chuckled quietly.

"The French, my dear, say *un bel homme*, but it is rare for an Anglo-Saxon to say a beaut ful man. Men apparently are not supposed to be beautiful. But Coventry, besides being beautiful, has many other lovable qualities, and *'gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.'*"

"Yes," she agreed, "that is true."

"I sincerely trust," continued the professor, "that you two are going to like each other."

There was a short silence. They were now standing by the gate not ten yards from me, and I confess that I felt very guilty lurking there in the shadows of the trees. But it certainly was too late now to step out and greet them. I should have appeared absurd. At length Deborah spoke.

"Why," she said—"why do you say that so earnestly—that you trust we shall like each other?"

"Why?" repeated Hector.

He seemed at a loss for an answer. He stammered a little and readjusted his spectacles as he does when embarrassed.

"My dear," he said, "it is because I should like to see you happy—I have your happiness very much at heart."

She turned away a little in silence, digging at the grass with a slim slipper. Her hair cast dark shadows across her face, but her eyes shone like stars in a black pool, and the moonlight lay silver on her bare limbs. She was like some dryad of the forest, cool and yet panting, shy and yet filled with flame.

"You care so much then?" she half whispered. "I am glad that you do and I will try to—to please you. Good night."

She gave him her hand.

"Good night," she repeated.

"Er—good night," said Hector.

He stood motionless by the gate, watching her go back down the road. She walked beautifully and swiftly, as though without an effort. She did not look round.

Hector watched her until she was lost in the shadows, and then with a sigh, which I took to be of perplexity, opened the gate and went up to the inn.

"I wonder," I said to myself, "I wonder."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Happy Hands

—never tired or reddened by washday.

Her hands are soft and white—for BlueBird is doing the washing now. Her face is fresh and unwearied—for BlueBird has taken the burden of washday work.

Her time is free for the home and social duties that bring happiness—for BlueBird has the washing "on the line by nine."

BlueBird cuts washday from the calendar. You are as untired and free on that day as on any other. Your clothes are washed cleaner by BlueBird than by any other washing process—everything, from the daintiest garment to the heavy blanket, is washed in a few minutes, without any wear and tear. All things washed by BlueBird last five times as long as when washed on the rub-board. This saving alone pays the whole cost of BlueBird within a year.

But really to appreciate BlueBird and its many superiorities, you must see it at work. Ask your dealer to demonstrate it to you. If he does not have BlueBird in his store, write us for the address of the nearest BlueBird dealer—and ask us for the beautiful BlueBird Book.

See these BlueBird superiorities:

Handsome white enamel [illegible]

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Made by a company with 58 years' successful experience in manufacturing household appliances.

BlueBird Division

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FWD TRUCKS

THROUGH its own patented construction, the FWD brings to owners ample strength for the hardest jobs and greater reliability at less cost for *every* job—with economy its outstanding characteristic.

The Four Wheel Drive Auto Co.
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C. F. Cutler, Commissioner, Lincoln Park, Chicago, says: "You get more for your money in an FWD than in any truck on the market. They are cheaper to maintain, take less gasoline and are easier on tires."

CAN THE VICE PRESIDENT BE USEFUL?

(Continued from Page 8)

disturbance of various century-old establishments and prerogatives. For one thing, reforms have not satisfactorily been accomplished largely because of the physical impossibility of the head of a department or his principal subordinates finding time thoroughly to grapple with the technical questions that arise. Largely because of the very need of perfection of the governmental machinery a great deal of time is required to accomplish tasks that would seem relatively simple if direct and improved procedure were possible, as in a private corporation.

The question, then, that occurs to one at this juncture is: Would it be possible for the Vice President, who is not tied down to a desk, to help? Especially in relation to problems where the jurisdiction or control does not rest in one department but partly in one and partly in others? In other words, wouldn't it be practicable for the Vice President, at the request of a department head or at the request of the President, to study such a situation and report?

Anyone who has grappled with governmental inertia will understand why such suggestions are in point. Like most young men, when I went to Washington I felt that the traditional inertia in the departments was not a real thing but rather an excuse for laziness. I discovered very soon that though it is intangible and therefore all the harder to grapple with, it is as real as anything in the world, as real a thing as if it had flesh and blood, though you can never put your finger just here or there and say: "Here is the monkey wrench in this machinery!"

I have seen more than one bureau chief come in fresh from civilian life or from the sea, eager to accomplish much, filled with progressiveness and energy. And a month later I have seen such a man falter, and a few months later sink so deeply into the quicksands of hoary tradition as to need the encouragement of his chief to keep him from being totally engulfed. I speak so of men in the Navy Department for two reasons: First, because I am most familiar with it and because it represents in miniature the whole governmental machine; second, because it is safe to derive illustrations from the Navy Department because it is my belief that it is the most progressive and alert of all the departments. And I speak so at length about governmental inertia because the failure to recognize it as a definite and powerful reactionary force is one of the causes that have contributed to our shortcomings.

In other words, the word "inertia" spells out, once more, the urgent need of complete coöperation all along the line if reorganization of the departments is ever to be achieved.

Obstacles to Reform

And it suggests, too, one reason why reform cannot be achieved by any Congressional commission alone, or by the White House alone, or by any group of the wisest business men alive. Any of such groups could, after long and costly investigation, get a true bill of conditions as they are, then set up a picture of conditions as they should be. But to change the present into the future requires the cheerful and enthusiastic coöperation of the Congress, the President, the department heads and bureau chiefs and everyone else concerned.

To come at the situation differently, every executive officer finds when he assumes office a localized spirit of loyalty among his subordinates and a century-old feeling for self-preservation which makes them exceedingly unresponsive to any suggestion that looks to disturbance of any accustomed prerogatives or routine for the mere reason that it would be more efficient

Mr. Roosevelt Replying to His Notification at Poughkeepsie, New York

to have one agency or another reformed or removed. Indeed of necessity the department heads and bureau chiefs themselves sooner or later are pervaded with more or less of the same spirit. And when they are, progress is thwarted all the more, and nothing short of powerful leverage from the White House itself is likely to stimulate action. But such leverage cannot be applied wherever and whenever necessary by the President in a machine with seven hundred thousand members. No President has the time or the means accurately to seek out and adjust all such creaks. That is why I suggest that the President could very well utilize at least one additional set of eyes and ears—those of the Vice President.

Again, one of the greatest weaknesses of the governmental machine is due to the lack of any official member of the President's immediate family who is in close touch with the various parts. The President has no authority ordinarily to alter greatly the set-up of the various governmental agencies. Nevertheless, the President is responsible for the operation of those agencies. In other words, as James Bryce, looking upon the Government of the United States from outside, said: "In America the administration does not work as a whole. It is not a whole. It is a group of persons each individually dependent upon and answerable to the President but having no joint policy, no collective responsibility. Such ministers are severally responsible to their master and are severally called in to counsel him, but they have not necessarily any relations with one another nor any duty of collective action. So that while the President commits each department to the minister whom the law provides and may if he choose, leave it altogether to that minister, the executive acts done are his own acts by which the country will judge; still more, his policy as a whole is his own policy and not the policy of the ministers taken together." One may see, then, that in lieu of the extensive administrative machinery that corporations have to supply information to their presidents, the Vice President might aid the President generally and, when occasion suggests, serve him specifically with reports on situations affecting one or more of the departments or bureaus.

True, the President and the heads of his departments meet together whenever the cabinet is in session. But the cabinet meetings are taken up largely by the discussion of broad principles and policies and there is little time in which to exchange views on routine matters or to take up the tremendously involved questions of reform in methods of administration. It is also true that individual members of Congress may at any time have interviews with the heads of departments or, if the President desires, with the Chief Executive himself. But this is far from close coöperation. Far better would be some go-between who can go into matters of detail with the various individuals and groups—a kind of super handy man, if you will, who, understanding by close association the views of the Chief Executive, and his wishes, can acquire by close and continuous association the views of the departmental heads and of leaders in Congress as well. Most important of all is that he should have an intimate and sympathetic connection with the President himself. For though Congress must be convinced of the wisdom of the legislative changes necessary to a real reform in order that it may intelligently pass such laws as are required, the great bulk of actual reformation must be brought about by the heads of the departments themselves and by the President in accordance with such information as is given him. In other words, the question should be asked whether the President could not profitably avail himself of a Vice President who, while informing himself of duties that he may at any time be called upon to fulfill, would execute a kind of roving commission for the Chief Executive, lending a hand wherever possible.

If the Vice President were thus able to aid the President he would bear much closer analogy to the vice president in a modern corporation, who has, however, direct executive authority such as the Vice President could not without legislation employ.

In a modern corporation the president is responsible for the efficient management of corporation affairs and in many other ways the president of a corporation bears to the corporation the relationship that the President of the United States bears to the executive departments. It is, in fact, interesting to note that very early in our national history, a century before the corporation came into existence, Alexander Hamilton anticipated the relationship that exists between the management and the directors of the modern corporation. "The success of every government," he said, "must always depend on the energy of the executive department. This energy, again, must materially depend on the union and mutual deference which subsists between the members of that department and the conformity of their conduct with the views of the chief executive."

To achieve this "union and mutual deference" large corporations usually provide an executive assistant to the president—a vice president and general manager—with the idea of leaving the president free to deal primarily with matters of policy. In such a corporate family the father and eldest son are, as it were, responsible to the rest of the family, who may be likened to a board of directors.

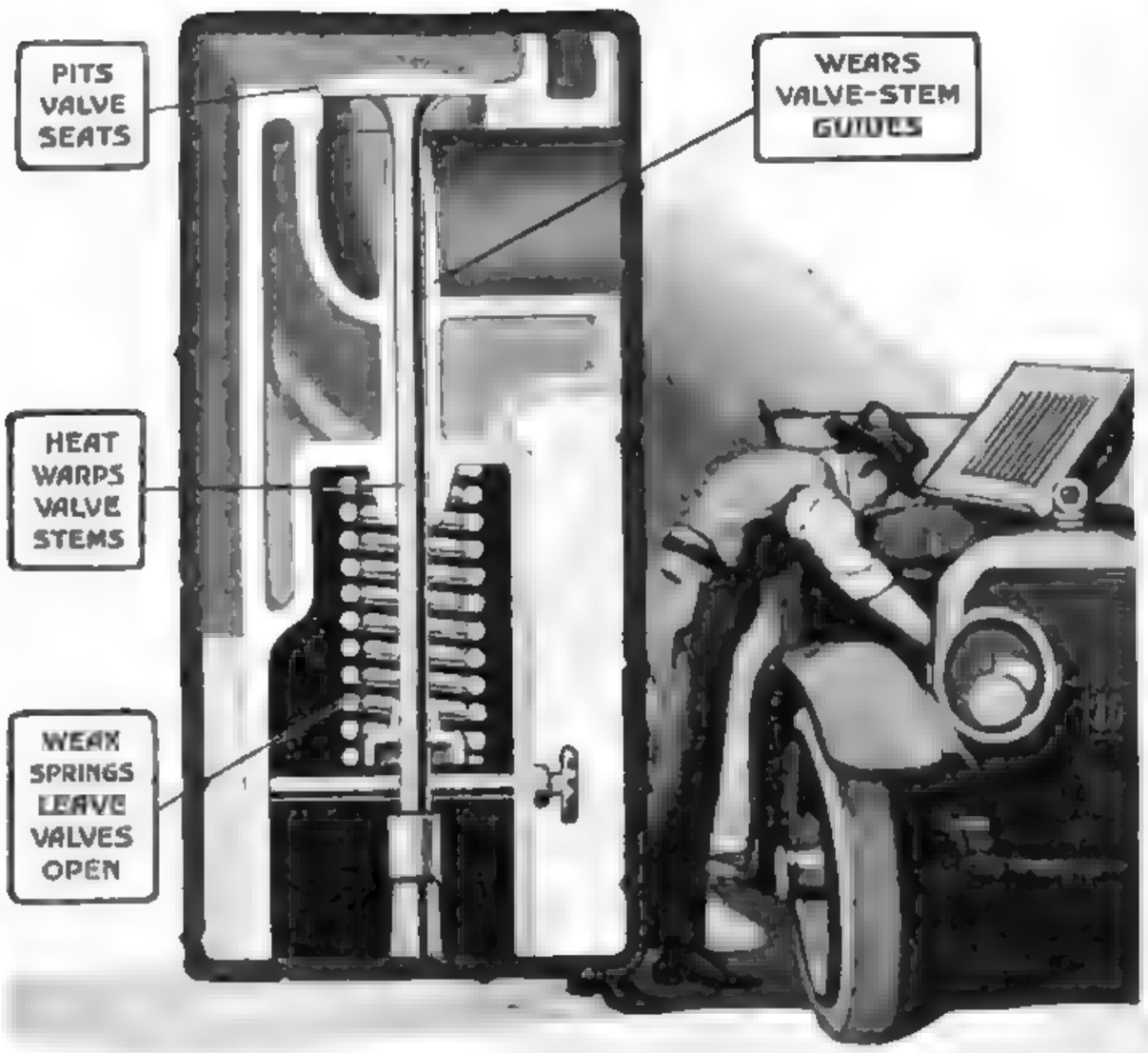
In the same general way the President of the United States may be considered the head of the White House family, with the citizens of the United States as the stockholders of a service corporation called the United States. These citizen stockholders elect the Congress, which may be likened to the board of directors of a railroad or a factory. They, not the board of directors, as in the corporation, elect the President and the Vice President. The board of directors, the Congress, controls appropriations, as in a corporation, and in other ways the relationship that exists between the directors of a corporation and its management bears in the relationship between Congress and the President. Further, as a practical matter most boards of directors meet once a month or so, to learn from the executives how the business is getting on, what mistakes have been made, what is being done, what is about to be done, what the recommendations of the management are, what authorizations in respect to appropriations, and the like, are required.

Checks and Counterchecks

There is in the modern corporation, thus, not only "union and mutual deference"—harmony, in a word—in the management, but also in the relations between the management and the directors.

But such harmony does not bear to at all the same degree in the relations of the executive departments of the Government—the management, as it were—and Congress, the board of directors. The Constitution in fact specifically enjoins the entire separation of the executive, legislative and judicial branches of the Government. Instead of one pyramid, an entity in itself, there are in the Government three. It was intended by the framers of the Constitution that there should be three, each to serve as a check on the others. Moreover, no one disputes the wisdom of the provision that established three; indeed it can be said that without this set-up probably this Government would not have endured so successfully. But it follows, nevertheless, that as an inevitable result there is good ground for saying that the Government can never be quite so efficient as the modern corporation. It can never have the same unity that obtains in the corporation, certainly—reason enough why we should strive the harder to overcome this handicap by making the Government in every other possible way exceptionally efficient, so that no cause for unrest and uneasiness can on this score exist.

Of course the end and aim of government is different from that of a corporate entity, such as a railroad or a factory; therefore



What carbon does to your valves

Faulty valve-action only one small part of carbon trouble—How to control carbon

IF YOUR motor seems to be losing its hill-climbing pep—if you have to work to get it started—if the compression seems to be getting weaker, there's a good chance that the trouble is due to carbonized valves. Carbon makes the valves stick, pits and burns them, causing them to leak. When this happens your motor *can't* run right.

How to adjust carburetor to reduce carbon

You can help prevent carbon forming by always getting that 13-parts-air-to-1-part-gasoline mixture. With the motor warmed up and idling, open the G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out and turn down adjusting screw until you hear the motor begin to slow down. Then turn the other way *very slowly* until you again hear the maximum speed. You can check this adjustment from time to time with the G-Piel Cut-Out and keep it right.

On the other hand, a clogged muffler is often an unsuspected cause of trouble. To find out about *your* muffler, simply test the motor *with* the muffler and *without* it. There is nothing like a G-Piel Cut-Out for easy motor testing.

And when blowing out the motor with kerosene, wood alcohol or other "carbon remover," be sure you open the G-Piel, as this keeps the loosened deposit from getting into the muffler.

The open G-Piel Cut-Out gives that extra "ounce" of power on a hard pull or short "sprint," and it helps cool a hot engine.

The satisfaction of hearing your motor

Every enthusiastic motorist enjoys the sharp, clear bark of a powerful, sweet-running motor. A hot spark in every cylinder! Valves opening wide and seating tight! Just the right mixture from carburetor! Exhaust gases scavenging freely through the G-Piel Cut-Out!

Select the right size cut-out for your car from the G-Piel chart at your dealer's. *It will save its cost many times in a single season.*

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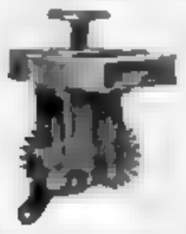
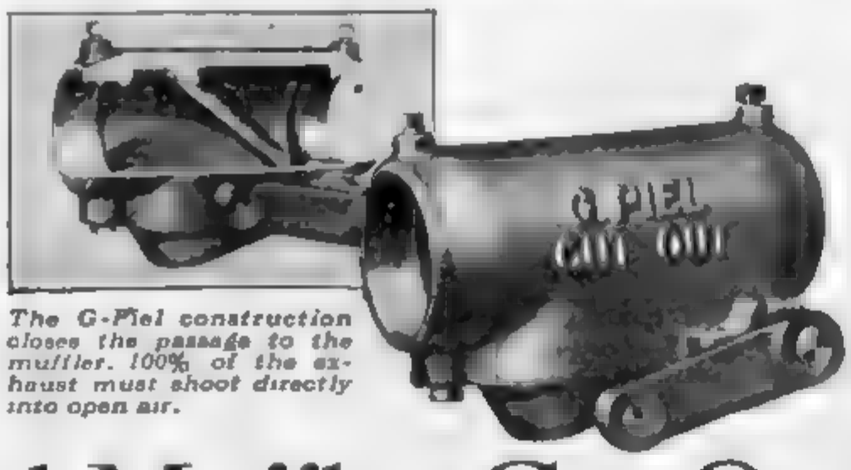


The G-Piel Pedal is absolutely positive in action. It never sticks. Makes operating any cut-out easy.



The G-Piel construction closes the passage to the muffler. 100% of the exhaust must shoot directly into open air.

G-Piel Muffler Cut-Out

Tells the motor's secrets

the standards by which to measure efficiency are different. Washington, I like to think, is the changing surface of a stirring, often turbulent sea—the visible evidence of restless changing currents in our national life. But in any event, since no one would seriously think of altering the fundamental organization of government which our Constitution provides, it remains for the next Congress and administration to satisfy our one hundred million stockholders that we are advancing along the line of progress in Washington, that they are receiving service commensurate with the cost of that service.

Mr. Harding has suggested that the Vice President be invited to attend cabinet meetings. That might help to keep the Vice President informed and to bridge the distance between the President and Vice President which is bound to occur unless the two are personal friends to begin with. Heretofore the relationship of the two officeholders has depended upon their personal intimacy and the willingness and desire of the Vice President to subordinate himself, in a sense, to the President. Vice President Dallas, thus, was frequently of assistance to President Polk, responding whenever the need occurred, lending a hand in the development of administrative policies and in the actual preparation of the President's addresses and doing a great deal more. On the other hand, I think most cabinet officers would agree that the presence of the Vice President in cabinet meetings would of itself not accomplish a great deal.

There are, as a matter of fact, many matters of very great importance that never come up in cabinet meetings. Some of these, such as large reorganization or administrative questions, might be handled by an experienced Vice President quite as effectively perhaps and quite as completely as they could be handled by an established executive assistant to the President. And in a larger sense, were this experiment successful in the present emergency, the stockholders, or voters, of the country might deem it always to be wise to choose a man of broad experience for the Vice Presidency and a President able to direct him and able to deal with large national policies as well. In other words, we should then be on the road to improving greatly the value and the importance of the Vice Presidency, and at the same time be wishing a fair wind, as they say in the Navy, to efforts toward achieving better mutual relationships between the White House and the Congress.

A Budget System Needed

There are now many congressmen and senators who solemnly aver that the whole trouble in Washington is the fault of the management of the executive departments. And on this score it is without question true that as the office of the President has developed during the last century, and notably during later years, it has become literally impossible for any man in that office to handle with thoroughness and with complete success all the multifarious activities of his office with the means, in personnel and equipment, afforded him. In detail many of the reasons for this condition have been set forth in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Basically the reasons resolve themselves into three: First, the executive departments have grown a thousandfold. In Washington's time there were three departments only and the Attorney-General, who was hardly more than a civil practitioner retained by the Government. Now there are ten great departments, each with many bureaus, and a score of independent agencies, almost any one of which has more employees than the entire Government had a century ago. Second, the office of the President has not been supplied with the administrative means to handle this enormous growth and all the multifarious activities of an organization employing more than seven hundred thousand persons. Third, the duties of the President are greatly complicated by the presence of an infinitude of limitations put upon him and the conduct of the departments, by Congress. Thus the system of making appropriations employed by Congress is not only archaic but it would put any private corporation into bankruptcy in a month. The least study of any appropriation bill will demonstrate that.

To take only one instance: The Navy, after sending a board of experts to the Pacific Coast exhaustively to investigate the need of docking and repair facilities for the Pacific Fleet, asked the present Congress for an appropriation of ten million dollars for the establishment of a docking and repair plant at San Francisco. But Congress, instead of granting the appropriation, decided to send a Congressional committee to the Pacific Coast to decide upon the technical needs of the Navy for the present fiscal year—with the result, of course, that a year will be lost before action is to be hoped for.

Congress at present does far more administrative work, especially of an organizing kind, than it permits the White House and the executive departments to do. That is why there are, for instance, some two score of governmental agencies doing engineering work of various kinds, and thirty-eight doing public-health work of various kinds. With Congress—the board of directors—interfering at every turn I doubt if any business man in the world could grapple with the President's administrative problems with no more help or equipment than the President has. The wonder to me is that the President, the executive departments and their employees do as well as they do in the circumstances. Nevertheless many congressmen and senators insist that the trouble is that the executive branch of the Government does not do thus and so and therefore Congress must shoulder the burdens neglected.

Liaison Service

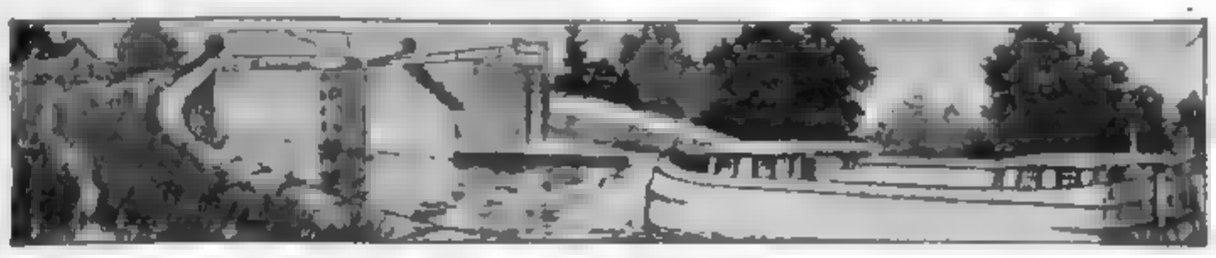
It has been said very frequently, by executives in Washington, and others, that the trouble all lies with Congress.

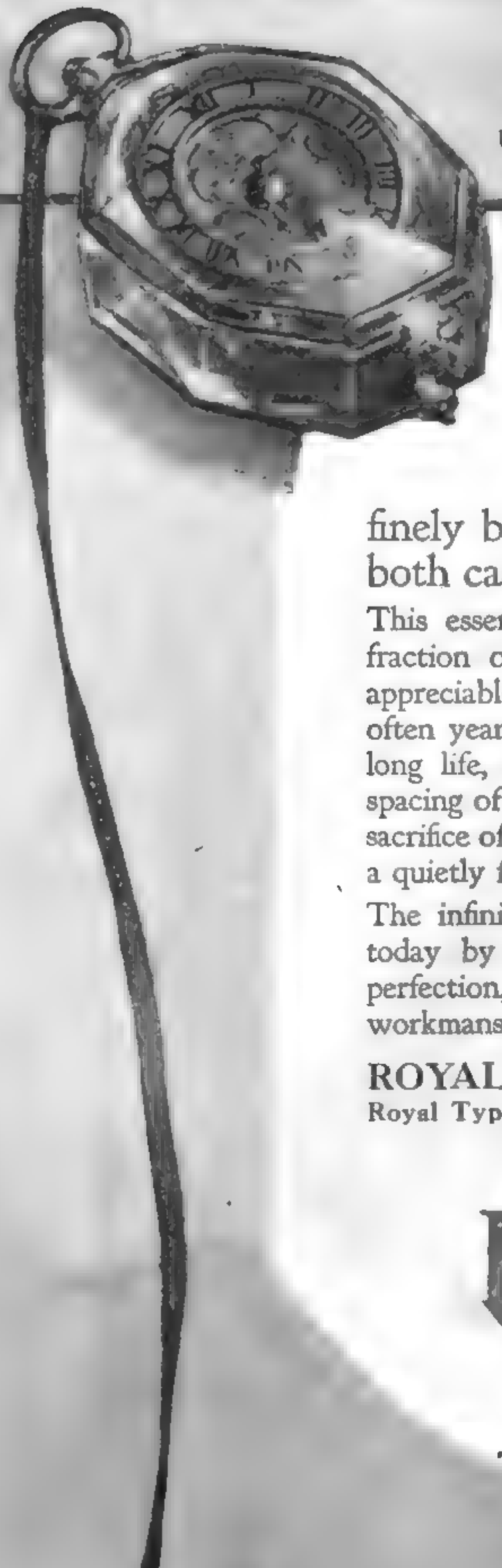
But the broader view is that the trouble is the result of lack of plan, or, more accurately, our inability to adjust our tremendous growth to the old, existing plan; and running that idea back you soon discover that the dire need of adjustments—in other words, the dire need of reorganization—is largely due to the wide gap between the executive and the legislative families.

We return thus to our starting point—the need of utilizing every possible aid in overcoming the gap between Congress and the executive branch of the Government—and the desirability of making fuller and more satisfactory use of the Vice President in overcoming that gap; in Congress, where his duties and prerogatives are in the hands of the Senate, and in the White House and executive departments, where his usefulness depends largely upon his relationship to the President and his willingness to aid the President.

There is hardly any limitation upon the ways in which the Vice President might be of service to the President. He might serve as an executive aid to the President, and in that capacity could easily enough, even if he did not possess such executive authority as might without a Constitutional amendment be granted him, exercise considerable influence through his close relationship with the President. He could, at the request of the President, serve in relation to the determination of large matters of policy that do not belong in the province of a member of the President's cabinet. He might serve as a kind of liaison officer to Congress and aid perhaps in carrying the large burden of interpreting administration policies to Congress and to the public.

Conclusively, when one has thus considered the background of our Government and realized the urgent need of accomplishing reforms in the foreground, the desirability of making fuller and from every approach more satisfactory use of the Vice President is apparent. The question, then, resolves itself into the problem of ways and means. And in meeting the problem of ways and means the most that one now can do is to trust to American resourcefulness.





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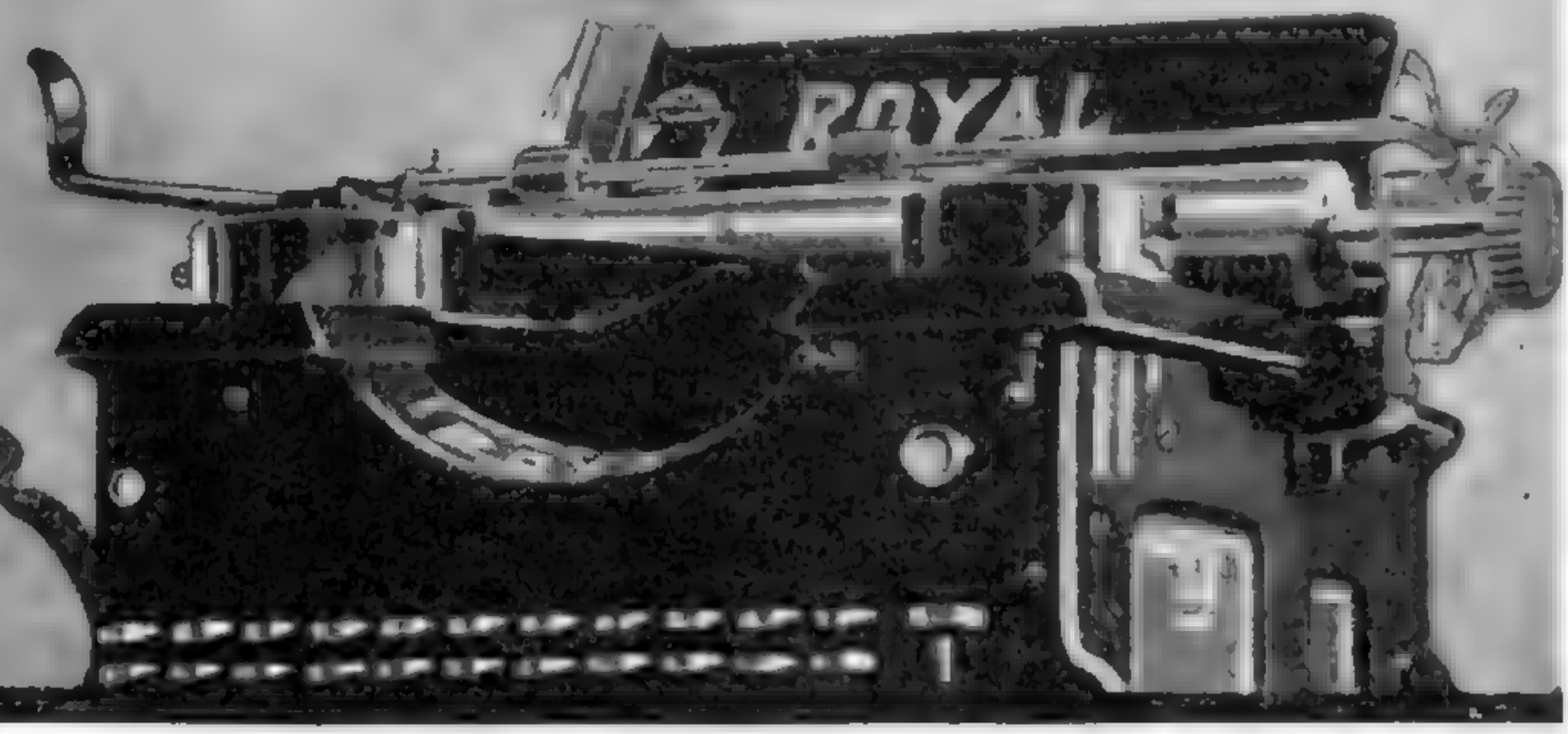

THE HARD-HEARTED WRETCH

(Continued from Page 21)

"I remember quite distinctly, Mr. Rand," she answered.

"Good! Well, to proceed. I've been staying across the street from you, and have heard a great deal about you. It seems that they all love you ——"

Amanda laughed. He hurried on.

"But I couldn't understand why. That nice youngster from Yale ——"

"Harold, you mean."

"Yes, that's it; nice boy. He's awfully fond of you but says you frighten all the men because you're so brusque—so foolishly sensible. Good Lord! Are they blind?"

Amanda started. Mr. Rand looked right at the shine in her eyes and said very distinctly:

"My dear Miss Vignoles, you may be able to deceive a younger man, but an older one's not so easily fooled."

"You must be very old," Amanda retorted. The sensation of being totally inadequate to the situation swamped her, but she was having such a good time!

"Old?" He laughed very quietly. "Thirty-five years old; and I am leaving the country in two weeks."

Amanda whistled, and wished she hadn't. "You do work fast, don't you?" She looked right at him as fearlessly as she could, and her eyes were round. Courage came to her with the music of the next dance. She jumped up. "Pardon me, Mr. Rand, I see my partner looking for me."

"You never cut dances, I suppose?"

She never did. "Sorry," she said. "About fooling them, Mr. Rand—you're wrong. I'm more sensible than I look." She lingered just a moment.

"You need to be. Run along, my child." He was getting out a cigarette.

Amanda, piqued, started away.

He remarked to his match: "But I'm very old; it's herself she's deceiving; she can't fool me."

Amanda hurried inside. "It's herself she's deceiving"—her heart heard that in every beat of the music; she lost step once, and didn't realize it. She didn't like old men, past thirty. She hated them. And would you believe it, she wanted more of them! She wasn't so young, then, as she had been.

In a couple of dances Rand cut in on her again, but just as they were starting for the door Harold came up. "Sorry, Mr. Rand. Mayn't I have one? Haven't danced with Amanda for four dances, now."

Mr. Rand put it to Amanda, with his eyes.

"Of course you may, Harold," she smiled at him; and then impulsively gave Mr. Rand a soft, warm hand.

"Don't you think, sir, that if the older ones are so very wise, I'd better stick to the young ones?"

"I do not," he answered, and reached in his pocket for his cigarette case, bowing very low.

Seven times did Mr. Rand dance with Amanda, in one evening! After the seventh dance they started to the far end of the veranda where the fresh breeze off the course cooled their hot cheeks and fanned their necks; where from the dark shadow they watched the black trees moving against the sky. Rand yanked his coat, sat on the rail, pulled at his tie, and admitted that here was fate. Amanda didn't look so young; she was even dignified when she walked slowly. And as she sat on the rail beside him, leaning forward a little—Lord, how his temples throbbed!

"Miss Vignoles," he began, "the next dance is the last, obviously not mine. I've been in the country nearly four months. It would be dishonest to say I came hunting a wife ——"

"A wife?" Amanda whispered to herself. Mr. Rand did not stop.

"But oh, I've kept hoping a woman would appear, would happen along. I haven't been searching—just wishing, hoping awfully, that one would come to me. And now—with exactly four days to spare—you!"

Amanda kept staring beyond the stars. He seized her hands, roughly; and dropped them. Out in the heavens a vision of hands, imprinted red, appeared and faded before Amanda's eyes.

She sat still. She couldn't keep down the thrill of emotion within her, vibrant and joyous.

"To say that love springs full grown at sight, that's stretching it, I know," Rand said, "but it has been in me, growing, ready for you—for years. New? Why, it's old; as old as I; older. It's life itself." He was whispering, very near her lips. "I love you, Amanda. Is it so absurd? I'm not old! Why, look, look at me. My Lord, what am I saying!"

Harold was standing there; he hadn't meant to intrude, but they were already playing the first encore of the last dance. And will you believe it, Amanda danced it; and at the end clapped for more.

She had little peace of mind after that first night. Most of us start romance with something mild; poor Amanda got melodrama for a beginning. When she was with

"I'll Wear Red, and Long, Long Earrings and Very French Heels; I'll Eat Chocolates and Chocolates"

Rand a delightful sense of unreality permeated her; romance fell over her thrillingly, like a waterfall, tingling, delicious. But again, when she was alone, the situation staggered her; its immediacy, the necessity for decision, the incongruity of it! Of course she couldn't eat, but one doesn't starve in four days. She couldn't sleep, but one doesn't look pale through a heavy tan; and her eyes grew larger and larger. Mrs. Vignoles observed all this, but, as she explained to Mrs. Vane, she felt no anxiety.

Mrs. Vane, with all the people about town, had a great deal of excitement out of it, though. The diplomat was surprisingly frank about it; he loved Amanda and had four days to prove it in; he wanted to marry her if he could. He was a catch, undoubtedly, certainly a handsome man, had scads of money, and had been everywhere. The girls envied Amanda and were uncomprehending. What was so taking about her? She wore awfully plain clothes, and her nose invariably shone. And she was just like adamant, cold as a stone. But apparently the Rand man didn't mind; he took time by the horns and shook it; no one could have asked for swifter action. He had a desperate chance; he made a desperate fight. In a way I admire that man.

Amanda struggled; poor child. She was only seventeen. We will have to grant her the thrills of a first love affair; Rand knew women pretty well; he was no amateur; I suspect he made it romantic with a capital R. And against this onslaught of the senses Mrs. Vignoles kept up a steady defensive. She probably saw more of Amanda, all told, in those four days, than Rand did; and she is a clever woman. The last night before the man left she sat on Amanda's bed, watching her braid the black curls. Amanda stood before the mirror, breathing quickly, almost unwilling to turn round and look at her mother.

Stooping low to untie her slippers Mrs. Vignoles remarked, "My dear, what Rand loves is your looks. What kind of love is that?"

"Yes, what kind of love is that?" Amanda admitted a little uncertainly.

Mrs. Vignoles talked about a lot of things, tactfully, quietly; but it was useless, for Amanda didn't hear. Of course she would be sensible; of course she'd do nothing rash, to regret all her life, certainly not. Her mother must know that. Why, then, wouldn't she go away? How could a girl cry in front of her mother? After a bit Mrs. Vignoles kissed the hot eyes, and slipped out. Then Amanda began to sob. Oh, she was growing up.

The next day Rand went away. The rest of the story has always remained indefinite. He is reported to have married since. Probably he found that love had grown within him, ages and ages, ready for another than Amanda. But, whatever the impression Amanda made on him, he made a lasting change in her. After she had waved good-by to him at the station her heart dropped with a thud; she began to realize that she had been through a unique experience; that other things would fall rather flat after this. She was amazed at the rational way she had behaved.

With something like pride she set about to forget Rand. But by the fourth night after he had gone, after days of commonplace, she lay awake, hearing the clock strike the hours and the half hours, again and again. Had she, after all, been so sensible? Was her judgment, and even her mother's, infallible? In a rush of misery she dug her fists into the pillow and wished with all her young heart she'd gone with him. But it was too late; she hadn't gone; perhaps the best thing would be to try to go to sleep. She turned on her back, twitching, and began to count lambs going over the fence, one after another, one after another. She dreamed fantastically the rest of the night.

But while she was eating strawberries on the shady side porch the next morning she was glad she hadn't wanted Rand until too late. After a couple of weeks she began chiding herself for remembering the way his voice filled her ears, the rash way he kissed her hands and as suddenly dropped them. After two months she could be successful in shutting the door to the recollection of his eyes, his smile. In it all she had not taken him seriously; no thought of his unhappiness troubled her; it was only her own imagination, her own intense response to him, that plagued her.

All this happened long before I met Amanda in that flaring jet hat. Of course I gathered the story several years after it occurred. Amanda may not really have taken it as hard as she afterward thought she had. I cannot say. But of things that happened after I met her I can write with certainty, for I witnessed them myself; at least I witnessed Amanda's reaction to things, which is what really counts. During our first summer together nothing much happened, except that we got to love and understand one another. Harold of course was always around, and I grew very fond of him.

Having heard so much about him in all Amanda's stories of her past I asked her one day: "What about Harold, through all the vicissitudes of loves off and on?" After Rand, you know, there were whole phalanxes.

She smiled, not too cheerfully, I thought, and said in an unnecessarily casual voice: "Harold, my dear, is a fixture. He's the lighthouse on this stormy trip."

"Then eventually you expect to take him?"

At this she shrugged her shoulders. "How should I know, Mary? Don't pester me."

This provoked me.

"Harold's too much the real stuff to be treated like a dummy, Amanda Vignoles. My suggestion is that you make up your mind." But she looked so sorrowful that I kissed her on the nose and we changed the subject.

For nearly three years after that first summer I didn't see Amanda. We went to different colleges, and when the war hit us we worked during vacations; no time for visiting then. But last June, after the war was over, I went out to Ohio again; to visit her this time. It seems years ago, perhaps because so much has happened.

As she met me at the station I thrilled again at what a baffling combination of quick intellect and dangerously sensuous beauty she was. Obviously the war had touched her lightly; much more so than it had Harold, who was with her to meet me. He'd been gassed and was thin and pale. I felt somehow old, looking at them, and a bit put out with Amanda. She kept us very gay all day, with bridge and a dance, and no time for a word of confidence.

It was only at night when we were upstairs alone that I noticed she did look older, much older. Her eyes sparkled; she sat erect, but she fidgeted about the room and was longer getting ready for bed than I, as if she dreaded it. The war had been rough with her, I gathered. There had been not only Harold but others, all young and strong and lovable. She giggled a little, nervously, while telling me.

"The pressure nearly cracked me sometimes; all the girls were doing it—getting engaged and married. There was Harold. Why, he didn't even ask me, Mary; said

(Continued on Page 89)

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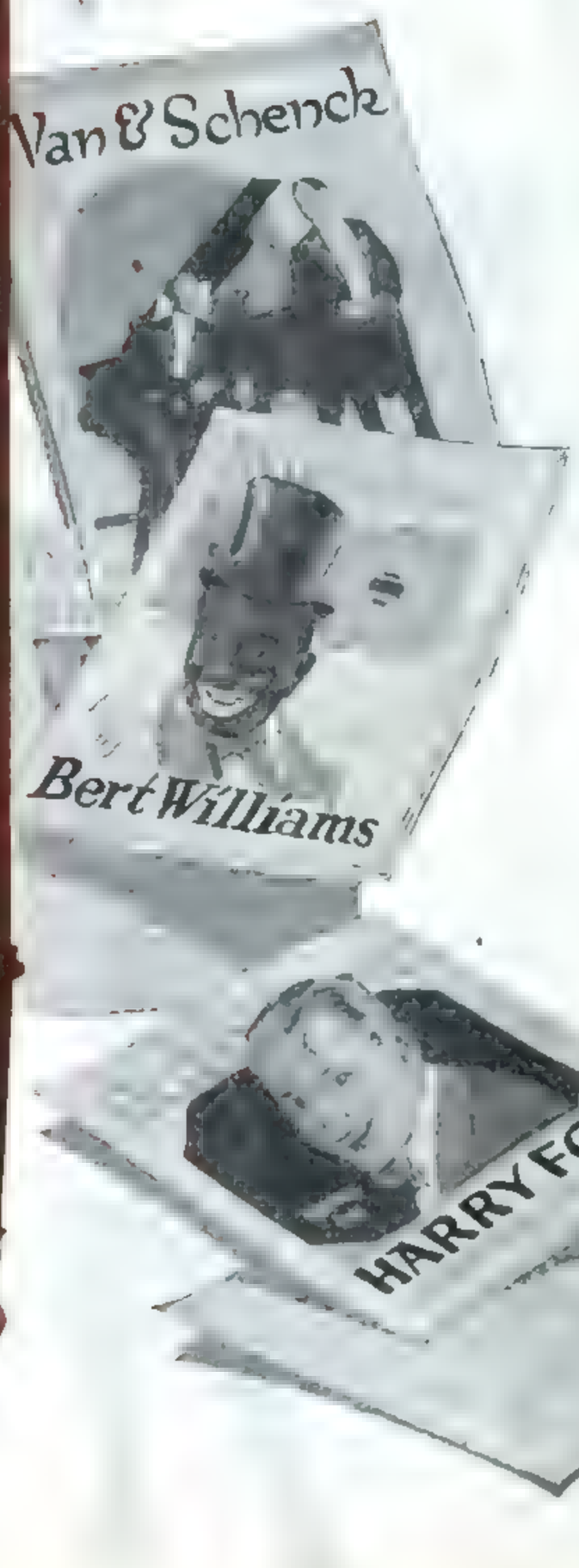

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(Continued from Page 84)

'twas unfair to a girl. There were the others, too. But it wasn't they so much as the awful desire, and the necessity for thinking ahead, too. That never-ending pull, nagging at me." She paused.

"Oh, I wanted it so very much, Mary. Then we should have found romance, stark, bold. Oh, my, how I wanted the chance! I wanted ——"

"But, Amanda," I broke in, "whom would you have taken?"

"That was just it—whom? I couldn't decide. If I had made one happy there were the others. There's something comfortable, I guess, in knowing nobody else got the girl you couldn't get. I could give them all that much, at least."

"That's a queer way to look at it," I threw in. "Of course Harold cared the most."

"Oh, but did he? Now, maybe, he does; but then?" She paused. "Harold's a dead level person, Mary; sensible and honorable and always the same, but ——" She stretched out her glorious arms. "But then, romance stalked in the hearts of some of them, panting. There was Harte; he's dead. And John; he married some girl in New Jersey. They're going to be divorced, I hear. The baby died."

Amanda stared at the floor. "And the others—they're back, and now they're just plain people again, a little discouraged with life, or a little wild, to defy it." She got up without energy and came over to sit by me on the bed.

"Mary, I did it, but there's no sparkle left in me."

So this was the stony, gay Amanda! I blinked, incredulous. Tears were streaming down her face; her limp arms hung useless, sagging from the lovely shoulders. I put my arms round her. She was sobbing on me now, and my kimono was sticking to my shoulder, clammy. I hugged her close and sat still; one couldn't baby her very well. What could I say? She was dead tired. I couldn't give her the rest she'd missed for two years, could I?

After a while I turned out the lights and let the moonlight in; we lay there with her arms round my neck and her hair all over my face. After what seemed to me the whole night, probably a half hour, Amanda pulled her black hair together and moved away from me. After a bit she began talking:

"All my life I've lived moderately. I've eaten moderately, slept moderately, and worked moderately. I've worn sensible clothes, I've had sensible friendships; I've even loved moderately. Never, Mary, in my whole life have I done one rash thing."

"That black hat!" I broke in, hoping to distract her a little.

"Ugh! One hat! What's that? One expensive, absurd, becoming hat—a girl's most rash act!" She laughed. "In all my life the only thing I haven't done moderately is moderation. I'm acutely, abnormally moderate."

"I don't exactly grasp that idea," I interfered.

"Why, that's no more nearly right than being fiendishly bad, or delightfully rash, or sickeningly virtuous."

"Well, you're not too virtuous," I added, not because it had anything to do with what she was saying. The remark fell flat upon a silence. After a bit Amanda chuckled.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I've definitely decided"—Amanda sat straight up in bed—"that the only hope for me is to do something superlatively rash."

"What?"

"Oh, no matter what—maybe rob a bank, or kill someone, or go on the stage, or ——"

"Don't be silly!" I expostulated.

"Oh, but I mean to be silly! Silly enough to make up for years and years. Let's see: I'll wear red, and long, long earrings and very French heels; I'll eat chocolates and chocolates."

"Humph! You'll only succeed in becoming common at that rate. Being extreme is no more rash than being sensible these days. It's a tiresome habit."

"Quit spoiling it," she grumbled.

"Well, the trouble is, you've grown up to be a moderate, and you can't change yourself."

She began humming an indiscreet air, and I knew she'd hit upon an idea. In five minutes she was asleep. I lay, wide-eyed, wondering. And after all, why not? I looked at her flushed face, the white arms thrown above her head, the black waving hair like deep-growing seaweed in the moonlight. Hadn't she denied them long enough?

But I was too young. She should have told her troubles to an older, wiser friend.

The next morning we went round to rehearse for the musical comedy. Amanda had got it up for the benefit of the smelly soap factory district, to try to tide them over until the directors of the soap company or the state board of health could be prevailed upon to do something drastic. We rehearsed all morning—they had saved me a minor part—and after a hot afternoon at home we rehearsed again all evening. We walked home slowly, tired. Amanda had promised to be hero and do the make-ups, and see Mr. Bell about the opera house, and arrange with the producers for a permit, and a couple of other things. When we got to the front porch Amanda dropped into the swing and kicked off her slippers.

"What's the use, Mary? Why do we do it?"

I was enthusiastic. The comedy was awfully funny, and I was to be a fat beggar. Amanda annoyed me a little.

"Why, think of the money, and the fun of it, and ——"

"Fun! We'll all be dead sick of it."

"You were the one who started it," I retorted. "You shouldn't be so willing to do everything. Of course you'll be dead!"

"Oh, someone has to do it, and I know how. But, I mean, why go to all the bother? The old men who control the factory boil with rage at the size of their income taxes; why don't they give it? Why don't they build better homes for their employees in the South End? Why don't they change the sewerage system? Why do they make it necessary to use charity? Are the state laws on sanitation their only goal? Haven't they any pride in a decent city?"

"Go on, go on," I murmured. The air felt cool and damp after the hot evening. It was pleasant just to sit. But life was rasping on Amanda particularly. She went on:

"The people don't deserve charity, Mary. They deserve fit homes as their due. They work; they save. What do they get? Poverty, and dead children. We don't work; we spend. What do we get?"

"Well, what do we get so much?" I was angry. "What do we get out of life?"

"Oh, good books, and dancing, and happy children, and ——"

"Well, and what satisfaction when we've had them? What's the use of it, anyway?"

We sat still, young and despondent. Slowly the great yellow moon disk slid up past the maple trees, glowing and warm. The still leaves stood black, immobile, against it. And the sky, pale near the moon, darkened and densened to jet out in infinite space.

"Oh!" we gasped. And laughing a little we kissed one another and ran up to bed.

For four weeks we worked hard on the show. The days were hot; we often got very tired. But it promised to be a unique affair, both socially and as a money gatherer. The day before the performance arrived things had been so carefully arranged that we were allowed one whole day of rest. Amanda and I slept late that morning and lounged about the room, "getting beautiful," as she put it. We were going down to Mrs. Vane's for lunch with several of the principals in the show. Mrs. Vane, you know, was manager of the show. She was always manager of everything in Bradenville. Amanda began laying out fresh clothes; she brought a brisk white linen from the closet. It was a hot morning. The starchy look of that heavy dress made me feel sticky all over.

"Amanda Vignoles, why will you pretend to be priggish by wearing an absurdly stiff thing like that?" I scolded. "It doesn't fool anybody!"

"Ah, there you err. It fools everybody," she explained complacently, "except you and the old men." She was forever quoting Rand. "And, moreover, I fool myself most of the time. I like being crisp and neat."

"Humph!" I gurgled through some cold lemonade. "It's low-minded to fake yourself. You're getting weaker by the day."

"Well, what of it? What if I am weakening?" She jumped from her chair and yanked the pins from her hair savagely. "Why does every old codger in the country come along to torture me? It's not fair; it's not fair!"

She stopped, throwing her slippers across the room. I munched my fourth cooky quietly. She was tired, I argued to myself, just tired. Through the open windows we could hear every bird screeching its tiny throat off, till one's ears rang. I wanted to yell; their noise flooded one's head, out of the hush of the air, more with vibration than sound.

"Ugh, I hate summer, I hate it!" Amanda shouted as she pulled on her bathing suit. "Every bird, every breath of wind, every lush smell hags at me. What can one do, I ask you? What fool can't make love in the summer? I hate it! I hate it!"

In a second I heard her running downstairs, and grabbing the rest of the cookies on the plate I ambled after her, calling her to wait. She stopped at the foot of the stairs and looked up defiantly.

"You know what I told you the other night, Mary? I'm going to do something rash, something terribly rash; not because I forget myself or because I give way, in a weakness, but because out of the logic of my brain I know it's the thing to do!" She slammed the screen door, and I meekly opened it, following her.

"Amanda, if you do, I'll be the only living person on earth to understand why."

"Conceited!" she snapped as she climbed into the car.

"Not at all," I protested agreeably, contemplating the last cooky fondly. "I'm the only person you've warned. I'm getting used to the idea."

She had the grace to smile, and we covered the dusty mile to the river in silence. While she was crawling along the muddy stream—I believe all rivers in Ohio are yellow in midsummer—I worried a little about her complexion, submerged in the thick water, and I wondered how such a graceful girl could make herself so awkward. (I can't do the crawl.) When she disappeared beyond the willow trees upstream my mind reverted to the rash act. What would she do? What could she? It was beyond me. Poor kid, she was simply worn out. I must see about getting her to rest. Maybe on a farm in Wisconsin; or a canoe trip.

She climbed up the bank, her straight legs shining in the sun, and we drove home slowly; slowly we dressed for the luncheon, dawdling over every step in preparation. Amanda looked at me wearily.

"Wish we weren't going?" she asked.

"I do," I answered. "And you look utterly fagged."

"I am." She started stepping into the childish, stiff, white thing.

"Amanda, don't wear that. You look bedraggled enough anyway. See, I'm wearing pink."

She took one foot out of the skirt, but protested.

"I'm too tired to care, Mary."

A thought struck me.

"Wait, wear one of mine, won't you? That green one I haven't worn," I begged.

She pulled it from the closet obediently. It was a little short, but she did look comfortable in it, and cool, and very frivolous. She laughed at her reflection in the mirror, and jerked a great rose from the vase on the table by the window.

"Mary, I have a premonition," was all she said.

We trotted downstairs—that is, I trotted, and Amanda got there by some wonderful coördination of movements which always reminded me of a race horse walking up to the judge's stand. One always felt proud, walking by her, and fearfully awkward. We got into the car carefully, so as to keep fresh, and in two minutes were walking up Mrs. Vane's front yard.

Bump! At the door we met Mrs. Vane with an Adonis. Where she'd got him I don't know. Only one thing about him I remember well; he leaned forward when he talked, and I felt that he was nearer than he really was.

"Miss Horner," he intoned at me. Horner's my name, you know.

"Charmed!" I announced, a thing I never say.

Mrs. Vane's voice cascaded.

"And this, Pete, is Miss Vignoles."

He barely looked at her, but leaned very near. He was holding her hand right at his vest. I disliked him heartily. But Amanda couldn't have minded so much, for she took a step—very small, you know, but noticeably a step, forward.

"And you are—Pete?"

Mrs. Vane, flustered as could be, produced the evidence. "Peter Ross." I sauntered on with Mrs. Vane.

"Where'd you get him, Mrs. Vane?"

"Oh, he's here, very kindly, to see the dress rehearsal in the morning. On his way from Chicago. He's quite a lady killer, my dear." She lifted one eyebrow as if to say: "Isn't that funny? The boys insist he's great sport, just a trifle wild perhaps—but charming."

"Obviously so!" I agreed. Hadn't I said it at meeting him? I bit my tongue.

"Oh, perhaps he overdoes it, but he can't be blamed. His profession, you know. Still, it will be helpful to have him criticize it for us from a professional point of view."

"Criticize it? You mean the show?" I asked.

Harold came up; I was glad to see him; he grinned.

"Adonis has the beauty, hasn't he? Quick work!"

"I understand he's on the stage. I'm quite jealous," I murmured, hating Adonis meanwhile. "Think how remarkably he must make love."

"I could do quite well myself, Mary," Harold added quickly. I looked at the floor, and soon we went out to lunch.

Nobody ate much. Adonis talked quite a lot and didn't look at Amanda. She kept staring at the wall; I think they didn't so much as glance at each other. But I kept looking to see if other people noticed how close he was sitting to her, how he leaned toward her; they must notice it. And after blinking once or twice I'd see that he really wasn't near Amanda at all; he was sitting erect as anything.

He was almost calling up to Mrs. Vane: "Miss Vignoles has been telling me about this play you're to give to-morrow night."

That started us all.

"You should see Amanda, Pete," Harold laughed. "You'd never believe what a hard-hearted wretch she is, to see her——"

Pete interrupted as if bored:

"Quite an affair, isn't it—this show?"

"Indeed; we hope to clear up a thousand or two."

"Whee, an expensive thing!" Pete said. "Well, I get in on the dress rehearsal. I shan't be able to go to the regular performance, not even to see—pardon, Miss Vignoles—the cold-blooded wretch." He flaunted the words before her nose.

Amanda didn't blush; she'd stopped that years ago. She didn't bite her lip. Only, when the salad came on, she sat bolt upright and laughed aloud. Adonis was chattering with someone across the table at the moment. He stopped abruptly, turned to Amanda, and laughed with her. Why are all Don Juans born with flashing laughs? I imagined infinite miles of white, though he had a small mouth.

"Don Juan," I meditated; that fitted him better than Adonis; Adonis is suggestive of youth and innocence. Don Juan fitted him better!

"How old are you?" I heard Amanda ask him evenly; as if it should matter to her!

"Twenty-five; a mere babe."

"How nice!" Amanda said, looking at the wall.

I crumbled up my napkin and broke a finger nail on the edge of the table. It was my own fault. I should have let her wear the white. The thought spoiled dessert.

After lunch Mrs. Vane dismissed us; tables were on the porch; or we might use the car if we chose. She had to go to a committee meeting. Harold and I were ambling down the lawn, discussing whether it was too warm to get his canoe out on the river, when Amanda caught hold of my arm.

"We're going to ride; they've opened up the new brick road, Mrs. Vane says. Come go along!"

She looked so wildly excited that I was afraid to say no. Harold looked at me; I nodded yes, and we ran down to the street after Amanda. When we stumbled into the back seat, over a pile of old coats and hats, Amanda was already starting the car.

"What's the junk?" Harold asked, removing an alpaca coat from one white shoe.

It was a collection of old coats and hats Mrs. Vignoles always made us take along for picnics; the pile had lain there for a week.

"Such a cold afternoon! We'll be so apt to need them," Harold added, reaching for a cigarette.

We settled to a noncommittal silence as the machine lunged down Central Street and out of town. The sky had clouded a little and the air rushing at us felt almost cool. I listened intently for every word I could hear from Amanda and Pete, while Harold struggled to light one cigarette after another, down in the corner behind

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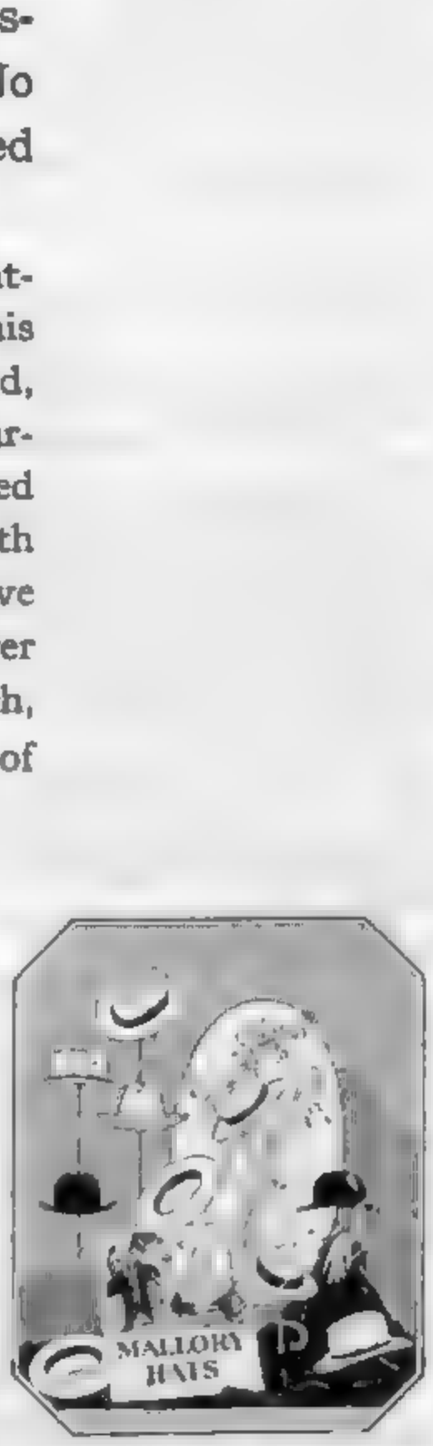

the front seat. We tore along, too fast for me to hear much. Amanda stared at the road; that wretched Don Juan talked straight ahead of him, detachedly, like a phonograph with a fiber needle on—quiet, vibrant and unceasing.

We slowed up for a bridge and I caught in his voice: "Sit nearer perhaps? Easier talking."

In the lurch of speed that answered I couldn't hear Amanda; she must have said "Very near," for he moved until he was practically breathing in her ear. I gave up listening, and scowled at Harold.

"She's an idiot," he assured me.

"Why?" I asked.

"Absolutely inexplicable. Best brain going, stunning as the devil—and playing up to that rotter! She's too deep for me."

"Don't be absurd," I said; and added: "You know she loves you, Harold."

He looked at me oddly.

"Oh, mildly, mildly—but I'm too unexciting for her! Why, look, she's nicer to that mess sitting with her than to me! Why, even you wouldn't do that, Mary!"

"You're very stupid," I snapped.

At which he nodded assent. This was all my doing, all my fault. I'd egged Amanda on; I'd made her wear that ridiculous dress. The telephone poles said "All your fault, all your fault." I looked on the other side of the road to escape them; the fence posts screamed "All your fault, all your fault," so fast that I closed my eyes.

Amanda drove us down through Southern Ohio, where the roads wind up and down low hills, disclosing now a long vista of planted lands, and now, suddenly, a tiny valley with but one dark pool and a placid cow. In the still, lazy afternoon we alone were moving, tearing through a quiet country almost artificial in its immobility. The sense of being a person left me, only a sensation of motion through inanimate loveliness remained.

We came to Cincinnati, slowing down a little. Few people were out, and carts clanked along through the hot streets like unliving things wound up for a time. We skirted the main streets and dropped down to the river, where the old suspension bridge hangs over the muddy Ohio. Harold reached in his pocket for the toll money; we slowed down, thrusting the change at the old man waiting for us, and again lunged forward, out through Covington and toward the hills.

It had been raining and was cooler; we all took deep breaths and abandoned ourselves to the lush beauty about us. Where neat Ohio could only have shouted prosperity, Kentucky whispers romance from every unkept hill. We felt the difference immediately, Amanda with exhilaration; I could tell it from the upward thrust of her chin and the half-open lips. I greeted the change only with dark premonitions, and weakening vitality to combat the danger. Harold smoked more slowly; he was getting a little sleepy. But Don Juan sat close to Amanda, staring ahead and talking evenly.

She had to shift gears on a miserable hill, and I caught "Tired of it?" in his quiet voice, and "Excruciatingly" in hers. Then silence till we'd reached the top and were dashing on again. They couldn't have been talking of the scenery. What, then, I wondered, had they meant?

We rode a great while, passing tiny towns in a trice. The country grew less sharply hilled; sometimes a road was nearly impassable. As the afternoon grew late we drove slowly into an odd old town, built along one great avenue of trees.

Harold reached over and shouted "Cigarettes!"

Amanda nodded; we drew up before a grocery store. Across the street, set well back from the road, we saw a large white building. In front of it horses were hitched in long lines; men lounged on benches and spat upon the gravel yard. And in the center of the court an imposing fountain and watering trough combined spurted out a big stream. We all saw it at once and shouted "Water!" I hadn't known how thirsty I was till that minute. We crossed the road, stiff legged, and ran to the drinking place. The old men stared at us strangers; their critical eyes convinced me that the whole county was assembled there.

Did Pete notice? Of course not!

"Romantic country, isn't it?" he asked.

"Very," I agreed, bending over for a drink.

"What's the building?" he asked.

"Probably the courthouse," Amanda said, looking at it. The wide front doors were open; men sprawled on the steps, chewing and talking. "Would you like to see it, Mr. Ross?"

Though neither of them had had a drink they started up the walk. I lingered behind, waiting for Harold, who'd gone to get cigarettes. Those two handsome young things did look well together; they walked in perfect rhythm, with long, even steps. I saw them stop before a large bulletin board and laugh at some announcement. They had done little but laugh all the afternoon; it annoyed me. As they stood there a fat, collarless old codger shuffled up, removed his straw hat and spat neatly between his feet.

"If you be wantin' a guardeen I be willin' for—a mighty little ——"

"A 'guardeen'?" Pete asked.

"He means a guardian," Amanda smiled. "Thank you, sir; I'm twenty-one."

"Y'u don't look it," the man said.

Amanda was smiling at Pete.

"What do you want a guardian for?" he asked.

The old man giggled, and hitched up his trousers.

"I been guardeen to a mighty many, sir."

"What for?" Pete looked at Amanda. I could hear every word, and terror gripped me.

"People younger than twenty-one have to have a guardian with them to get married here. But we're past twenty-one."

At last it dawned on Pete. He swept Amanda with one big, appraising glance and met the tantalizing look in her great eyes.

"You would?" he breathed, his mouth very near hers.

"I would; would you?" Amanda dared him.

He grabbed her hand for answer, and pulled her, running up the steps and into the building. It was decided in less than a minute, under my very eyes, while I stood there like a cement pillar, unable to move one foot to stop them. I hadn't prepared myself for this!

Harold came up, grumbling: "Rotten cigarettes." He looked round carelessly. "Where's Amanda?"

"Inside," I quavered.

"Wouldn't mind seeing it myself. Let's go in, Mary."

But I clutched his arm.

"Oh, no! There's nothing to see, I know." My head was thundering. "I feel a little chilly; let's go down to the car till they come. They decided very suddenly to go; I don't know exactly what for," I faltered.

Harold blew a couple of rings and shoved me into the car. We waited and waited. I saw the red sun set, the stars come out, the pink fade out of the west, the moon come up, while we waited.

"What the devil are they doing?" Harold irritably scratched a match. And there was the red sun in the sky, and my wrist watch pointing to five o'clock; only ten minutes they'd been gone!

Another eternity passed, and we saw them coming out the door. Harold didn't seem to understand at all. But then, he wouldn't; he'd never be able to. I felt a little superior, triumphant. It was a climax and I understood. Amanda and Pete stood a moment at the top step. Amanda flung her arms wide. Then she threw a kiss at the departing sun, at me, and at Harold.

"The grace of her!" I exclaimed.

"She's wonderful!" Harold grumbled. "And that fool Pete! Look!"

Pete took her arm and they flew down the steps. The old men leaning in rows against the hitching posts nudged one another and giggled. Amanda laughed back at them, and so did Pete. Prickles raced up and down my back. I looked hard at Harold. He was watching them in disgust. He didn't realize even yet! They stopped a minute when they saw us, as if surprised, and after whispering together a moment walked up to the nearest man available. He did a lot of pointing, and tipped his hat twice as Amanda thanked him. She ran across the street to us, and pulled me out of the car; a new Amanda, excited, trembling.

"Get out, Harold, you lazy thing!" she said, tugging at him. "The man says you can get a train in two hours."

"What on earth?" Harold protested. It was still too deep for him.

Amanda kissed him smartly on the mouth. "You dear! Remember always,

(Concluded on Page 92)

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(Concluded from Page 90)

Harold, I do love you, I do! And this is for the slap I gave you at ten." She kissed him on the left cheek tenderly.

I'll grant Don Juan that he didn't wince. Amanda threw her arms round me. "I've done it, I've done it!"

And she laughed, not to me but to that leaning individual with the miles of white smile. He used that laugh in response; I hated the way he was always displaying it, aptly. Tears were running down me at such rate that I mopped my cheeks and neck continually.

Don Juan patted me on the back and announced in my ear—I know he must have been leaning: "Mary, you're a dear; it's shameful to dump you out. Here—it's all I have!" He presented me with his watch. "All bridesmaids get presents, don't they?" He dragged an old coat out of the machine for me, with "Colder soon. The sun's setting."

And I put on the old thing. Amanda protested at the rough raincoat he forced her arms into, but she buttoned it up acquiescently.

And then, after fidgeting about in the bottom of the car, Pete evidently found something else, for he said: "Humph, look at it! Only one I can find. But you'll need a hat."

He thrust the dilapidated but still shiny black cereal-bowl hat on Amanda's head. Then he lifted her by her elbows into the seat, jumped in the car himself, and they drove off, waving till far down the road. The last thing I saw above the dusty road was that absurdly jaunty fly-away jet thing, triumphantly sticking out malicious black tongues at me.

Harold was standing in the road.

"I see," he said. That was all. I started to retort "At last!" but why taunt him? So I just tucked my arm through his and pulled him along.

"Poor boy," unconsciously escaped me.

He squeezed my hand and together we started to hunt the station.

When we got to Bradenville the next morning we walked home without a word, and dropped on the porch, dead tired. Mrs. Vignoles came out, looking unruffled.

"What's the news?" she asked cheerfully, but she dropped her fan, and fumbled as Harold handed it to her.

We looked at the floor. Silence.

"Amanda telephoned me this morning," she said.

Silence.

"She said ——"

We started at the crash of a dish out in the kitchen.

"Yes?" I put in. There was not one thing I could think of to help that woman out. My tongue felt large and dead in my mouth.

"She said," Mrs. Vignoles went on, "she had forgotten to call up last night. She was sorry I had been worried, and not to ask you about it, Mary."

"That was white!" Harold exclaimed. "No fair making Mary bear the brunt of it." He looked awfully pale and sat there gripping my hand right under Mrs. Vignoles' eyes; I hadn't the heart to take my own hand away. Mrs. Vignoles went on:

"Mrs. Vane called up. The dress rehearsal was to have been this morning, and some professional was to be there. Mrs. Vane sounded quite apprehensive."

"What did you tell her?" I asked.

"Oh, I said they probably didn't need a dress rehearsal, and to tell people to come back early to-night; that Amanda would be there."

I gasped. "Did she say she would?"

"No; but she will," Mrs. Vignoles said.

I said nothing. What could I say?

"Won't you have some breakfast, you babies?" Mrs. Vignoles asked abruptly. "You must be starved."

I suddenly felt hungry. "Let's, Harold."

"Maybe I could." He pulled me up, and put his arm round Mrs. Vignoles. They were great pals; she kissed him under the chin and shook her head.

"I can't realize you children are grown up," she smiled.

The blessed cook had made waffles. I ate six. Even Mrs. Vignoles couldn't spoil my glorious optimism. Harold tried gallantly to eat, but after a long struggle with the second waffle he put down his fork deliberately and asked for the third cup of coffee.

"Why, I never take but one myself; and I am an old woman," Mrs. Vignoles expostulated.

"Not even this morning?" Harold asked.

"Why should I break the rule now, at this age?" she answered; but she spilled a little coffee, I noticed, as she was pouring Harold's third cup. A pause followed, while I ate.

"Mary"—her voice startled me; we had been sitting so quietly—"I'll not ask you, dear. But you wouldn't care to tell me anything about it, would you?"

I felt worse than any comfortable worm I've ever seen. With effort I fixed my eye on the seventh luscious waffle and whispered: "Perhaps it would be fairer to let her tell you herself. She will make it so simple to understand."

"I suppose then—it couldn't be anything less—less surprising than what I suspect?"

"No, I suppose not; in fact, I know," I agreed.

"I thought it must be so," Mrs. Vignoles broke in as if she dreaded having me go on.

"Oh, I can understand why she did it." I started. Mrs. Vignoles shot an impenetrable glance at me.

"Oh, I can understand." She threw back her head in the quick way characteristic of Amanda. "I understand. Only I've always hoped she'd do something a little finer than her old mother. I've tried to educate her so carefully, to prepare her. She's had so much against her. Poor child ——"

Harold got up. "Well, I don't know what you're both aiming at, but if Amanda did it she had a darn good reason." He pulled me from the table. "I'm going home for a nap."

I went up to bed and slept all day. Amanda hadn't come at six o'clock. I was ready to go to the Opera House, and stopped at Mrs. Vignoles' open door to say good-by.

"Are you coming?" I asked, knowing she wouldn't.

Personally I thought there'd be no performance, but in case there should be, Amanda's appearing with Pete after her spectacular absence would ruin the evening. But Mrs. Vignoles put a bright pin in her hair with accurate care and answered my question: "Of course, I'm coming. I couldn't miss seeing Amanda. I never was able to get to any of her performances at school. And oh, Mary, the orchids are lovely."

And thereupon I lied; I knew there was no card in those orchids, Harold had admitted he'd forgotten to give it to the florist; we had agreed at about four o'clock in the morning, on the train, to send them. But I did somehow feel sorry for Mrs. Vignoles. How lonely she must be! I hadn't thought she would take it so well. Those inexpressive eyes concealed one knew not what anguish.

So I lied: "Amanda asked me, the last thing, to send them."

"That's odd," she said very softly, and took my hand, "for I had a large box of roses from her this afternoon; she knows I prefer them with that gray dress. And the boy who brought them said the order was telephoned in just this morning." She looked at me, triumphant, as two tears rolled down my cheeks. "You dear!" she said, and kissed me.

I dabbed my nose and peeked out the window, to gain equilibrium. The screen door across the street slammed, and Harold leaned against a pillar, smoking, and looking at the sky.

"Poor Harold!" I said.

"Poor Harold, humph! You don't mean to tell me, Mary Horner, that you're wasting sympathy on him? Poor Harold, humph! You, of all people, feeling sorry for Harold!" Mrs. Vignoles put another shiny pin in her hair. "Run along; you'll be late, child," she said, to the mirror.

I stumbled downstairs and went out through the kitchen and up town through the alley.

"Poor Harold, humph!" Now wasn't that a queer thing to say? After all, though, it was "Poor mother" first. A young man can recover from anything, given time. But, "You of all people feeling sorry for him," I couldn't understand.

When I got to the Opera House everyone was hurrying about. I got into my beggar's clothes as fast as I could, and strolled into the make-up room. There stood Amanda! Her eyes shone, brilliant in the glaring light, as she deftly glued a beard on a farmer.

"Hello, Mary."

"Hello, Amanda."

"You're next, Mary."

I've heard of dancing eyes before. But Amanda's were fairly jumping. With hot fingers she smudged me with grease paint. I reached for the door with my foot, slamming it. In the mirror I watched that lithe body of hers, moving quickly about me. "Exalted" was the only word I could think of.

She had lost her defiant look, and now that we were alone she dropped her shoulders a trifle, and threw out her arms joyously, as does a child in the wind.

"Well?" I asked. She was already making up my mouth. There was no time to lose; people were waiting.

"He's on his way to New York."

I gasped, spoiling my lower lip. Amanda wiped it off my chin, and started applying whiskers.

"He's left you?"

"He had to be back for a contract to-morrow."

"But he could have come up to-day."

"You see," she started—and I could tell from the fast way she talked that she'd planned it all out, so as to get it over quickly—"you see, yesterday I completely forgot the play."

"Obviously."

"Well, this morning I woke up early. It was so glorious just to wake up, being. The sunlight in the windows, the curtains blowing, the funny little room. Oh it was glorious just to be living, living! I looked at Pete; he was asleep, Mary ——"

"Yes, yes," I said. I declare, I felt embarrassed.

"And his hair, or his mustache, or something, reminded me of this affair to-night! It was from another world aeons ago. I couldn't remember my lines; I got panicky. So I shook Pete frantically, and dashed for the bathtub. He"—she giggled—"he was a little sleepy, I guess. He couldn't get it through his head that I was going. I told him to hurry if he was coming. Goodness, it's a long drive up here! He tried to get me to stay." She became a little vague and pulled my hair awfully getting my wig on. "I tried to explain that I had to be here, the responsibility and mother, and all. He explained he had to go to New York and couldn't we have one decent day of honeymoon and—well, you're done now. You look awful, Mary." She reached to open the door.

"What did he say when he saw you'd made up your mind?" I queried. How often I'd experienced a hopeless abandon when Amanda had made up her mind.

"The last thing he said was—do you want me to tell you exactly?"

"As you choose," I said as coldly as possible.

"He said: 'Well, I must say, you're a hell of a wife.'" She opened the door, calling, "Who's next?"

I delayed in the tiny room, arranging my rags, while Amanda started making up a grandmother.

"What are you going to do to-morrow, Amanda?"—nonchalantly.

"I'm going to New York, Mary," in an ordinary voice.

"And your mother?"

She looked at me; at last a genuine look. I gave her my heart in mine. The grandmother was rouging her lip.

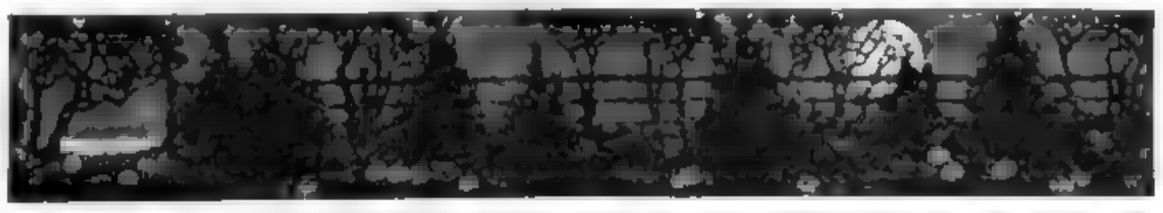
"You'll stay on with mother a while, Mary."

"Of course." Why hadn't I thought of it before?

"And someone will please see that she gets the aisle seat in the fourth row to-night. Mrs. Vane has been holding it for a man from Chicago. It's a better seat than mother's. She's to have it."

"Of course," I agreed, and started out to find Mrs. Vane. Turning for a moment I asked, "Isn't Mrs. Vane expecting that man from Chicago?"

"I think not; though, how should I know? Do you think those cheek lines are heavy enough for a grandmother?"



I shrugged my shoulders and went in search of Mrs. Vane.

The town papers wrote up the operetta in glowing terms, laying its unique success to the brilliant acting of the accomplished Miss Vignoles. Mrs. Vane told me afterward that after the second act, before the lights flared on, Mrs. Vignoles said: "How much she looks like her father!" But it was dark and Mrs. Vane could not get her expression. Of course they changed the subject right off, and didn't mention Amanda again, though Mrs. Vane was nearly bursting with curiosity. Mr. Ross had telegraphed in the afternoon from Louisville saying that he was very sorry he had missed the rehearsal but knew that the performance would be sparkling under Mrs. Vane's able management.

He was writing his apologies, and trusted Mrs. Vane would forgive his rash disappearance. His contract in New York forbade his coming up for the evening. She explained it carefully to Mrs. Vignoles, who only remarked that she believed she had not met the man. And Mrs. Vane her best friend!

Amanda and her mother talked very late that night; I was asleep when Amanda came to bed. We packed for her the next morning while she wrote letters and called up everybody in town; she would leave nothing for Mrs. Vignoles and me. She even arranged with the newspaper men to keep it out of the papers. We got her to sleep a little in the afternoon, and then, with Mrs. Vane along, drove her over to Dayton for the evening train.

"Why don't you wait over another day?" I asked as we stood waiting for the signal "All aboard."

"Woman's place is with her husband, and mine's waiting for me in New York."

"Good heavens! So he is!" I exclaimed. "Your husband!"

"Oh, I've contracted him for good."

My word! I hadn't thought of it till that minute. For all her life! My mouth fell.

"Oh, I'm not sorry; remember that! Come pain, come strife, I'm not sorry!" She certainly didn't look it, standing there, proud, challenging, just as she had been the first time I met her.

"Just think"—she closed her eyes—"how many women are jealous, and furious!"

"Nothing comforting in that," I said sullenly.

"And think! I don't even know if he takes sugar in his coffee, yet! And Mary"—she pulled me closer—"do be careful of mother. I've cheated on her, you know."

When the train pulled out Amanda clung to Mrs. Vignoles rather too long for a station, I thought, but we know no one; perhaps nobody noticed us, anyway. I wept a little, but was the only one who did. After the train had disappeared up the track Mrs. Vane, Mrs. Vignoles and I got a sporty supper uptown—as sporty a supper as one can get in Dayton, that is—and drove home in ridiculously high spirits, each trying to keep the others from feeling lonely or apprehensive—and none of us succeeding.

After a pause, while we watched the lights hunting out the road ahead, Mrs. Vane remarked, with an odd little chuckle of recollection: "Pete is charming, isn't he, Mary?"

"He must be," Mrs. Vignoles said quietly.

"He's handsome and gallant too!" I broke in. Couldn't I shake them into seeing why Amanda wanted him? "Some people may say Amanda is wasting herself on a trifler. But she wanted, she needed, someone young, rash, violent, if you will. I'll wager my all she has the greatest lover in the world. I—I envy her!"

"It's very romantic," Mrs. Vane sighed, thinking probably of what a grump Mr. Vane was; "just like a drama."

"Melodrama," Mrs. Vignoles corrected.

"I think it's a natural outcome," I broke in again. "Why, now Amanda's balanced. Before, she was only a halfway person. This was the necessary climax, for her. Don't you see?"

But they shook their heads dubiously, thinking only of years of unhappiness ahead. As I said before, my opinion is worthless in the matter; I'm too young to have ideas, and too loyal to Amanda to be unprejudiced about it. Just the same, if I had been Amanda Vignoles I'd have done it—in spite of those middle-aged women shaking their heads!

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At the nearest Goodyear Service Station Dealer ask for Goodyear Tire Savers, and for the six Tire Conservation Lessons—these provide the means to greater tire mileage

TIRE SAVERS

SEED OF THE SUN

(Continued from Page 25)

The yellow boy in khaki came shyly up the bank and held out his hand.

"What is your name, little boy?" she asked.

"John Matsu."

"Well, John Matsu, what are those words written on your kite?"

John Matsu merely grinned, showing his prominent teeth, as he took the kite and backed rapidly away.

"He's a funny bird, isn't he?" giggled Kipps.

"They don't speak English very well," said Anna. "But you must be nice to them, Kipps. Their people work on our farm."

Kipps stood very close to his mother, and she saw the wistful look come into his gray eyes as they scanned the flowery hillocks and the deep-brown stream crawling sleepily past its emerald banks.

"Is this all ours, mother?" he asked at last.

"Every bit, my dear. All ours!"

And she crouched down to hold his slim body close to hers.

IX

THE experiment in agriculture which Zudie had so impetuously proposed one cold night in New York seemed from the very first to be crowned with the blossoms of good fortune. No one, as Zudie had pointed out the first day, could be unhappy long in such a place. Wind and sun, the perfume of growing things, the day's work all contributed to cure those distempers bred of artificial life.

Kipps had got into overalls almost as soon as he had got into the farmhouse. The first morning was not over before he had been stung by a bee, fallen into the river and been stepped on by Rodger, an ancient brown horse, for which Kipps had formed an immediate attachment. Kipps was having a perfect time.

Anna's first problem was the house. As it stood, she knew it could never be a home for her family. With Zudie's help she planned to renovate the old farmhouse and make it at least endurable for women who had never been without the luxury of pretty things. The first day's experience taught her that she must have an automobile of her own. Therefore she bribed Matsu to drive her to the city, where she was able to buy a slightly used inclosed car with seats for four. It was pretty and in very good condition. Anna, indifferent driver though she was, managed to get it home without accident.

When a painter and paper hanger sent in his estimate Anna felt that her house must be a palace instead of a really modest establishment. She chose simple, unfigured paper for the walls, but the cost of labor involved her in high finance, manage as she would. Zudie insisted upon decorating the upstairs rooms, which was very kind of Zudie, and almost broke her back. But it saved a little and permitted Anna to lavish an extra coat of paint on the outside of the house.

There were many necessary things to be bought for the house at shocking prices, but the worst among Anna's trials were the practical suggestions of her farmer, Mr. J. Shimba, Esq.

"That pomp he give too much dry water," grinned Shimba, appearing at the door soon after her arrival. "Irrigation very bad, because that pomp will not do so."

She was conducted to a shed and invited to watch a gas-driven machine, which—according to Shimba—gave too much dry water. She knew nothing of internal-combustion engines, but she could hear the mournful noises which the old pump made when it worked. To Shimba's opinion was added that of Kipps, who declared that it needed fixing, so she sent for the pump's local representative, who agreed with Kipps so heartily that Anna ordered a new and beautiful pump to be installed in place of the creaky relic.

Shimba was also active in asserting his rights as party of the second part when he led Anna to the tool house and displayed piles of broken wood and rusty iron which resembled nothing so much as a collection of wreckage gathered from some ancient battlefield. He exhibited the junk, one piece at a time, and his face was wreathed in the happy smiles which his countrymen employ when imparting bad news.

"Bursted!" was his favorite expression as he picked up split hoe handles, blunted plowshares and fragments torn from spring harrows.

In this chamber of horrors Anna gained her first lesson in the mechanics of farming, and the moral she carried away was: Good tools, good work. She took a certain pride in the bright new implements which she bought from a city dealer, but her head swam after the bill came in. The dealer was very kind and allowed her sixty days for payment.

As long as carpenters were needed to build a garage for the slightly used car it seemed only decent that another of Shimba's requests should be granted.

"Several houses bursted," he informed her, gesturing toward tumble-down barns and warehouses; so the owner of the Bly tract was convinced again.

"We're going to make this into a model farm," she told Zudie the first day when hammers were banging throughout the

John Matsu Merely Grinned, Showing His Prominent Teeth, as He Took the Kite and Backed Rapidly Away

place—at ten dollars per day per hammer.

"Do you think we can stand the racket?" asked Zudie, referring to the dollars lavished upon those loud hammer blows.

"My dear," smiled Anna, "thirty-eight of our acres will bear nearly four tons an acre. Half of that will be ours, Zudie—at twelve cents a pound!"

"We're silk-stocking farmers after all," sighed Zudie. "Mr. Shimba, Esquire, does all the work and all the thinking for us. Isn't it glorious!"

Glorious, indeed, it was. However, Anna never failed to find herself pleasantly fatigued when night came on. At the crack of dawn the Brand sisters would array themselves in knickerbockers, putties and smock frocks, anxious to look the part, and as soon as breakfast was over they would go forth into the orchards to assert their proprietorship, and in asserting learn their trade.

From Shimba's halting lips and from the more intelligible speech of Matsu they discovered many secrets of the prune industry; discovered why clover should be sown in some orchards and not in others; discovered why trees should be pruned and sprayed; learned why little scampering pests which gnaw at the roots must be caught and exterminated; learned that prunes are not picked from the tree like other fruit, but are allowed to ripen and fall to the ground; learned how the fruit is gathered and dipped into a hot lye solution to dry the skin before exposure to the sun.

In everything she saw Anna was impressed with the honest industry of the little men. Just as Zudie had said, Mr. Shimba, Esq., seemed to do all the thinking for them. Whenever there was light to see across the fertile orchards there was always a glimpse of little men and women, their backs bent in perpetual toil. Before school hours a flock of Matsu children were beside their shapeless mother, weeding in the four-acre strawberry patch over by the sandy road.

Like their parents, they seemed never to sleep; seemed forever busy in their passionate devotion to the land.

The question of school had bothered Anna for a few days. Kipps had gone to a private school in New York. Generations of aristocrats had made the Brands a trifle particular, no doubt.

A certain preparatory school, as well as a certain university, had been traditional in the family. With her thoughts always for Zudie and Kipps and Nan, she had schemed it all out, she believed, on the way across the continent.

Public school was, of course, the natural answer to all this; public school would be quite in keeping with the democratic motif of her adventure. On the edge of Bly there stood a fairly decent schoolhouse, an old-fashioned wooden building with a mansard roof and jig-sawed caps over the windows.

Anna took Kipps over there one day during the noon recess. Luncheon was over, and a number of Japanese children were engaged in an ancient Greek game called hopscotch or quarreling over possession of a patent Yankee swing. A small group of young Caucasians played marbles in their own corner.

Kipps was muttering something which sounded like "Can you beat it?" as his mother led him up to the steps where a middle-aged, brown-eyed woman sat beside her empty lunch basket, a tow-headed girl of eight snuggling against her shoulder.

"Yes, I'm the teacher," said the brown-eyed woman as she smiled down on the tear-stained face under her arm and explained. "She's Henry Ward's little girl. She doesn't get along very well with the Japanese, you know."

Just why the name of Henry Ward should be associated with race difficulties was a puzzle to Anna, but the pleasant teacher made it clear enough to her in a sentence.

"He's the white storekeeper, you know. All the white people moving away made quite a difference in his business, and he's pretty bitter. I've told Lottie time and again not to quarrel with them."

"Are they quarrelsome?" asked Anna, for the first time feeling uncertain of her plan.

"They're really very nice," replied the teacher. "I think they're kinder than our children if you rub them the right way. Of course there's such a lot of them—fifty-one Japanese and only eleven white children. I don't suppose there's so much trouble as there is when some other races come together."

"I don't see no use in their having the swing all the time!" moaned the quarrelsome Lottie.

"Hush, dear!" said the kind teacher, a plump arm round the little girl's shoulder.

Anna explained about her own children. Kipps, the teacher decided, would be old enough for the fourth grade.

"He's only eight," said Anna, stroking the unruly locks of her bad, bad boy. "He looks a little old for his age. I wonder if the fourth grade isn't rather advanced for him?"

"It might be," agreed the teacher, watching Kipps as he ran away to join the white minority by the fence. "It might be, but we have to make a special grading here. The American children have to be put a notch ahead of the Japanese."

"Really? I thought they were so bright."

"Bright? Indeed they are!" the teacher laughed. "But it's a question of English. They seem to forget it as fast as we can teach it to them. Of course they can't learn anything right if they don't understand the language. Once I thought we might teach their mothers and get results that way. But there's no use trying that. The Japanese women, poor dears, are too busy hoeing weeds and having babies to take much care of their children's education."

"Of course. It must be hard for these children to understand a language so different ——"

"That's not it. But you see they're out of school at half past three, and from here they march right over to a room behind Mr. Akagashi's drug store. And there the Jap parson's wife gives them lessons in Japanese."

"I don't quite understand," murmured Anna.

"That's what almost everybody says after they've lived a while in Bly," smiled the teacher.

(Continued on Page 98)

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(Continued from Page 96)

A bell rang. Obedient to the summons, children came swarming from their play to form in double lines at the foot of the steps. Little girls from six to twelve, impish-eyed, flat-faced, docile, stood in line marking time mechanically at the teacher's command. Here and there a head of soft brown or flaxen hair marked a small daughter of the dwindling minority. On the boys' side the alignment was less orderly. A yellow lad of ten writhed from his military attitude, half turned and struck back. A red-headed brat had pinched him from behind.

The procession advanced, one-two, one-two, and soon the minor race problem dissolved in the depths of the school.

Next day Anna found time to visit the classrooms and see her children among their schoolmates. Kipps, seated beside the kite-flying John Matsu and surrounded by little Japanese, was gazing wonderstricken about him. He had always been a comfort, and he had his father's eyes, reflected Anna, but when those eyes met hers she was surprised by the thing he did. He winked. That was most unmannerly of Kipps, she thought, but somehow she loved him all the more for it.

Toward the end of the following week a little drama on the Brand farm brought Anna in direct contact with the Japanese parson's wife.

Since her first day in Bly she had been puzzled to account for the family relations existing in the bare board shanties on her property down by the river. All Japanese women looked about alike to her at that period in her education, but she had learned to identify the shapeless woman under the enormous sunbonnet as Mrs. Matsu. The children too were Matsu's, it turned out. Once she was touched by the sight of the patient creature relinquishing her hoe to still the screams of a one-year-old who sat securely strapped into a gocart under a tree. Mrs. Matsu gave it pap out of a bottle. Anna was horrified upon examining the mixture—a solution of condensed milk in lukewarm water.

She made an attempt to protest. Mrs. Matsu, who understood no English, smiled and bobbed. The handsome Mr. Matsu could not fail to understand, but he merely giggled and explained that "'Merican milk can make children so nice."

Round the community house occupied by the Matsus and Shimba another woman came and went, flitting like a ghost. Anna at first supposed her to be Matsu's mother. She never worked as the others did. She would appear suddenly, standing stiff as a post at a corner of the orchard, her white face blank, as silent and grotesque as some wicked goddess of porcelain from the temples of her fatherland.

Once Anna asked Shimba about the woman, but the solemn farmer looked with eyes impenetrable as lacquer, then diverted the conversation to the more important question of irrigation. One evening at dusk she saw two Japanese women from the village lead the strange being away. All bent and terrible, she waddled on her crooked legs.

A few mornings later Anna noticed that there was no blue sunbonnet in the field to brighten the scene among the broad straw hats of the men. In early forenoon Matsu came hurriedly over, trotting as briskly as his bandy legs would carry him.

"I use terrifone, please?" he asked, all out of breath.

"Certainly," cried Anna, half guessing what it was all about.

When the man had found his number and filled the mouthpiece with rapid Japanese he turned to her with a smile:

"My wife get good baby from our house," he explained.

"How nice!" said Anna. Then feeling somewhat frightened at the situation on her farm: "What are you doing for her?"

"Oh, everything go pretty good," he smiled back. "Doctor come fast from the city."

Anna hurried down the path to the little brown houses by the river, where several neighborly women, waddling across the mud floor into the inner room, indicated that Mrs. Matsu was not without care at the advent of her fifth-born. Upon Anna's appearance they did not bob as they did in the presence of the lordly male, but their looks were benevolent.

In the disorder of the Matsu bedroom Anna could discern the figure of Mrs. Matsu under a cheap red comforter on the raised platform where they slept. The head, braced against a notched block of wood, was still as a mask of wax. Dull coals burned behind the slitlike eyeholes.

A thin wail from the corner proclaimed the fifth-born. A tiny fragment of new flesh, red and puckery, it screamed inanely and pounded its tiny fists in life's instinctive protest against life. A topknot of vigorous black hair sprouted above the domelike forehead.

"You poor, sweet darling!" cried Anna, voicing woman's primal thrill at the sight of a new baby.

An old crone, who had been dressing the child in its first swaddling clothes, glanced up. Superstitious terror filled Anna's heart as she recognized the face of that strange woman who had been haunting the orchards.

"Couldn't we straighten this place up a bit?" was Anna's first suggestion after a look round the room. "It's stuffy in here. Can't you let in a little air?"

The helpful neighbors remained standing, benevolent smiles still fixed upon their faces. It was a cool day and the bare interior seemed clammy.

"Aren't you cold?" she asked the invalid who was huddled under the poor coverlid.

She put her hand on the waxlike cheek and was surprised to find the skin hot as fire. There was nothing to be done until the doctor came, so Anna set to work clearing the cluttered room.

A perambulator, a broken section from a spring harrow, cans of bamboo sprouts, an unwashed wash, two kegs bearing Japanese labels, a headless American doll, dozens of illustrated Japanese magazines, a box of seeds, a framed photograph of Norma Talmadge and a battered, devil-faced kite—all these she carried from the sick room.

This kite had always interested her. The malign expression of its face, the crazy-quilt decorations of its body and batlike wings conveyed a grotesque charm. And what were the three bold Japanese characters painted across its breast?

Mrs. Furioki, the barber's wife, bobbed and smiled when Anna besought a translation of the mysterious motto.

"No—un'stand—Eengliss!" she hissed, and stared benevolently.

Anna took the canned goods into the kitchen. The sewing machine she rolled into Shimba's already overflowing apartment. The fragment of spring harrow she secreted in a shedlike niche which proved to be a bathroom, for it boasted the square wooden box, half filled with soapy water, where the members of the household took their evening soak, one at a time, in the order of their importance.

The Japanese doctor came at last, followed by the reverently bobbing Matsu. He was a bald, withered man with the face of an idol. To Anna's suggestions as to sanitary improvements he gave polite attention, and said "Eh!" several times. Otherwise he contributed nothing to the sum of her knowledge. She intercepted him on his way out and insisted upon being heard.

"But, doctor," she said, "can't we get her into a more comfortable bed? I'll take her to my house if she can be moved."

"My dear lady," he smiled, using fair English, "why you disturb her when she doing so well? Of course she should have gone to hospital. But what are we to do? I continually tell my people that. But farmers' wives so busy. They have little time to go away."

"But the baby!"

"Oh, do not worry about that, madam. We Japanese are very good to our children." Then as though thanking her in behalf of his entire race: "But we appreciate it so much! Mrs. Matsu is ambitious woman and will be all right after a rest."

"How long a rest?" urged Anna.

"That for her to decide," replied the doctor as he hurried away toward his machine.

Anna was not entirely satisfied with this solution of the question. That afternoon she went over to the village, determined to ask help of the yellow pastor's wife.

Anna could hear the singsong of many childish voices as she entered the bleak, improvised schoolroom back of Akagashi's new drug store. Glancing through the open door she could see a charming little woman who stood straighter and slimmer than her sisters of the field as she held in one hand a textbook, in the other a pencil. From her book she would read a short sentence in Japanese, while fifty pairs of eyes would be focused on her in elfin attention. As soon as she had spoken, fifty little voices would take up her words, repeating them over and over. Fifty black heads would bob down toward the desks until fifty broad noses were less than two inches above the paper pads upon which the lesson was being jotted.

The parson's wife looked round and saw Anna. She smiled pleasantly, came down from her rostrum and said: "How you do? Won't you come in?"

"I'm Mrs. Bly," said Anna, giving her hand.

"And I am Mrs. Awaga," said the little teacher. "We enjoy writing lesson now. It is Friday, and some children will be speaking pieces right away. Would you care listen?"

Anna accepted a chair by the rostrum and sat quietly watching the process of uneducating little foreigners in English. Among the children, bending so laboriously and squinting in their efforts to form the characters which Japan borrowed from China so many ages ago, she recognized many whom she had seen in the American schoolroom beside her son. They were quaint dolls, most of them, the girls with their wiry black hair cut severely straight across the forehead, the boys with their heads close-cropped like German soldiers.

Anna picked up a little textbook and went idly through its inscrutable pages. There were quaint pictures of mythological personages. She was curious to know the meaning of those queerly shaped characters running from top to bottom of every page. But the teacher was rapping for order, and after a few liquid syllables had been spoken from the rostrum a very tiny girl with a blue ribbon in her hair took the stage and began to bubble Japanese. She swayed her body and cocked one eye toward the ceiling, as all children do when reciting.

"The story of George Washington's hatchet," interpreted the parson's wife with a deprecating smile toward Anna's chair.

A bullet-headed little yokel in overalls and a colorless sweater next took the floor to recite a long piece which he ripped out all in one breath, his eyes constantly fixed on his teacher. This was, she explained, a Sunday-school lesson which he had learned for the occasion.

As soon as the ordeal had closed and the pupils—sufficiently un-Englished for the day—had gone trooping out to the air of Shall We Gather at the River, executed by Mrs. Awaga on a cabinet organ, Anna had an opportunity to speak the things that were on her mind.

Curiosity came first, however. She had picked up the illustrated primer and asked: "It's so quaint. I'd like awfully to know what's in it."

"Just ordinary school primer," replied Mrs. Awaga, whose English was a shade better than Mr. Otisuki's, but not so good as Mr. Oki's. "Imperial government supplies schools with such primer in Japan, and Beneficent Society sent us many when they so kindly help us form this school."

Her last words carried the visitor to wonder just what had been the nature of that kindly help.

"And these are little stories for the children?" asked Anna.

"Yes." She smiled indulgently and explained: "What our children will like and understand. First story in the book is legend of Amaterasu, the sun goddess. Then it tell some legends how she made the Japanese people and how Jimmu tenno, our first emperor"—Anna imagined that her voice lowered at the last word—"how he was descended from gods and goddesses to rule Japan. These stories go along up to divinity of Meiji epoch—important things it has accomplished, you know."

"But, Mrs. Awaga," said Anna, "surely, if you are a Christian, you can't believe these stories about the emperors' having been born right out of heaven."

"I do not believe them," said the little teacher. "Gentlemen who are running Japan do not believe them also. But Mikado makes nice idol to set up and worship. Great politics can be worked by that."

She giggled. Only a Japanese can put bitterness into that sound.

"Beneficent Society got those book for us. Beneficent Society so kindly help in everything about this school. What we shall do? Such are same stories taught children in Japan—and if we wish keep them Japanese here ——"

This earnest, laborious little woman seemed far franker than her sisters, and in

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 98)

her broken explanation she betrayed the presence of a secret she was loath to keep.

"I wanted to talk to you about one of my farmer's wives," Anna said after a pause. "Mrs. Matsu—you know her, I suppose—she has a baby."

"So soon?" The little teacher raised her fine-drawn eyebrows.

"Yes. You see, I've been here such a short time. I hardly know how to act in a case like this. And this woman—well, the house seems rather uncomfortable and bleak."

"You want me do something?" asked Mrs. Awaga as though she did not understand.

"I hate to interfere," admitted Anna. "I've done what I could, but it seems dreadfully impertinent for me to be meddling."

Mrs. Awaga giggled again.

"It very hard to do something there," she said, becoming suddenly serious.

It was the first time that local dissension had been hinted to Anna. However, the welfare of Mrs. Matsu was on her mind, so she urged: "I'd very much appreciate it if you would see what you can do."

"Oh, I try what I can," agreed the little teacher, and followed Anna to the main street.

When they had reached the first turn and were passing her husband's church Mrs. Awaga stopped and looked at the heathen rival across the way. Its Buddhist emblem was all gilded now and the new building shone bright and prosperous in the sun.

"Soon it will be dedicated," said Mrs. Awaga in a thoughtful tone. "There will be much noise—expense will be hanged. There will be a brass band. We could not make much noise in our poor church with our small Christian organ, could we?"

"But if the Japanese of Bly want a Buddhist church here ——" Anna began, only to be cut off.

"Who say they want it? It has been choosed for them. Majority of Japanese here have not called for Buddha. But there stand such a fine temple, all rich with expensive altar. So it are all over this Carrifornia. No sooner Christian church rise up nice, then considerable money come from somewhere to built grand Buddhist temple so that we shall be choked off."

Mrs. Awaga stood in contemplation. The look on her small face, already marked with fine wrinkles, showed something nobler than jealousy.

"That god is a rich fellow," she smiled at last, and followed Anna across the orchards.

■

HEAVEN must be a land where happiness may feed upon itself and create more happiness; in heaven there are no reactions against the monotony of bliss. But at Bly, as Anna soon discovered, there was no such perfect system.

She woke one morning to find herself a prey to an unaccountable depression—a depression which she had been striving to fight off these many days. Here she stood, blinking drearily upon a land bathed in sunshine, musical with the song of meadow larks. Among the climbing roses, heavy with bloom, humming birds poised as though perched on thin air, the rapid wings which supported them invisible in the sunlight.

Merry as the morning, that blessed child Zudie whistled a roof-garden air as she clattered among the breakfast dishes. How bravely Anna's little sister had taken to the adventure! But it was the thought of Zudie and of her own children that lay heavy on Anna's heart.

The idea had obsessed her suddenly, weighing her down like a cope of lead: "We're alone here! We're isolated in paradise! We have nothing in common with the yellow men round us or the white men beyond. What is to become of Zudie and of my babies?"

During the weeks past she had grown aware of a situation. The white population were turning hostile faces against the owner of the Bly property. She had got the first hint of this when Kipps had come home from school with a tale of Henry Ward's quarrelsome daughter lingering by the gate to yell "Jap lover!" after him. Anna had divided her trading between Ward's store and Sago's more prosperous establishment in the village; therefore on her shopping rounds she had taken occasion to question Henry Ward, who apparently had endowed his Lottie with a bad disposition.

She had found him, a tall, stooping man with a chisel face and horseshoe mustache, sitting idly in front of his badly stocked shelves. He laid down a copy of a California illustrated newspaper. He waited on her when—as the saying goes—he got good and ready. When she had asked him as amiably as possible about Lottie he had shoved a loaf of bread rudely across the counter and drawled, "We ain't got much use for Japs round our place."

What had she done to deserve this attack? True, she had formed almost a friendship with the Japanese parson's little wife, whose pathetic struggle to keep a Christian congregation in opposition to an alluring Buddhist temple had appealed to Anna's sense of fair play. It was no fault of hers, surely, that none but Japanese worked on her farm. The machinations of the I. W. W., she was informed, had made white labor well nigh impossible. Sago's grocery, too, carried a better stock and dealt more fairly with her than Ward's.

Another and more pressing worry disturbed her mind this sunny morning. The first crop of the year was turning out a poor investment. Over by the road a four-acre strip had been laid out in strawberries. It happened to be a sandy piece, quite different from the surrounding soil. Indeed, hers was the only strawberry patch this side of the busy Japanese colony of Florin, several miles away.

A week before picking time Shimba had pointed out the poor condition of the vines—many leaves so withered that they crackled into dust between the thumb and finger. Green berries drooped on the stem and never ripened.

"Bug!" Shimba had explained, picking a tiny beetle from among the roots. "Many like million he come. Aggyculture-school man no could un'stand him."

Berries, however, had ripened in what looked to Anna like overflowing quantities. She had enjoyed the satisfaction of beholding a troop of the familiar brownies, male and female, squatting among the rows, pushing laden trays of brilliant berries ahead of them. Strawberries were bringing more than two dollars a crate in the commission market. Some of the pickers were making as much as ten dollars a day at the prevailing rate of sixty cents a crate. Prosper their work so long as the good ripe berries held out!

But in less than a week the fruit was being rejected, rotten and disfigured, by the packing house.

"Sorry, but we've had to throw about half of 'em out," Mr. Crane, the shipper, had informed her. "We can't touch bruised berries—a mess like that would rot a carload."

"Why should my berries be bruised?" Anna had asked aghast.

Mr. Crane had shrugged his shoulders. "Bad picking, I'll say."

Mr. Shimba, Anna's half-sharer in the enterprise, had seemed struck dumb by the ill tidings.

"Some bad man got in our patch!" he exclaimed, his face desolate. "I fire somebody too quick."

Another corps of brownies—or at least a partially revised one—had appeared in the patch next morning. But Mr. Crane continued to reject the bruised and rotting crates. The situation had driven Anna to a futile frenzy. A minor share of her year's profits was gone. Gloom sat on Shimba's sloping shoulders. He had no explanation further than "Bad man!" Finally he had discharged his entire crew, and found nobody to take their places save the little band of faithfuls, Matsu, the convalescent Mrs. Matsu and their two eldest children.

Anna and Zudie had tried picking for a day, to limp home, back-broken and dejected. Baron Tazumi's prophetic words, "I should hate to think of your growing bent in a year, of your pretty hands becoming red and swollen," had mocked her in her troubled dreams that night.

So on this brilliant morning Anna stood by her blossoming porch and looked upon paradise with lackluster eyes. Where could she find someone of her own race and tongue to counsel her?

Down the driveway a jaunty figure of modern fashion came striding into view. It was Mr. Oki. This morning he wore a suit of dark-blue serge, a tie of coral silk and a very modish derby jammed over his ears.

"Ah, Mrs. Bly," he smiled as he lifted his fashionable hat, "I see you are flourishing like the green bay tree. And how goes the farm by now?"

"I'm having rather poor luck with my strawberries," she confessed. "Possibly you could give me some advice."

"I have just been over there," he informed her. "You cannot expect full crops from such old vines. Then the strawberry bug! A very bad pest. The state agricultural school can suggest nothing to stop these insects. The more you discourage them the more they come. Something like what some Californians say about the Japanese!"

At the last remark he twinkled and uttered the merriest giggle in the world.

"It isn't the pest so much," Anna explained. "Half our berries have been rejected by the shippers."

"Oh!" His bushy brows went up.

"Mr. Crane says they come to him so bruised that they can't be shipped."

"Look out for that Mr. Crane," said Mr. Oki, lowering his voice. "I do not wish to disparage this gentleman. He is very honorable gentleman within his own lights. But competition, Mrs. Bly! It is a cruel thing."

"What could Mr. Crane get by spoiling my berries?" she gasped.

"It is ver-ry complicated, Mrs. Bly," declared the elegant Oki. "And, of course, it is hard for lady, however well informed, to run a farm at a profit nowadays. I wish I could give you some advice, Mrs. Bly."

"You mean you want me to sell?" she asked, foreseeing his next remark.

"Well, I would advise it. A large syndicate, backed by American business men, could do wonders with this farm. The Japanese, after all, are not progressive like Americans. We take our hats off to their enterprise. California agriculture to-day requires scientific farming on big scale—just the way Americans think of everything."

"We've come here to learn," replied Anna, "and it wouldn't be a sporting thing to sell out before we've tried."

"Ah, if you wish to experiment!" He smiled, then added: "I am not buying farms, you understand. But some enterprising American concern could do wonders with your land."

He was more than affable to Zudie when that young woman appeared, picturesque in knickerbockers and a brownish smock frock down which her honey-colored hair rilled in a pretty braid.

Fluently he discussed the topics of the local colony. The Buddhist church? Oh, yes, it would be opened with a great powwow next Sunday. Mr. Oki giggled as though the Light of Asia were a great joke in the town of Bly. Oki was a Christian, he was quick to explain—none of that gong-banging nonsense for him. Christianity was a very nice religion, which made the Japanese so American!

When Mr. Oki had gone Anna had a disturbing memory of Mrs. Awaga and her tragic look across the street at the gilded pagan emblem surmounting the trim new Buddhist temple.

All the Bly family, Susan Skelley included, tried berry picking that afternoon. Kipps appeared in the patch uninvited.

"What are you doing out of school?" his mother asked.

But the boy looked at her stubbornly, rebellion written on every line of his freckled face.

"I'm through," he declared.

"Kipps, has Miss Barker sent you home?"

"No, mother." His small overalled figure stood defiantly before her. "I've sent myself home. I'm tired of being the goat in that place."

"You shouldn't talk that way to me," she reminded him gravely.

"I know it, mother," replied her bad boy.

She had no heart to discipline Kipps that afternoon. There was much to be done before nightfall. When she got herself a berry tray and tried to squat among the vines as the Japanese did she found that Kipps, taking matters in his own hands, was working beside her. It was back-breaking work. She wondered how the Japanese stood it, and she for once envied them their short legs.

Zudie, who had begun the day with a lilting song, soon paled in the sun and went limping to rest under a pepper tree. Anna tried to stick it out till sunset, but the pain in her back crept up to her head. Shimba and the industrious Matsus crept steadily on. Their short, crooked legs seemed to carry them so close to the ground that they had scarcely to bend over.

When Anna gave up to join her sister in the pepper tree's lacy shade she was both proud and angry to see that Kipps was sticking. Susan Skelley, scolding industriously, because "Nobody could blame th' child for runnin' away from thim Chinees," continued to pick, far in the rear of the skillful yellow people whom she hated so whole-heartedly.

"What are we going to do about Kipps?" asked Anna of her weary sister.

"Just what we're doing," answered Zudie sharply with something like a moan.

Everyone in the Bly farmhouse went to bed early that night. Susan Skelley had tucked the little Blys into their beds. By half past nine the house was perfectly silent. Only Anna and Susan Skelley were awake. Across her pillow Zudie's light hair fell like a river of gold. Through a crack in the door down the hall Anna could see Susan Skelley, her skimpy gray hair done in a curious topknot, sitting angular as a bean pole. A pair of spectacles sat crooked on her sharp nose and her thin lips moved as she read reverentially from the pages of the Irish World.

Anna, seated before her mirror, studied her face and remarked that she had grown a trifle thinner. There were few wrinkles as yet, but they would come. She was tired to death, yet her brain was running too busily to admit sleep. It was one of those moments when the weary body seems to loosen its hold upon the soul, to permit the thousand fingers of the spirit to reach forth, feeling for impressions in the empty air.

Silence lay upon the earth, and out of the silence there seemed to come a word of doom. Anna was no neurotic, but she had grown to be afraid of that stillness, that absence of all sound which closed about her, hedging her in from all the homely, wholesome things she knew.

Hark! Somewhere from the moonlit outer world there came again that wail. Night after night she had heard it, floating thin and icy clear above her orchards; and now it came more distinctly than before, small as the cry of a child, yet long-sustained and terrible. The listening woman felt the cold of fear creeping down her back. Shimba had told her that it might be a coyote—only a werewolf could have uttered a cry like that!

Her teeth were chattering now as she controlled herself with an effort—restrained her impulse to gather Zudie in her arms and weep aloud for comfort. Yet she stood at her bedroom door palsied with superstitious terror of the soil, sweet and commonplace by day, giving up ghosts by night.

Down the passage she could see Susan Skelley by her door crack. She had dropped the paper from her hands, and frightened eyes glared above the crooked spectacles.

"What is it?" Anna tried to say, but her mouth was too dry for speech.

She stood a long time, fixed in that dread. Again silence. Finally she moved to the window and raised the blinds cautiously. A ragged moon was rising over the orchard tips, which stood still as painted twigs in the immovable air. She pulled down the blinds with hysterical haste, dreading another cry. But it came no more.

At last she turned out the light and crept into bed beside her sister. Every muscle in her tense body ached for rest, yet her eyes strained into the darkness. She scolded herself for her childish fear of the dark and of a night cry from a harmless little animal. She clung to her sister's sleeping body and seemed to feel comfort. After all, they were together. All the faces in the world were not yellow, smiling and unfathomable.

A terrific noise roused her from her sleep. Someone was pounding at the side door below. Anna bounded out of bed, slipped on a wrapper and thrust her head out of an upper window. On a square of flagstone stood the farmer, Shimba, a lantern in his hand, his big, withered face upturned in terror.

"What's the matter, Shimba?" she managed to ask.

"You come, boss!" his heavy tones were summoning her. "You come! My ode wife!"

Anna, unable now to speak, looked down on the fixed stare below and heard the repetition, "You come, boss! She make herself dead."

Barefooted as she was, Anna scrambled down the stairs to follow Shimba's guiding lantern along the driveway toward the garage. The door stood wide open, and it scarcely needed the feeble light to show the

(Continued on Page 104)

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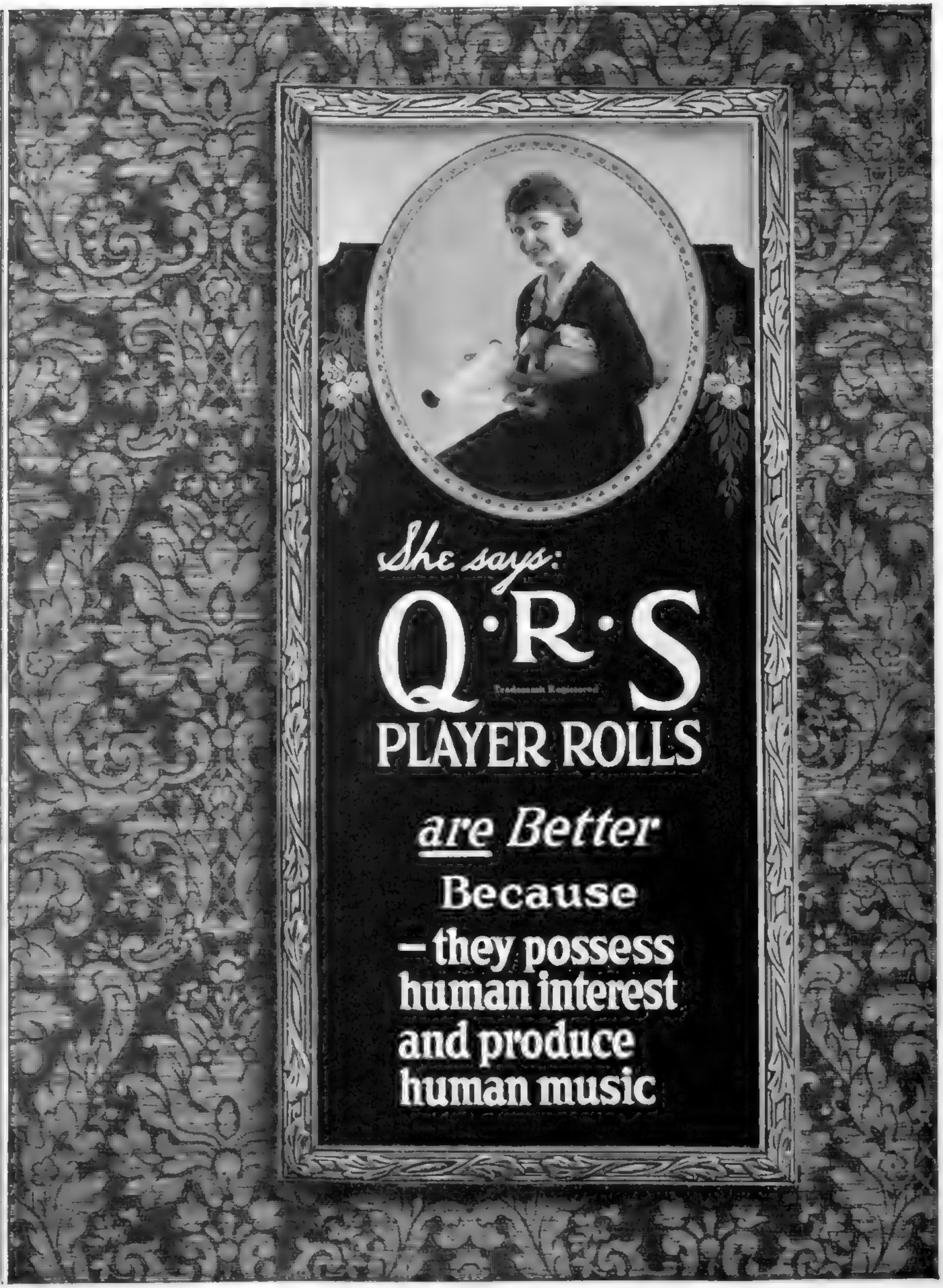
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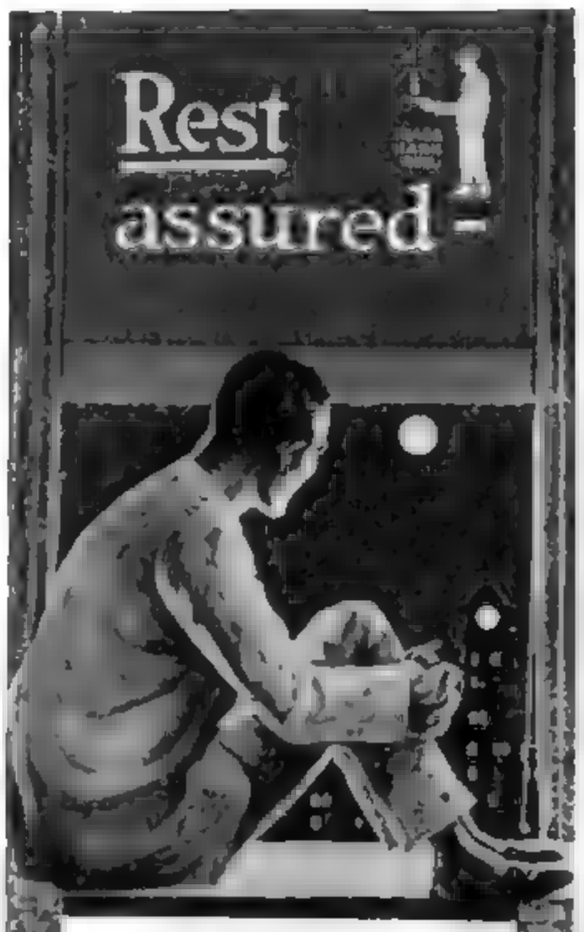

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(Continued from Page 101)

horror that dangled from the rafters. The shapeless body swung like a bundle of old clothes, above which a ghastly head, hair disheveled, eyes staring, fell loosely to one side.

A frozen spectator in this nightmare, Anna stood there, unable to look away, unable to scream.

"Can't you do something?" she heard her own voice asking quietly, as though from a great distance.

"She make herself dead!" Shimba kept repeating, his face as blank as a round stone.

The dangling horror swayed slightly on its noose.

"I'm asleep!" Anna kept telling herself.

In the dim lantern light she could see the familiar objects of her new garage—the workbench, the oil cans, the reddish inner tubes hung on a peg. She laid her hand on the fender of her car and felt its varnished surface. No, she was not asleep.

And still the human bundle swung there, perfectly still, as though it had always been a part of the place. Shimba touched it and again it swayed.

"Don't!" she entreated huskily.

Then it was that Shimba added the last touch of horror.

"I cut her off!" he cried.

With the agility of a monkey he mounted a workbench and began haggling the blade of his pocketknife across the yard of cloth which suspended that dangling thing. The body fell to the floor like a wet sack.

Anna screamed aloud and ran toward the house. Lights came flooding from upstairs as she stumbled in. Over the stair rail she could see Zudie's pretty, frightened face. Then Susan Skelley came scolding down, uttering maledictions against all Chinese.

"She's hanged herself!" screamed Anna, and cried over and over again the senseless question: "Can't somebody do something?"

"You've been dreaming, dear," said Zudie, coming down to put a soft arm round the huddled shoulders.

"I haven't! It's there in the garage."

"I'll see ——"

Zudie was starting toward the door.

"Don't, Zudie, don't!"

Anna, clutched tight against her sister, was sobbing and sobbing on the stairs. Outside the excited rattle of Matsu's car hurrying toward the village could be heard.

"I'll dress myself," said Zudie as soon as her sister seemed a little calmer. "Then we'll see what we can do."

Susan Skelley leaned over to put a knotty hand on Anna's shoulder.

"Bed's the place for ye, me dear," she said in a tone of bitter kindness. "And thim yella divvils'll be the death of us all—it's the truth I'm tellin'."

But in spite of Susan's supplications Anna still huddled on the stairs, unable to move, praying inanely for deliverance from the fear.

"Ye'll ketch yer death there," Susan scolded on, and had just laid her knitted red shawl across Anna's shoulders when a deeper, heavier burr of machinery was heard coming from the orchard road. An instant later the doorbell rang.

"Ye'd think 'twas iliction night be th' noise av 'em," shrilled Susan.

"I'll go," said Anna. "I'm all right now."

"Ye'll do nothing av the kind!" announced her dominant inferior.

"Susan, go get some clothes on!"

This appeal to modesty had its effect on the maiden Susan, who scurried up the stairs and permitted her mistress to answer the bell.

Anna switched on the light in the sitting room and unbolted the door. Reaction had set in. After what she had seen she could fear nothing. A tall, rawboned man in a leather coat stood in the square of light, his florid, well-fed face beaming amiably under the brim of a greenish motor hat. His Anglo-Saxon look of health and well-being seemed to bring clean air into the poisoned atmosphere.

"Is this Mrs. Bly?" he asked, removing his cloth hat and showing a head of blond hair combed back pompadour fashion.

"Yes," she faltered, "I'm Mrs. Bly."

"I hope you'll forgive my walking in on you at this time of night," he grinned. "But I heard in Japtown that there'd been some trouble here."

"My foreman's wife has just ——"

She was unable to say the rest.

"I know," he replied consolingly. "The Japs are always pulling something like that. I heard there weren't any men on the place, so I thought you might let me poke round a bit and straighten out this mess for you."

Anna gazed at him, wild eyed, again bereft of speech. How came this worldly young gentleman into the wilderness just in time to be of service? He was no farmer apparently. True, he wore putties and stout brown shoes, but he wore them with the air of an amateur mountain climber.

"My name's Leacy," he said, apparently recognizing the necessity for an introduction. "I'm a farmer too. I run an asparagus ranch down on the delta."

"I'm so grateful to you ——" she began, and stopped in time to save herself from crying.

It was so good to know that an American was on the place!

XI

THERE was little sleep in the Brand house that night. The worldly asparagus farmer, Duncan Leacy, took the ranch under his own management for the short period of disturbance. It was he who telephoned to the coroner, quieted panic in the Japanese huts, took charge of the county officials when they arrived, and saw to it that the poor tragic body out in the garage should be carried away with the least possible shock to the women of the household.

Dunc Leacy seemed to know everybody and to call everybody by his first name. To him the coroner was Irv and his assistant Harry; the rawboned farmer who drove his car he addressed as Bud, and Bud, not to be outdone, addressed him as Dunc. Alert, energetic, pleasantly commanding, Dunc converted the ghastly affair into a matter of business, and everywhere he turned he brought sanity, order and good nature into the night where terror had but now held sway.

It was well after midnight when Irv and Harry, having made a conscientious inquiry, rolled away with the broken relic of Shimba's past. As the dead wagon was departing Dunc said something to the officials which caused a laugh. This was the only jarring note which had come to Anna's ears since the asparagus farmer took charge.

The farmhouse was ablaze with light. The women, dressed as for a new day, were astir in the kitchen. Only the children, exercising the prerogative of youth, slept serenely through it all.

Anna found Mr. Leacy on the veranda busy with the collar of his leather coat.

"Oh, have they gone?" asked she faintly, the chug-chug of the death car coming distantly to her ears. "I was going to ask them in for a cup of coffee."

Leacy grinned, showing his strong square teeth.

"You needn't bother about Irv," he declared. "He's used to it. But I'm not, to tell you the honest truth. I'd certainly be grateful for the strongest drink you've got in the house."

"We should be the grateful ones," Anna declared, struggling for words with which to express her gratitude. "If it hadn't been for you I don't know what we should have done."

"Oh, pshaw!" was his manner of dismissing the subject.

"It was perfectly providential," said Anna, again taking comfort in the presence of this tall blond man with the clear Anglo-Saxon eyes.

"I was in luck," he agreed. "I'd been to the city on some law business, and I took a chance on dropping in on old Akagashi and threatening him with suit. He'd been breeding trouble in one of my packing houses. Say, talk about your lawyers! I'm a pretty good business man myself, but when a Jap draws up a legal paper he deals six jokers to the pack. Gosh, that coffee smells good!"

"Won't you ask your chauffeur in too?" urged Anna.

Dunc Leacy laughed, and the sound was good to hear.

"Chauffeur!" he roared. "Why, Bud's my right-hand man."

He leaned over the railing and shouted into the night.

"Hey, Bud! Come on in and get a cup of coffee!"

"Sure!" was the cheerful response.

Dunc Leacy and his familiar Bud came into the kitchen and joined forces with the volunteer cooks. While Susan Skelley, her hatchet face cheerful for the first time since her arrival in California, basted eggs in bacon fat, Leacy insisted upon looting the pantry for cups and saucers.

"God helps the Irish," he explained, "and all others help themselves."

At this Susan Skelley was heard to cackle. It was a rusty sound coming from a throat unaccustomed to such weak indulgences.

"I've often looked over this way as I passed by," Leacy informed his hostess. "I had a sort of fellow feeling for the ranch. Nice place, only I've wondered why your Japs have kept on drying prunes the same way Noah dipped 'em on Mount Ararat."

"Is our prune dipper as old-fashioned as that?" asked Anna somewhat nervously.

"About. But don't take my word for it. I'm a crank on modern machinery."

When coffee was poured and eggs were served, as all good eggs should be, directly from skillet to consumer, the members of the party seated themselves round the tidy oilcloth while their deliverers fed hearty appetites and glowed with good digestion.

Leacy passed his cup for the third time, and as he drank he talked frankly, boyishly about himself. He had gone to war as an engineer and passed the adventurous months as a lecturer on internal-combustion engines in a Middle Western training school. During his absence his sister had taken the asparagus farm and grown corn for the Food Administration.

Forty years ago his father, trained as a lawyer, had acquired five hundred acres of island land in the delta. Chinese cheap labor was the politician's cry in those days. Labor indeed was a drug in the market in the splendid idle 80's.

"You could hire a Chinaman for forty cents a day then—just think of it!" said Dunc Leacy. "They had labor to throw away—just as they always throw away a cheap commodity. Why, dad used to tell me of an English engineer who thought up a bright plan to dike the river along Venice Island dirt cheap—literally dirt cheap. His plan was to saw bricks out of the peat beds, build an embankment of it and hold the water for all time to come.

"He put eleven thousand Chinamen on that job—eleven thousand Chinks at forty cents a day! They worked like beavers and built a giant dike as pretty as the Tower of Babel. It was a ninety days' wonder. People came from every corner of the state to see this miracle of modern engineering.

"It was a grand little dike all right until spring came. Then the snow began to melt in the Sierras and started the old Sacramento climbing like a squirrel. One morning Mister Engineer woke up to find that his house was floating away and his eleven thousand Chinks were navigating on roofs and pieces of timber.

"That levee was a grand conception, but it had just one least little weeny fault. Mister Engineer had forgotten to reckon on Nature's most stubborn law—specific gravity. Peat, you know, is lighter than water. Throw it in a ditch and it floats away like so much rotten wood. And that's exactly what happened to the Venice Island dike when she struck high water."

Dunc Leacy leaned back and regarded his audience, a speculative look on his sunburned, boyish face.

"But just think of it! Eleven thousand Chinks at forty cents a day! With a gang like that in these times we could build a system of safety locks across the whole mouth of the river and save the delta country from the danger we're always afraid of in dry years—salt water backing up from the bay and spoiling the soil. Forty cents a day!"

"It sounds a little like slavery," interjected Anna.

"Doesn't it!" agreed Leacy, studying her with eyes as clear gray as her own. "And I sometimes wonder if that isn't what farming is. Nature is the hardest boss in all the world. She lashes us with storms and she punishes us with droughts. When we give up praying for rain and mortgage our souls for new irrigation systems, then Nature opens the sky on us and floods us out for miles round.

"There are those who believe that farms should be run by soviets, with workmen's and sailors' delegates to tell us when to start and when to stop—mostly stop. But you can't run a farm by blowing a whistle at nine o'clock to summon merry peasantry with dainty lunch baskets who will knock off promptly at twelve to enjoy a two hours' organ recital in the model assembly hall. It's getting almost as bad as that in a lot of places, but it won't work. Because why? Because Nature is the darnedest scab in all the world. There isn't a labor law in the calendar that can keep asparagus from growing in the early morning and late

(Continued on Page 107)

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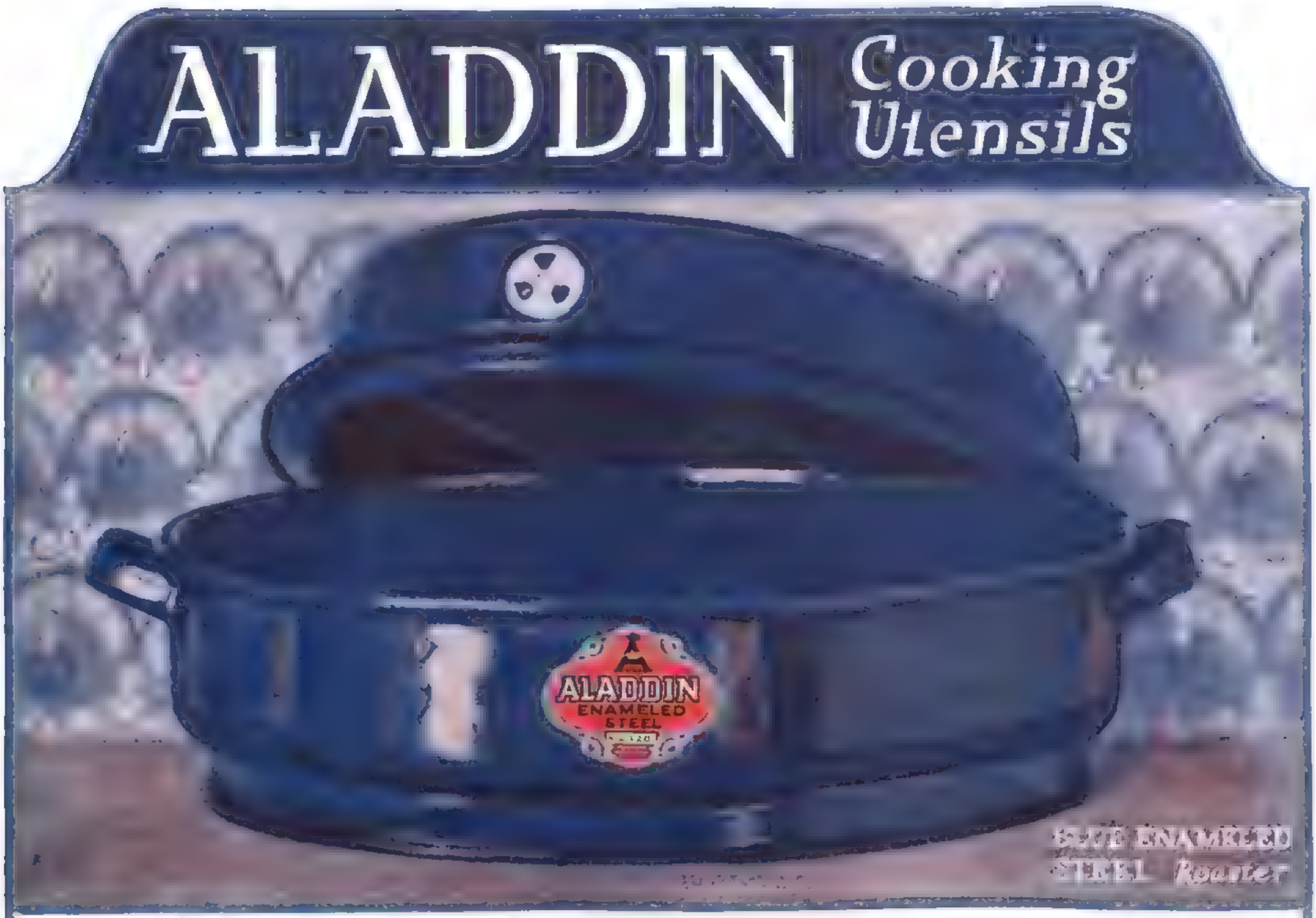

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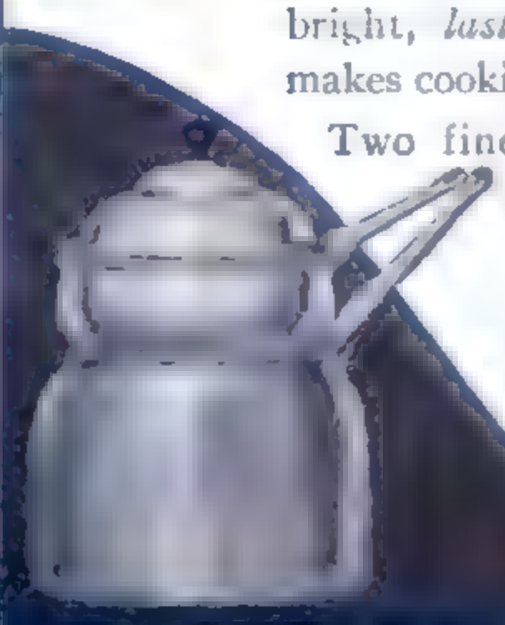

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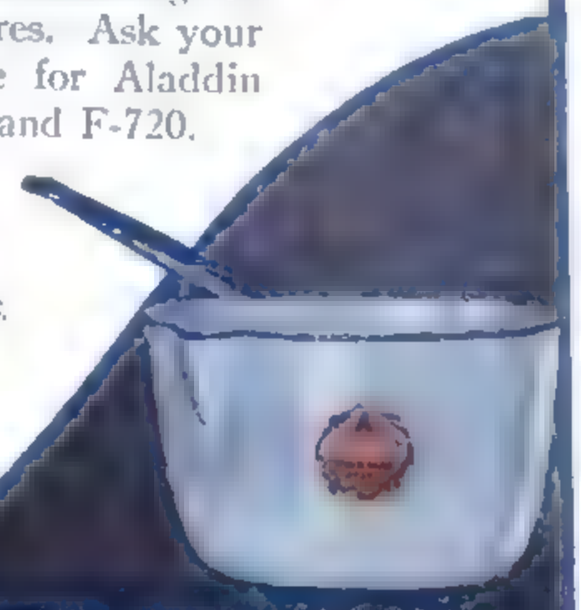

(Continued from Page 104)

afternoon and during the night. If there's no one there to cut it and the crop spoils on our hands Nature should worry. She furnishes the germinating instinct and the life tissue to the plants. Then she passes the buck to humanity and goes her happy way."

"Well then," cut in Anna, reverting to her pet theory, "under such conditions doesn't Japanese labor save the day?"

"I never said that it did," answered Leacy with a grin.

Without explaining his evasion he turned again to the subject of himself. He had been educated as an engineer. For two years after his graduation from Cornell he had devoted his time to problems of river dredging and drainage canals. Then the news of his father's death had brought him back to the delta country and the management of a ranch which had prospered indifferently under the old-fashioned system of cheap labor.

The days of coolie labor had passed; the tide of Chinese had turned back toward the Orient, and the Japanese, ambitious for land and sharp at a bargain, were competing with the whites on a wage scale which would have sounded ridiculous in the easy-going 80's. Young Leacy looked over the land with the eyes of an engineer and saw in it an engineering problem pure and simple.

He cast away the slow hand devices with which slavish coolies had grubbed among the asparagus ridges. He mortgated his future for traction plows and gas-driven harrows. A little later he invented an ingenious device by which a gas-driven caterpillar can pile up the peat ridges acre after acre, where once a multitude had sweated in clumsy toil. He set up a laboratory on his ranch and studied the chemical eccentricities of peat until he found the sun-born acid that destroys crops; and this he learned to wash away by a system of drainage ditches.

All this he told with a boyish frankness which showed no trace of egotism; or if it was egotism it was of a type so pleasant as to create sympathy in his listeners.

"But, Mr. Leacy," smiled Anna, "with all your wonderful inventions you haven't been able to do away with labor entirely!"

"I wouldn't say that," he grinned, and winked over to his familiar, Bud. "I have two hundred and eighty men on my pay roll during the cutting season. That includes, of course, the packers. But the grass cutters are the aristocrats of labor on our ranch. Some of them have made as high as seventeen dollars a day."

"My word!" cried Zudie. "I would mow lawns myself for less than that."

"It's some harder than mowing lawns," grinned Leacy. "The grass cutters, you know, are the fellows who jab long spears into the ridges and cut out the green asparagus—and it's a man's job, I'll say."

"And what would you do without Japanese for that?" asked Anna triumphantly.

"That's the joke of it!" declared the farmer engineer. "The Japs are positively n. g. at grass cutting. And I'll tell you why. Do you mind my smoking?"

Upon Anna's permission he produced a leather case, presented it to Bud, selected a cigarette for himself, and after a puff talked on.

"I don't know why there has been so much bunk circulated about the Japs, unless they've circulated it themselves—they're grand little circulators, you know. Sentimental missionaries are always moaning round about the wonderful little people that are so economical that they grow three hills of beans on grandmother's grave, water it with their tears, take the plants in at night and thus produce enough grub to feed the whole darned family for a year.

"Now there's just a grain of truth in that. The Jap is a one-horse farmer; the American is a thousand-horse farmer. Our imagination takes in the whole landscape, while a Jap gets down on his haunches and rubs a dinky piece of dirt between his hands.

"The superstition has gone round that every Jap has the brain of a Harriman and the body of a toy Hercules. Bunk! The trouble with the Japs is just this: They're lacking in stamina."

"No!"

The protest came from Anna and Zudie at one breath.

"Strange, but true. The Japs can't compete with Portuguese or even Hindus at grass cutting because they haven't got the physical strength. They're best at dainty little jobs like picking fruit or paddling round the rice plantations. If you'll ask me the real reason why Japanese wives work with their husbands in the fields, I'll tell you it's because the men aren't a minute stronger than the women."

"Stop!" begged Zudie. "You've got my head going round and round. Everybody I talk to has something different to say about the Japanese. One Californian says they're little giants; another comes along and declares that they're positively anæmic. I'd like to know who'll tell me something reasonable about Japanese labor."

"There's no such thing as a Japanese laborer in this country," grinned the amiable Mr. Leacy.

"Well, what in the world is it that we see picking and hoeing away in all the fields?"

"A lot of calculating little business men temporarily embarrassed for capital. In a year your Jap will have saved a stake out of his skyscraping wages—provided the fan-tan dealer doesn't get it. He'll take his stake round to his society, and the society will see a Japanese banker, and the next you know your humble worker in the field will be boosing a plantation in the name of a minor child backed by some highfalutin' stock company."

"He'll have to employ more Japanese to work for him, won't he?"

"Sometimes. Often as not he'll be paying wages to Portuguese or Chinks or even Yankees."

"Well, if he's more frugal and enterprising than the Chinks and Yankees, I don't see why he shouldn't be rewarded," declared Anna stoutly.

"Neither do I," admitted Leacy with a glance at his wrist watch. "As a matter of fact there's a lot of bunk about Japanese low standards of living. What we call economy and self-control in ourselves we're too apt to call low standards in the Japanese. If a man wants to live poor and save money it's nobody's business but his own. That was Ben Franklin's theory. But just the same I don't see why we should go round calling the Japanese laborers. Hello! Half past two! Nice hours for farmerettes to be keeping!"

The Brand sisters accompanied their guests to the edge of the veranda and said good night. Bud, the right-hand man, blushed painfully and said, "Thank you, ma'am, for the nice time," ere he went down to the big car below and shot a searchlight's gleam through the sleeping orchards.

"I wonder if it would amuse you ladies to come over to our place on the island for a party to-morrow night?" asked Dunc Leacy with something of the embarrassment that his right-hand Bud had shown.

"Oh, what fun!" cried Zudie, always thirsty for pleasure.

"I'll tell sis—she's my boss, you know—and she'll be tickled to death. If you'll come we'll send the car over for you in the afternoon."

"How awfully nice of you!" said Anna in a voice that betrayed her indecision.

"We don't put on any dog," he assured her. "We're all members of the Overalls Club. But if you'd like to look in on us, and it suits your program, just ring us up in the morning, will you? But I forgot—it's morning already. Sorry to have kept you up so late."

The big car purred cheerily as it sped away down the drive.

"I hate to see him go!" declared Zudie, looking after the fading ruby light. "I could sit up all night listening to his asparagus romance."

"He's remarkably agreeable," agreed Anna. "And I shall never forget the nice way he did things for us to-night. But, of course, we can't go to his party."

"Oh, Ann!" cried Zudie. "For heaven's sake, don't be a prude!"

"I'll try not," replied Anna with a cooling look. "But what do we know about these Leacys?"

"He seems to know everybody," pouted her little sister. "Just see how he called the coroner by his first name!"

"I don't think I should exactly care to dance with the coroner," objected Anna.

"I'd dance with a skeleton, I'm so crazy for a party," declared the frivolous member of the family.

"I'm sorry, Zudie," said Anna, her conscience touched at the thought that her poor destiny had robbed Zudie of her share in life.

"But then if you think the Leacys might be horrid or anything ——"

This concession would have settled it had not Susan Skelley stepped in.

"Ye ought to be sinsible about somethin'," came the acrid voice behind the screen door. "Here ye are, two handsome ladies, stuck away on the idge o' creation, wit nawthin' but prunes and Chinese whose lightest idea o' fun is to go hang 'emsilves in a gar-r-rage. If ye kape away from th' gentlemen a year longer ye'll be losin' yer teeth an' yer good manners and be damned for a pair av ould maids."

"Thank you, Susan," laughed Anna, regarding the slatlike figure and the hank of faded hair under the hall light. "After that sermon we can't fail to go to the party."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

41,608

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THE PAGAN MADONNA

(Continued from Page 23)

Cunningham plowed his fingers through his hair, gripped and pulled it in a kind of ecstasy. Cleigh's phiz. The memory of it would keep him in good humor all day. After all, there was a lot of good sport in the world. The days were all right. It was only in the quiet vigils of the night that the uninvited thought intruded. On board the old Dutch tramp he would sleep o' nights, and the past would present only a dull edge.

If the atoll had coconut palms, hang it, he would build a shack and make it his winter home! *Dolce far niente!* Maybe he might take up the brush again and do a little amateur painting. Yes, in the day time the old top wasn't so bad. He hoped he would have no more nonsense from Flint. A surly beggar, but a necessary pawn in the game.

Pearls! Some to sell and some to play with. Lovely, tenderly beautiful pearls—a rope of them round Jane Norman's throat. He slid off the chair. As a fool, he hung in the same gallery as the Cleighs.

Cleigh ate his breakfast alone. Upon inquiry he learned that Jane was indisposed and that Dennison had gone into the pantry and picked up his breakfast there. Cleigh found the day unspeakably dull. He read, played the phonograph and tried all the solitaires he knew; but a hundred times he sensed the want of the pleasant voice of the girl in his ears.

What would she be demanding of him as a reparation? He was always sifting this query about, now on this side, now on that, without getting anywhere. Not money. What then?

That night both Jane and Dennison came in to dinner. Cleigh saw instantly that something was amiss. The boy's face was gloomy and his lips locked, and the girl's mouth was set and cheerless. Cleigh was fired by curiosity to ascertain the trouble, but here again was an impasse.

"I'm sorry I spoke so roughly last night," said Dennison unexpectedly.

"And I am sorry that I answered you so sharply. But all this worry and fuss over me is getting on my nerves. You've written down Cunningham as a despicable rogue, when he is only an interesting one. If only you would give banter for banter you might take some of the wind out of his sails. But instead you go about as if the next hour was to be our last!"

"Who knows?"

"There you go! In a minute we'll be digging up the hatchet again."

But she softened the reproach by smiling. At this moment Cunningham came in briskly and cheerfully. He sat down, threw the napkin across his knees and sent an ingratiating smile round the table.

"Cleigh"—he was always talking to Cleigh, and apparently not minding in the least that he was totally ignored—"Cleigh, they are doing a good job in the Santa Maria delle Grazie, so I am told. Milan of course. They are restoring Da Vinci's Cenacolo. What called it to mind is the fact that this is also the last supper. To-morrow at this hour you will be in possession and I'll be off for my pearls."

The recipients of this remarkable news appeared petrified for a space. Cunningham enjoyed the astonishment.

"Sounds almost too good to be true, doesn't it? Still it's a fact."

"That's tiptop news, Cunningham," said Dennison. "I hope when you go down the ladder you break your infernal neck. But the luck is on your side."

"Let us hope that it stays there," replied Cunningham, unruffled. He turned to Cleigh again: "I say, we've always been bewailing that job of Da Vinci's. But the old boy was a seer. He knew that some day there would be American millionaires and that I'd become a force in art. So he put his subject on a plaster wall so I couldn't lug it off. A canvas the same size, I don't say; but the side of a church!"

"A ship is going to pick you up to-morrow?" asked Jane.

"Yes. The crew of the Wanderer goes to the Haarlem and the Haarlem crew transships to the Wanderer. You see, Cleigh, I'm one of those efficiency sharks. In this game I have left nothing to chance. Nothing except an act of God—as they say on the back of your steamer ticket—can derange my plans. Not the least bit of inconvenience to you beyond going out of your course for a few days. The new crew was signed on in Singapore—able seamen wanting to return to the States. Hired them in your name. Clever idea of me, eh?"

"Very," said Cleigh, speaking directly to Cunningham for the first time since the act of piracy.

"And this will give you enough coal to turn and make Manila, where you can rob the bunkers of one of your freighters. Now then, early last winter in New York a company was formed, the most original company in all this rocky old world—the Great Adventure Company, of which I am president and general adviser. Pearls! Each member of the crew is a shareholder, undersigned at fifteen hundred shares, par value one dollar. These shares are redeemable October first in New York City if the company fails, or are convertible into pearls of equal value if we succeed. No widows and orphans need apply. Fair enough."

"Fair enough indeed," admitted Cleigh.

Dennison stared at his father. He did not quite understand this willingness to hold converse with the rogue after all this rigorously maintained silence.

"Of course the Great Adventure Company had to be financed," went on Cunningham with a deprecating gesture.

"Naturally," assented Cleigh. "And that, I suppose, will be my job?"

"Indirectly. You see, Eisenfeldt told me he had a client ready to pay eighty thousand for the rug, and that put the whole idea into my noddle."

"Ah! Well, you will find the crates and frames and casings in the forward hold," said Cleigh in a tone which conveyed nothing of his thoughts. "It would be a pity to spoil the rug and the oils for the want of a little careful packing."

Cunningham rose and bowed.

"Cleigh, you are a thoroughbred!"

Cleigh shook his head.

"I'll have your hide, Cunningham, if it takes all I have and all I am!"

III

CUNNINGHAM sat down. "The spirit is willing, Cleigh, but the flesh is weak. You'll never get my hide. How will you go about it? Stop a moment and mull it over. How are you going to prove that I've borrowed the rug and the paintings? These are your choicest possessions. You have many at home worth more, but these things you love. Out of spite, will you inform the British, the French, the Italian governments that you had these objects and that I relieved you of them? In that event you'll have my hide, but you'll never set eyes upon the oils again except upon their lawful walls—the rug, never! On the other hand, there is every chance in the world of my returning them to you."

"Your word?" interrupted Jane ironically.

So Cleigh was right? A quarter of a million in art treasures!

"My word! I never before realized," continued Cunningham, "what a fine thing it is to possess something to stand on firmly—a moral plank."

Dennison's laughter was sardonic.

"Moral plank is good," was his comment.

"Miss Norman," said Cunningham maliciously, "I slept beside the captain this morning, and he snores outrageously." The rogue tilted his chin and the opal fire leaped into his eyes. "Do you want me to tell you all about the Great Adventure Company, or do you want me to shut up and merely proceed with the company's business without further ado? Why the devil should I care what you think of me? Still I do care. I want you to get my point of view—a rollicking adventure, in which nobody loses anything and I have a great desire fulfilled. Hang it, it's a colossal joke, and in the end the laugh will be on nobody! Even Eisenfeldt will laugh," he added enigmatically.

"Do you intend to take the oils and the rug and later return them?" demanded Jane.

"Absolutely! That's the whole story. Only Cleigh here will not believe it until the rug and oils are dumped on the doorstep of his New York home. I needed money. Nobody would offer to finance a chart with a red cross on it. So I had to work it out in my own fashion. The moment Eisenfeldt sees these oils and the rug he becomes my financier, but he'll never put his claw on them except for one thing—that act of God they mention on the back of your ticket. Some raider may have poked into this lagoon of mine. In that case Eisenfeldt wins."

Cleigh smiled.

"A pretty case, Cunningham, but it won't hold water. It is inevitable that Eisenfeldt gets the rug and the paintings, and you are made comfortable for the rest of your days. A shabby business, and you shall rue it."

"My word?"

"I don't believe in it any longer," returned Cleigh.

Cunningham appealed to Jane.

"Give me the whole story, then I'll tell you what I believe," she said. "You may be telling the truth."

Cleigh Staggered Part Toward the Main Jalon

What a queer idea—wanting his word believed! Why should it matter to him whether they believed in the honor of his word or not, when he held the whip hand and could act as he pleased? The poor thing! And as that phrase was uttered in thought, the glamour of him was dissipated; she saw Cunningham as he was, a poor benighted thing, half boy, half demon, a thing desperately running away from his hurt and lashing out at friends and enemies alike on the way.

"Tell your story—all of it."

Cunningham began:

"About a year ago the best friend I had—perhaps the only friend I had—died. He left me his chart and papers. The atoll is known, but uncharted, because it is far outside the routes. I have no actual proofs that there will be shell in the lagoon; I have only my friend's word—the word of a man as honest as sunshine. Where this shell lies there is never any law. Some pearl thiever may have fallen upon the shell since my friend discovered it."

"In that case," said Cleigh, "I lose?"

"Frankly, yes! All financial ventures are attended by certain risks."

"Money? Why didn't you come to me for that?"

"What! To you?"

Cunningham's astonishment was perfect.

"Yes. There was a time when I would have staked a good deal on your word."

Cunningham rested his elbows on the table and clutched his hair—a despairing gesture.

"No use! I can't get it to you! I can't make you people understand! It isn't the pearls, it's the game; it's all the things that go toward the pearls. I want to put over a game no man ever played before."

Jane began to find herself again drawn toward him, but no longer with the feeling of unsettled mystery. She knew now why he drew her. He was the male of the species to which she belonged—the out-trailer, the hater of humdrum, of dull orbits and of routine. The thrilling years he had spent—business! This was the adventure of which he had always dreamed, and since it would never arrive as a sequence, he had proceeded to dramatize it! He was Tom Sawyer grown up; and for a raft on the Mississippi substitute a seagoing yacht. There was then in this matter-of-fact world such a man, and he sat across the table from her!

"Supposing I had come to you and you had advanced the money?" said Cunningham earnestly. "All cut and dried, not a thrill, not a laugh, nothing but the pearls! I have never had a boyhood dream realized; but, hang it, I'm going to realize this one!" He struck the table violently. "Set the British after me, and you'll never see this stuff again. You'll learn whether my word is worth anything or not. Lay off for eight months, and if your treasures are not yours again within that time you won't have to chase me. I'll come to you and have the tooth pulled without gas."

Dennison's eyes softened a little. Neither had he realized any of his boyhood dreams. For all that, the fellow was as mad as a hatter.

"Of course I'm a colossal ass, and half the fun is knowing that I am." The banter returned to Cunningham's tongue. "But this thing will go through—I feel it. I will have had my fun, and you will have loaned your treasures to me for eight months, and Eisenfeldt will have his principal back without interest. The treasures go directly to a bank vault. There will be two receipts, one dated September—mine; and one dated November—Eisenfeldt's. I hate Eisenfeldt. He's tricky; his word isn't worth a puff of smoke; he's ready at all times to play both ends from the middle. I want to pay him out for crossing my path in several affairs. He's betting that I will find no pearls. So to-morrow I will exhibit the rug and the Da Vinci to convince him, and he will advance the cash. Can't you see the sport of it?"

"That would make very good reading," said Cleigh, scraping the shell of his avocado pear. "I can get you on piracy."

"Prove it! You can say I stole the yacht, but you can't prove it. The crew is yours; you hired it. The yacht returns to you to-morrow without a scratch on her paint. And the new crew will know absolutely nothing, being as innocent as newborn babes. Cleigh, you're no fool. What earthly chance have you got? You love that rug. You're not going to risk losing it positively, merely to satisfy a thirst for vengeance. You're human. You'll rave and storm about for a few days, then you'll accept the game as it lies. Think of all the excitement you'll have when a telegram arrives or the phone rings! I told you it was a whale of a joke; and in late October you'll chuckle. I know you, Cleigh. Down under all that tungsten there is the place of laughter. It will be better to laugh by

(Continued on Page 113)

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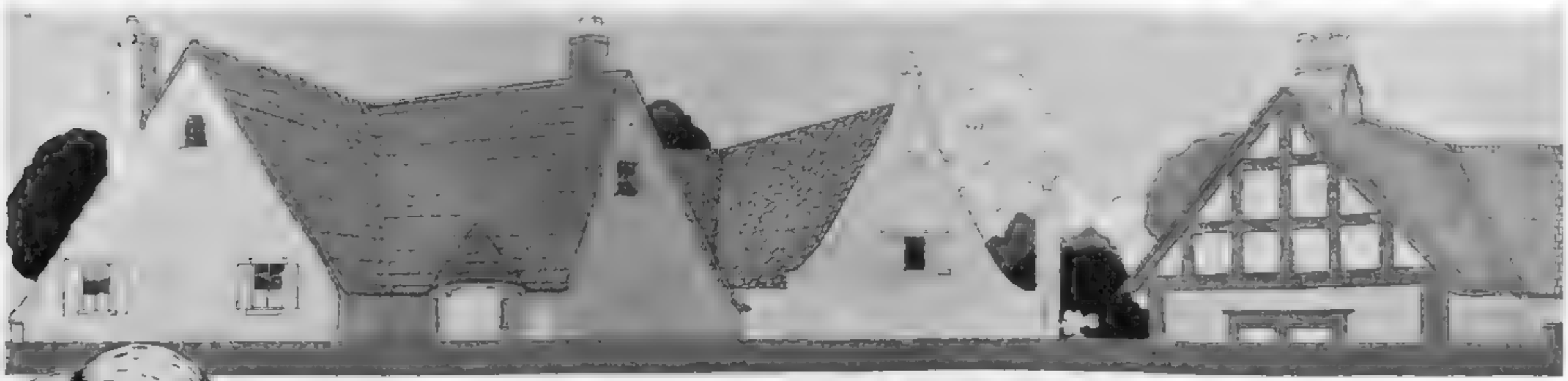

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The Wilson label protects your table

(Continued from Page 109)

yourself than to have the world laugh at you. Hoist by his own petard! There isn't a newspaper syndicate on earth that wouldn't give me a fortune for just the yarn. Now, I don't want the world to laugh at you, Cleigh."

"Considerate of you."

"Because I know what that sort of laughter is. Could you pick up the old life, the clubs? Could a strong man like you exist in an atmosphere of suppressed chuckles? Mull it over. If these treasures were honorably yours I'd never have thought of touching them. But you haven't any more right to them than I have, or Eisenfeldt."

Dennison leaned back in his chair. He began to laugh.

"Cunningham, my apologies," he said. "I thought you were a scoundrel, and you are only a fool—the same brand as I! I've been aching to wring your neck, but that would have been a pity. For eight months life will be full of interest for me—like waiting for the end of a story in the magazines."

"But there is one thing missing out of the tale," Jane interposed.

"And what is that?" asked Cunningham.

"Those beads."

"Oh, those beads! They belonged to an empress of France, and the French Government is offering sixty thousand for their return. Napoleonic. And now will you answer a question of mine? Where have you hidden them?"

Jane did not answer, but rose and left the dining salon. Silence fell upon the men until she returned. In her hand she held Ling Foo's brass hand-warmer. She set it on the table and pried back the jigsawed lid. From the heap of punk and charcoal ashes she rescued the beads and laid them on the cloth.

"Very clever. They are yours," said Cunningham.

"Mine?"

"Why not? Findings is keepings. They are as much yours as mine."

Jane pushed the string toward Cleigh.

"For me?" he said.

"Yes—for nothing."

"There is sixty thousand dollars in gold in my safe. When we land in San Francisco I will turn over the money to you. You have every right in the world to it."

Cleigh blew the ash from the glass beads and circled them in his palm.

"I repeat," she said, "they are yours."

Cunningham stood up.

"Well, what's it to be?"

"I have decided to reserve my decision," answered Cleigh dryly. "To hang you twixt wind and water will add to the thrill, for evidently that's what you're after."

"If it's on your own you'll only be wasting coal."

Cleigh toyed with the beads.

"The Haarlem? Maybe I can save you a lot of trouble," said Cunningham. "The name is only on her freeboard and stern, not on her master's ticket. The moment we are hull down the old name goes back." Cunningham turned to Jane. "Do you believe I've put my cards on the table?"

"Yes."

"And that if I humanly can I'll keep my word?"

"Yes."

"That's worth many pearls of price!"

"Supposing," said Cleigh, trickling the beads from palm to palm—"supposing I offered you the equivalent in cash?"

"No, Eisenfeldt has my word."

"You refuse?" Plainly Cleigh was jarred out of his calm. "You refuse?"

"I've already explained," said Cunningham wearily. "I've told you that I like sharp knives to play with. If you handle them carelessly you're cut. How about you?" Cunningham addressed the question to Dennison.

"Oh, I'm neutral and interested. I've always had a sneaking admiration for a tomfool. They were Shakspere's best characters. Consider me neutral."

Cleigh rose abruptly and stalked from the salon.

Cunningham lurched and twisted to the forward passage and disappeared.

When next Jane saw him in the light he was bloody and terrible.

XX

JANE and Dennison were alone. "I wonder," he said, "are we two awake, or are we having the same nightmare?"

"The way he hugs his word! Imagine a man stepping boldly and mockingly outside the pale, and carrying along his word unsullied with him! He's mad, Denny, absolutely mad! The poor thing!"

That phrase seemed to liberate something in his mind. The brooding oppression lifted its siege. His heart was no longer a torture chamber.

"I ought to be his partner, Jane. I'm as big a fool as he is. Who but a fool would plan and execute a game such as this? But he's sound on one point. It's a colossal joke."

"But your father?"

"Cunningham will have to dig a pretty deep hole somewhere if he expects to hide successfully. It's a hundred-to-one shot that father will never see his rug again. He probably realizes that, and he will be relentless. He'll coal at Manila and turn back. He'll double or triple the new crew's wages. Money will mean nothing if he starts after Cunningham. Of course I'll be out of the picture at Manila."

"Do you know why your father kidnaped me so easily? I thought maybe I could find a chink in his armor and bring you two together."

"And you've found the job hopeless!" Dennison shrugged.

"Won't you tell me what the cause was?"

"Ask him. He'll tell it better than I can. So you hid the beads in that hand-warmer! Not half bad. But why don't you take the sixty thousand?"

"I've an old-fashioned conscience."

"I don't mean father's gold, but the French Government's. Comfort as long as you lived."

"No, I could not touch even that money. The beads were stolen."

"Lord, Lord! Then there are three of us—Cunningham, myself and you!"

"Are you calling me a tomfool?"

"Not exactly. What's the feminine?"

She laughed and rose.

"You are almost human to-night."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to have a little talk with your father."

"Good luck. I'm going to have a fresh pot of coffee. I shall want to keep awake to-night."

"Why?"

"Oh, just an idea. You'd better turn in when the interview is over. Good luck."

Jane stood framed in the doorway for a moment. Under the reading lamp in the main salon she saw Cleigh. He was running the beads from hand to hand and staring into space. Behind her she heard Dennison's spoon clatter in the cup as he stirred the coffee.

Wild horses! She felt as though she were being pulled two ways by wild horses! For she was about to demand of Anthony Cleigh the promised reparation. And which of two things should she demand? All this time, since Cleigh had uttered the promise, she had had but one thought—to bring father and son together, to do away with this foolish estrangement. For there did not seem to be on earth any crime that merited such a condition. If he humanly could—he had modified the promise with that. What was more human than to forgive—a father to forgive a son?

And now Cunningham had to wedge in compellingly! She could hesitate between Denny and Cunningham! The rank disloyalty of it shocked her. To give Cunningham his eight months! Pity, urgent pity for the broken body and tortured soul of the man—mothering pity! Denny was whole and sound, mentally and physically; he would never know any real mental torture, anything that compared with Cunningham's, which was enduring, now waxing, now waning, but always sensible. To secure for him his eight months, without let or hindrance from the full enmity of Cleigh; to give him his boyhood dream, whether he found his pearls or not. Her throat became stuffed with the presage of tears. The poor thing!

But Denny, parting from his father at Manila, the cleavage wider than ever, beyond hope! Oh, she could not tolerate the thought of that! These two, so full of strong and bitter pride—they would never meet again if they separated now. Perhaps fate had assigned the rôle of peacemaker to her; and she had this weapon in her hand to enforce it or bring it about—the father's solemn promise to grant whatever she might ask. And she could dodder between Denny and Cunningham!

To demand both conditions would probably appeal to Cleigh as not humanly possible. One or the other, but not the two together.

An interval of several minutes of which she had no clear recollection, and then she was conscious that she was reclining in her chair on deck, staring at the stars which appeared jerkily and queerly shaped—through tears. She hadn't had the courage to make a decision. As if it became any easier to solve by putting it over until to-morrow!

Chance—the Blind Madonna of the Pagan—was preparing to solve the riddle for her—with a thunderbolt!

The mental struggle had exhausted Jane somewhat, and she fell into a doze. When she woke she was startled to see by her wrist watch that it was after eleven. The yacht was plowing along through the velvet blackness of the night. The inclination to sleep gone, Jane decided to walk the deck until she was as bodily tired as she was mentally. All the hidden terror was gone. To-morrow these absurd pirates would be on their way.

Study the situation as she might, she could discover no flaw in this whimsical madman's plans. He held the crew in his palm, even as he held Cleigh—by covetousness. Cleigh would never dare send the British after Cunningham; and the crew would obey him to the letter because that meant safety and recompense. The Great Adventure Company! Only by an act of God! And what could possibly happen between now and the arrival of the Haarlem?

Cleigh had evidently turned in, for through the transoms she saw that the salon lights were out. She circled the deck house six times, then went up to the bow and stared down the cutwater at the phosphorescence. Blue fire! The eternal marvel of the sea!

A hand fell upon her shoulder. She thought it would be Denny's. It was Flint's!

"Be a good sport, an' give us a kiss!"

She drew back, but he caught her arm. His breath was foul with tobacco and whisky.

"All right, I'll take it!"

With her free hand she struck him in the face. It was a sound blow, for Jane was no weakling. That should have warned Flint that a struggle would not be worth while. But where's the drunken man with caution? The blow stung Flint equally in flesh and spirit. He would kiss this woman if it was the last thing he ever did!

Jane fought him savagely, never thinking to call to the bridge. Twice she escaped, but each time the fool managed to grasp either her waist or her skirt. Then out of nowhere came the voice of Cunningham:

"Flint!"

Disheveled and breathless, Jane found herself free. She stumbled to the rail and rested there for a moment. Dimly she could see the two men enacting a weird shadow dance. Then it came to her that Cunningham would not be strong enough to vanquish Flint, so she ran aft to rouse Denny.

As she went down the companionway, her knees threatening to give way, she heard voices, blows, crashings against the partitions. Instinct told her to seek her cabin and barricade the door; curiosity drove her through the two darkened salons to the forward passage. Only a single lamp was on, but that was enough. Anthony Cleigh's iron-gray head towering above a whirlwind of fists and forearms!

What had happened? This couldn't be real! She was still in her chair on deck, and what she saw was nightmare! Out of the calm, all in a moment, this! Where was Denny, if this picture wasn't nightmare? Cunningham above, struggling with the whisky-maddened Flint—Cleigh fighting in the passage! Dear God, what had happened?

Where was Denny? The question let loose in her heart and mind all that was emotional, at the same time enchaining her to the spot where she stood. Denny! Why, she loved Denny! And she had not known it consciously until this moment. Because some prescientific instinct warned her that Denny was either dead or badly hurt!

The narrowness of the passage gave Cleigh one advantage—none of the men could get behind him. Sometimes he surged forward a little, sometimes he stepped back, but never back of the line he had set for himself. By and by Jane forced her gaze to the deck to see what it was that held him like a rock. What she saw was only the actual of what she had already envisaged—Denny, either dead or badly hurt!

What had happened was this: Six of the crew, those spirits which had succumbed to the secret domination of the man Flint—the drinkers—had decided to celebrate the last night on the Wanderer. Their argument was that old man Cleigh wouldn't miss a few bottles, and that it would be a long time between drinks when they returned to the States; and never might they again have so easy a chance to taste the juice of the champagne grape. Where was the harm? Hadn't they behaved like little Fauntleroys for weeks? They did not want any trouble—just half a dozen bottles, and back to the forepeak to empty them. That wouldn't kill the old man. They wouldn't even have to force the door of the dry stores; they had already learned that they could tickle the lock out of commission by the use of a bent wire. Young, restless and mischievous—none of them bad. A bit of laughter and a few bars of song—that was all they wanted.

No doubt the affair would have blown itself out harmlessly but for the fact that Chance had other ideas. She has a way with her, this Pagan Madonna, of taking off the cheerful motley of a jest and substituting the Phrygian cap of terror, subitaneously.

Dennison had lain down on the lounge in the main salon. Restless, unhappy, bitter toward his father, he had lain there counting the throbs of the engine to that point where they mysteriously cease to register, and one has to wait a minute or two to pick up the throb again.

For years he had lived more or less in the open, which attunes the human ear to sounds that generally pass unnoticed. All at once he was sure that he had heard the tinkle of glass, but he waited. The tinkle was repeated. Instinct led him at once to the forward passage, and one glance down this was sufficient. From the thought of a drunken orgy—the thing he had been fearing since the beginning of this mad voyage—his thought leaped to Jane. Thus his subsequent acts were indirectly in her defense.

"What the devil are you up to there?" he called.

The unexpectedness of the challenge disconcerted the men. They had enough loot. A quick retreat, and Dennison would have had nothing to do but close the dry-stores door. But middle twenties are belligerent rather than discreet.

"What you got to say about it?" jeered one of the men, shifting his brace of bottles to the arms of another and squaring off.

Dennison rushed them, and the mêlée began. It was a strenuous affair while it lasted. When a strong man is full of anger and bitter disappointment, when six young fellows are bored to distraction, nothing is quite so satisfying as an exchange of fisticuffs. Dennison had the advantage of being able to hit right and left, at random, while his opponents were not always sure that a blow landed where it was directed.

Naturally the racket drew Cleigh to the scene, and he arrived in time to see a champagne bottle descend upon the head of his son. Dennison went down.

Cleigh, boiling with impotent fury, had gone to bed, not to sleep but to plan; some way round the rogue, to trip him and regain the treasures that meant so much to him. Like father, like son. When he saw what was going on in the passage he saw also that here was something that linked up with his mood. Of course it was to defend the son; but without the bitter rage and the need of physical expression he would have gone for the hidden revolver and settled the affair with that. Instead he flew at the men with the savageness of a gray wolf. He was a tower of a man, for all his sixty years; and he had mauled three of the crew severely before Cunningham arrived.

Why had the mutinous six offered battle? Why hadn't they retreated with good sense at the start? Originally all they had wanted was the wine. Why stop to fight when the wine was theirs? In the morning none of them could answer these questions. Was there ever a rough-and-tumble that anybody could explain lucidly the morning after? Perhaps it was the false pride of youth; the bitter distaste at the thought of six turning tail for one.

Cunningham fired a shot at the ceiling, and a dozen of the crew came piling in from the forward end of the passage. The fighting stopped magically.

"You fools!" cried Cunningham in a high, cracked voice. "To put our heads into

(Continued on Page 118)

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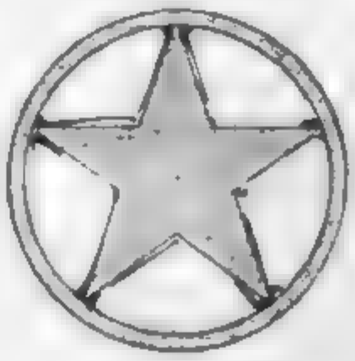

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(Continued from Page 113)

hemp at the last moment. If anything happens to young Cleigh, back to Manila you go with the yacht! Clear out! At the last moment!" It was like a sob.

Jane, still entranced, saw Cleigh stoop and put his arms under the body of his son, heave and stand up under the dead weight. He staggered past her toward the main salon. She heard him mutter.

"God help me, if I'm too late—if I've waited too long! Denny?"

That galvanized her into action, and she flew to the light buttons, flooding both the dining and the main salons. She helped Cleigh to place Dennison on the lounge. After that it was her affair. Dennison was alive, but how much alive could be told only by the hours. She bathed and bandaged his head. Beyond that she could do nothing but watch and wait.

"I wouldn't mind—a little of that—water," said Cunningham weakly.

Cleigh, with menacing fists, wheeled upon him; but he did not strike the man who was basically the cause of Denny's injuries. At the same time Jane, looking up across Dennison's body, uttered a gasp of horror. The entire left side of Cunningham was drenched in blood, and the arm dangled.

"Flint had a knife—and—was quite handy with it."

"For me!" she cried. "For defending me! Mr. Cleigh, Flint caught me on deck—and Mr. Cunningham—oh, this is horrible!"

"You were right, Cleigh. The best-laid plans of mice and men! What an ass I am! I honestly thought I could play a game like this without hurt to anybody. It was to be a whale of a joke. Flint ——"

Cunningham reached blindly for the nearest chair and collapsed in it.

An hour later. The four of them were still in the main salon. Jane sat at the head of the lounge, and from time to time she took Dennison's pulse and temperature. She had finally deduced that there had been no serious concussion. Cleigh sat at the foot of the lounge, his head in his hands. Cunningham occupied the chair into which he had collapsed. Three ugly flesh wounds, but nothing a little time would not heal. True, he had had a narrow squeak. He sat with his eyes closed.

"Why?" asked Jane suddenly, breaking the silence.

"What?" said Cleigh, looking up.

"Why these seven years—if you cared? I heard you say something about being too late. Why?"

"I'm a queer old fool. An idea, when it enters my head, sticks. I can't shift my plans easily; I have to go through. What you have witnessed these several days gives you the impression that I have no heart. That isn't true. But we Cleighs are pigheaded. Until he was sent to Russia he was never from under the shadow of my hand. My agents kept me informed of all his moves, his adventures. The mistake was originally mine. I put him in charge of an old scholar who taught him art, music, languages, but little or nothing about human beings. I gave him a liberal allowance; but he was a queer lad, and Broadway never heard of him. Now I hold that youth must have its fling in some manner or other; after thirty there is no cure for folly. So when he ran away I let him go; but he never got so far away that I did not know what he was doing. I liked the way he rejected the cash I gave him; the way he scorned to trade upon the name. He went clean. Why? I don't know. Oh, yes, he got hilariously drunk once in a while, but he had his fling in clean places. I had agents watching him."

"Why did he run away?" asked Jane.

"No man can tell another man; a man has to find it out for himself—the difference between a good woman and a bad one."

"I play that statement to win," interposed Cunningham without opening his eyes.

"There was a woman?" said Jane.

"A bad one. Pretty and clever as sin. My fault. I should have sent him to college, where he'd have got at least a glimmer of life. But I kept him under the tutor until the thing happened. He thought he was in love, when it was only his first woman. She wanted his money—or, more properly speaking, mine. I had her investigated and found that she was bad all through. When I told him boldly what she was he called me a liar. I struck him across the mouth, and he promptly knocked me down."

"Pretty good punch for a youngster," was Cunningham's comment.

"It was," replied Cleigh grimly. "He went directly to his room, packed and cleared out. In that he acted wisely, for at that moment I would have cast him out had he come with an apology. But the following day I could not find him; nor did I get track of him until weeks later. He had married the woman and then found her out. That's all cleared off the slate, though. She's been married and divorced three times since then."

"Did you expect to see him over here?"

"In Shanghai? No. The sight of him rather knocked me about. You understand? It was his place to make the first sign. He was in the wrong, and he has known it all these seven years."

"No," said Jane; "it was your place to make the first advance. If you had been a comrade to him in his boyhood he would never have been in the wrong."

"But I gave him everything!"

"Everything but love. Did you ever tell him a fairy story?"

"A fairy story!" Cleigh's face was the essence of bewilderment.

"You put him in the care of a lovable old dreamer, and then expected him to accept life as you knew it."

Cleigh rumpled his cowlicks. A fairy story? But that was nonsense! Fairy stories had long since gone out of fashion.

"When I saw you two together an idea popped into my head. But do you care for the boy?"

"I care everything for him—or I shouldn't be here!"

Cunningham relaxed a little more in his chair, his eyes still closed.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Cleigh.

"I let you abduct me. I thought, maybe, if I were near you for a little I might bring you two together."

"Well, now!" said Cleigh, falling into the old New England vernacular which was his birthright. "I brought you on board merely to lure him after you. I wanted you both on board so I could observe you. I intended to carry you both off on a cruise. I watched you from the door that night while you two were dining. I saw by his face and his gestures that he would follow you anywhere."

"But I—I am only a professional nurse. I'm nobody! I haven't anything!"

"Good Lord, will you listen to that?" cried the pirate, with a touch of his old banter. "Nobody and nothing!"

Neither Jane nor Cleigh apparently heard this interpolation.

"Why did you maltreat him?"

"Otherwise he would have thought I was offering my hand, that I had weakened."

"And you expected him to fall on your shoulder and ask your pardon after that? Mr. Cleigh, for a man of your intellectual attainments, your stand is the biggest piece of stupidity I ever heard of! How in the world was he to know what your thoughts were?"

"I was giving him his chance," declared Cleigh stubbornly.

"A yacht? It's a madhouse," gibed Cunningham. "And this is a convention of fools!"

"How do you want me to act?" asked Cleigh, surrendering absolutely.

"When he comes to, take his hand. You don't have to say anything else."

"All right."

From Dennison's lips came a deep long sigh. Jane leaned over.

"Denny?" she whispered.

The lids of Dennison's eyes rolled back heavily.

"Jane—all right?" he asked thickly.

"Yes. How do you feel?"

He reached out a hand whence her voice came. She met the hand with hers, and that seemed to be all he wanted just then.

"You'd better get your bathrobe, Mr. Cleigh," she suggested.

Cleigh became conscious for the first time of the condition of his pyjama jacket. It hung upon his torso in mere ribbons. He became conscious also of the fact that his body ached variously and substantially.

"Thirty-odd years since I was in a racket like this. I'm getting along."

"And on the way," put in Cunningham, "you might call Cleve. I'd feel better—stretched out."

"Oh, I had forgotten!" cried Jane, reproaching herself. Weakened as he was, and sitting in a chair!

"And don't forget, Cleigh, that I'm master of the Wanderer until I leave it. I sympathize deeply," Cunningham went on ironically, "but I have some active troubles of my own."

"And God send they abide with you always!" was Cleigh's retort.

"They will—if that will give you any comfort. Do you know what? You will always have me to thank for this. That will be my comforting thought. The god in the car!"

Later, when Cleve helped Cunningham into his bunk, the latter asked about the crew.

"Scared stiff. They realize that it was a close shave. I've put the fools in irons. They're best there until we leave. But we can't do anything but forget the racket when we board the Dutchman. Where's that man Flint? We can't find him anywhere. He's at the bottom of it. I knew that sooner or later there'd be the devil to pay with a woman on board. Probably the fool's hiding in the bunkers. I'll give every rat hole a look-see. Pretty nearly got you."

"Flint was out of luck—and so was I! I thought in pistols, and forgot that there might be a knife or two. I'll be on my feet in the morning. Little weak, that's all. Nobody and nothing!" said Cunningham, addressing the remark to the crossbeam above his head.

"What's that?" asked Cleve.

"I was thinking out loud. Get back to the chart house. Old Newton may play us some trick if he isn't watched. And don't bother to search for Flint. I know where he is."

Something in Cunningham's tone coldly touched Cleve's spine. He went out, closing the door quietly; and there was reason for the sudden sweat in his palms.

Chance! A wry smile stirred one corner of Cunningham's mouth. He had boasted that he had left nothing to chance, with this result! Burning up! Inward and outward fires! Love beads! Well, what were they if not that? But that she should trust him when everything about him should have repelled her! Was there a nugget of forgotten gold in his cosmos, and had she discovered it? She still trusted him, for he had sensed it in the quick but tender touch of her hands upon his throbbing wounds.

To learn, after all these years, that he had been a coward! To have run away from misfortune instead of facing it and beating it down!

Pearls! All he had left! And when he found them, what then? Turn them into money he no longer cared to spend? Or was this an interlude—a mocking interlude—and would to-morrow see his conscience relegated to the dustbin out of which it had so oddly emerged?

When Dennison opened his eyes again Jane was still holding his hand. Upon beholding his father Dennison held out his free hand.

"Will you take it, father? I'm sorry."

"Of course I'll take it, Denny. I was an old fool."

"And I was a young one."

"Would you like a cup of coffee?" Cleigh asked eagerly.

"If it won't be too much trouble."

"No trouble at all."

A hand pressure, a few inconsequent phrases, that is always enough for two strong characters in the hour of reconciliation.

Cleigh out of the way, Jane tried to disengage her hand, but Dennison only tightened his grip.

"No"—a pause—"it's different now. The old boy will find some kind of a job for me. Will you marry me, Jane? I did not speak before, because I hadn't anything to offer."

"No?"

"I couldn't offer marriage until I had a job."

"But supposing your father doesn't give you one?"

"Why ——"

"You poor boy! I'm only fishing."

"For what?"

"Well, why do you want to marry me?"

"Hang it, because I love you!"

"Why didn't you tell me that in the first place? How was I to know unless you told me? But oh, Denny, I want to go home!" She laid her cheek against his hand. "I want a garden with a picket fence round it and all the simple flowers. I never want another adventure in all my days!"

"Same here!"

A stretch of silence.

"What happened to me?"

(Continued on Page 119)

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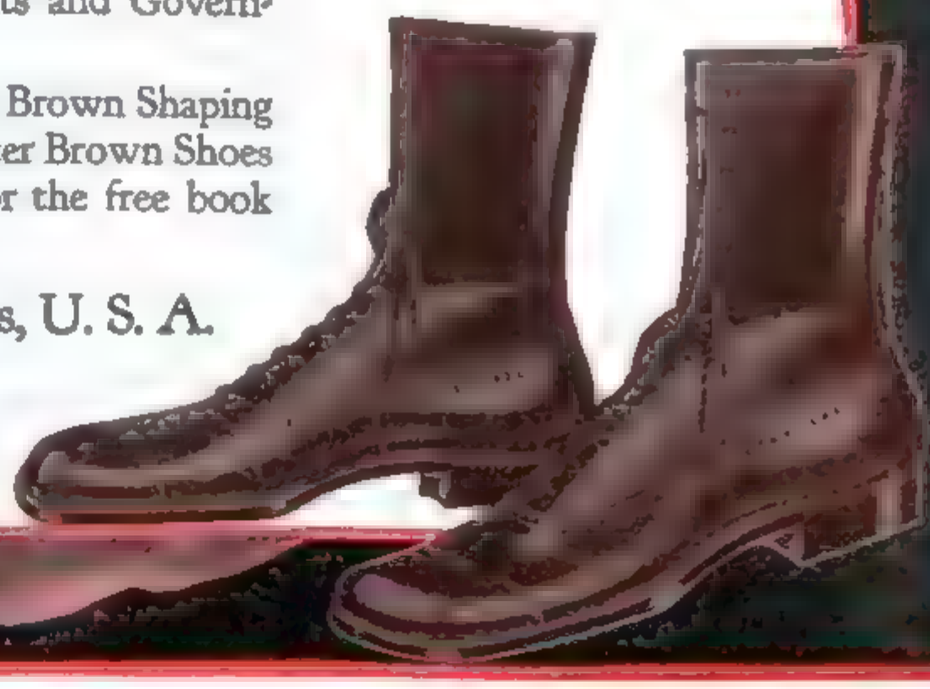

(Continued from Page 116)

"Someone hit you with a wine bottle."

"A vintage—and I never got a swallow!"

"And then your father went to your defense."

"The old boy? Honestly?"

"He stood astride your body until Mr. Cunningham came in and stopped the mêlée."

"Cunningham! They quit?"

"Yes—Flint. I didn't dream it wouldn't be safe to go on deck and Flint caught me. He was drunk. But for Cunningham, I don't know what would have happened. I ran and left them fighting, and Flint wounded Cunningham with a knife. It was for me, Denny. I feel so sorry for him! So alone, hating himself and hating the world, tortured with misunderstanding—good in him that he keeps smothering and trampling down. His unbroken word—to hang to that!"

"All right. So far as I'm concerned, that cleans the slate."

"I loved you, Denny, but I didn't know how much until I saw you on the floor. Do you know what I was going to demand of your father as a reparation for bringing me on board? His hand in yours. That was all I wanted."

"Always thinking of someone else!"

"That's all the happiness I've ever had, Denny—until now!"

XXI

A GOOD deal of orderly commotion took place the following morning. Cunningham's crew, under the temporary leadership of Cleve, proceeded to make everything shipshape. There was no exuberance; they went at the business quietly and grimly. They sensed a shadow overhead. The revolt of the six discovered to the others what a rickety bridge they were crossing, how easily and swiftly a jest may become a tragedy.

They had accepted the game as a kind of huge joke. Everything had been prepared against failure; it was all cut and dried; all they had to do was to believe themselves. For days they had gone about their various duties thinking only of the gay time that would fall to their lot when they left the Wanderer. The possibility that Cleigh would not proceed in the manner advanced by Cunningham's psychology never bothered them until now. Supposing the old man's desire for vengeance was stronger than his love for his art objects? He was a fighter; he had proved it last night. Supposing he put up a fight and called in the British to help him?

Not one of them but knew what the penalty would be if pursued and caught. But Cunningham had persuaded them up to this hour that they would not even be pursued; that it would not be humanly possible for Cleigh to surrender the hope of eventually recovering his unlawful possessions. And now they began to wonder, to fret secretly, to reconsider the ancient saying that the way of the transgressor is hard.

On land they could have separated and hidden successfully. Here at sea the wireless was an inescapable net. Their only hope was to carry on. Cunningham might pull them through. For, having his own hide to consider, he would bring to bear upon the adventure all his formidable ingenuity.

At eleven the commotion subsided magically and the men vanished below, but at four-thirty they swarmed the port bow, silently if interestedly. If they talked at all it was in a whispering undertone.

The mutinous revelers formed a group of their own. They appeared to have been roughly handled by the Cleighs. The attitude was humble, the expression worriedly sorrowful. Why hadn't they beat a retreat? The psychology of their madness escaped them utterly. There was one grain of luck—they hadn't killed young Cleigh. What fool had swung that bottle? Not one of them could recall.

The engines of the Wanderer stopped, and she rolled lazily in the billowing brass, waiting.

Out of the blinding topaz of the sou'west nosed a black object, illusory. It appeared to ride neither wind nor water.

From the bridge Cleigh eyed this object dourly, and with a swollen heart he glanced from time to time at the crates and casings stacked below. He knew that he would never set eyes upon any of these treasures again. When they were lowered over the side that would be the end of them. Cunningham might be telling the truth as to his intentions; but he was promising something that was not conceivably possible, any more than it was possible to play at piracy and not get hurt.

At Cleigh's side stood the son, his head swathed in bandages. All day long he had been subjected to splitting headaches, and his face looked tired and drawn. He had stayed in bed until he had heard "Ship ahoy!"

"Are you going to start something?" he asked.

Cleigh did not answer, but peered through the glass again.

"I don't see how you're going to land him without the British. On the other hand, you can't tell. Cunningham might bring the stuff back."

Cleigh laughed, but still held the glass to his eye.

"When and where are you going to get married?"

"Manila. Jane wants to go home, and I want a job."

Cleigh touched his split lips and his bruised cheek bone, for he had had to pay fur his gallantry; and there was a spot in his small ribs that racked him whenever he breathed deeply.

"What the devil do you want of a job?"

"You're not thinking that I'm going back on an allowance? I've had independence for seven years, and I'm going to keep it, father."

"I've money enough"—brusquely.

"That isn't it. I want to begin somewhere and build something for myself. You know as well as I do that if I went home on an allowance you'd begin right off to dominate me as you used to, and no man is going to do that again."

"What can you do?"

"That's the point—I don't know. I've got to find out."

Cleigh lowered the glass.

"Let's see; didn't you work on a sugar plantation somewhere?"

"Yes. How'd you find that out?"

"Never mind about that. I can give you a job, and it won't be soft either. I've a sugar plantation in Hawaii that isn't paying the dividends it ought to. I'll turn the management over to you. You make good the second year, or back you come to me, domination and all."

"I agree to that—if the plantation can be developed."

"The stuff is there; all it needs is some pep."

"All right, I'll take the job."

"You and your wife shall spend the fall and winter with me. In February you can start to work."

"Are you out for Cunningham's hide?"

"What would you do in my place?"

"Sit tight and wait."

Cleigh laughed sardonically.

"Because," went on Dennison, "he's played the game too shrewdly not to have other cards up his sleeve. He may find his pearls and return the loot."

"Do you believe that? Don't talk like a fool! I tell you, his pearls are in those casings there! But son, I'm glad to have you back. And you've found a proper mate."

"Isn't she glorious?"

"Better than that. She's the kind that'll always be fussing over you, and that's the kind a man needs. But mind your eye! Don't take it for granted! Make her want to fuss over you."

When the oncoming tramp reached a point four hundred yards to the southwest of the yacht she slued round broadside. For a moment or two the reversed propeller—to keep the old tub from drifting—threw up a fountain; and before the sudsy eddies had subsided the longboat began a jerky descent. No time was going to be wasted, evidently.

The Haarlem—or whatever name was written on her ticket—was a picture. Even her shadows tried to desert her as she lifted and wallowed in the long burnished rollers. There was something astonishingly impudent about her. She reminded Dennison of an old gin-sodden female derelict of the streets. There were red patches all over her, from stem to stern, where the last coat of waterproof black had blistered off. The brass of her ports was green. Her name should have been Neglect. She was probably full of smells; and Dennison was ready to wager that in a moderate sea her rivets and bedplates whined, and that the pump never rested.

But it occurred to him that there must be some basis of fact in Cunningham's pearl atoll, and yonder owner was game enough to take a sporting chance; that, or he had been handsomely paid for his charter.

An atoll in the Sulu Archipelago that had been overlooked—that was really the incredible part of it. Dennison had first-hand knowledge that there wasn't a rock in the whole archipelago that had not been looked over and under by the pearl hunters.

He saw the tramp's longboat come staggering across the intervening water. Ragtag and bobtail of the Singapore docks, crimp fodder—that was what Dennison believed he had the right to expect. And behold! Except that they were older, the newcomers lined up about average with the departing—able seamen.

The transshipping of the crews occupied about an hour. As the longboat's boat hook caught the Wanderer's ladder for the third time the crates and casings were carried down and carefully deposited in the stern sheets.

About this time Cunningham appeared. He paused by the rail for a minute and looked up at the Cleighs, father and son. He was pale and his attitude suggested pain and weakness, but he was not too weak to send up his bantering smile. Cleigh, Senior, gazed stonily forward, but Dennison answered the smile by soberly shaking his head. Dennison could not hear Cunningham's laugh, but he saw the expression of it.

Cunningham put his hand on the rail in preparation for the first step, when Jane appeared with bandages, castile soap, the last of her stearate of zinc, absorbent cotton and a basin of water.

"What's this—a clinic?" he asked.

"You can't go aboard that awful-looking ship without letting me give you a fresh dressing," she declared.

"Lord love you, angel of mercy, I'm all right!"

"It was for me. Even now you are in pain. Please!"

"Pain?" he repeated.

For one more touch of her tender hands! To carry the thought of that through the long hot night! Perhaps it was his ever-bubbling sense of malice that decided him—to let her minister to him, with the Cleighs on the bridge to watch and boil with indignation. He nodded, and she followed him to the hatch, where he sat down.

Dennison saw his father's hands strain on the bridge rail, the presage of a gathering storm. He intervened by a rough seizure of Cleigh's arm.

"Listen to me, father! Not a word of reproach out of you when she comes up—God bless her! Anything in pain! It's her way, and I'll not have her reproached. God alone knows what the beggar saved her from last night! If you utter a word I'll cash that twenty thousand—it's mine now—and you'll never see either of us after Manila!"

Cleigh gently disengaged his arm.

"Sonny, you've got a man's voice under your shirt these days. All right. Run down and give the new crew the once-over, and see if they have a wireless man among them."

Sunset—a scarlet horizon and an old-rose sea. For a little while longer the trio on the bridge could discern a diminishing black speck off to the southeast. The Wanderer was boring along a point north of east, Manila way. The speck soon lost its blackness and became violet, and then magically the streaked horizon rose up behind the speck and obliterated it.

"The poor benighted thing!" said Jane. "God didn't mean that he should be this kind of a man."

"Does any of us know what God wants of us?" asked Cleigh bitterly.

"He wants men like you, who pretend to the world that they're granite-hearted when they're not. Ever since we started, Denny, I've been trying to recall where I'd seen your father before; and it came a little while ago. I saw him only once—a broken child he'd brought to the hospital to be mended. I happened to be passing through the children's ward for some reason. He called himself Jones or Brown or Smith—I forget. But they told me afterward that he brought on an average of four children a month, and paid all expenses until they were ready to go forth, if not cured at least greatly bettered. He told the chief that if anybody ever followed him he would never come back. Your father's a hypocrite, Denny."

"So that's where I saw you?" said Cleigh ruminatively. He expanded a little. He wanted the respect and admiration of this young woman—his son's wife-to-be. "Don't weave any golden halo for me," he added dryly. "After Denny packed up and hiked it came back rather hard that I hadn't paid much attention to his childhood. It was a kind of penance."

"But you liked it!"

"Maybe I only got used to it. Say, Denny, was there a wireless man in the crew?"

"No. I knew there wouldn't be. But I can handle the key."

"Fine! Come along then."

"What are you going to do?"

"Do? Why, I'm going to have the Asiatic fleets on his heels inside of twenty-four hours! That's what I'm going to do! He's an unprincipled rogue!"

"No," interposed Jane, "only a poor broken thing."

"That's no fault of mine. But no man can play this sort of game with me, and show a clean pair of heels. The rug and the paintings are gone for good. I swore to him that I would have his hide, and have it I will! I never break my word."

"Denny," said Jane, "for my sake you will not touch that wireless."

"I'm giving the orders!" roared Cleigh.

"Wait a moment!" said Jane. "You spoke of your word. That first night you promised me any reparation I should demand."

"I made that promise. Well?"

"Give him his eight months."

She gestured toward the sea, toward the spot where they had last seen the Haarlem.

"You demand that?"

"No, I only ask it. I understand the workings of that twisted soul, and you don't. Let him have his queer dream—his boyhood adventure. Are you any better than he? Were those treasures honorably yours? Fie! No, I won't demand that you let him go; I'll only ask it. Because you will not deny to me what you gave to those little children—generosity."

Cleigh did not speak.

"I want to love you," she continued, "but I couldn't if there was no mercy in your sense of justice. Be merciful to that unhappy outcast, who probably never had any childhood, or if he had, a miserable one. Children are heartless; they don't know any better. They pointed the finger of ridicule and contempt at him—his playmates. Imagine starting life like that! And he told me that the first woman he loved—laughed in his face! I feel—I don't know why—that he was always without care, from his childhood up. He looked so forlorn! Eight months! We need never tell him. I'd rather he shouldn't know that I tried to intercede for him. But for him we three would not be here together, with understanding. I only ask it."

Cleigh turned and went down the ladder. Twenty times he circled the deck; then he paused under the bridge and sent up a hail.

"Dinner is ready!"

The moment Jane reached the deck Cleigh put an arm round her.

"No other human being could have done it. It is a cup of gall and wormwood, but I'll take it. Why? Because I am old and lonely and want a little love. I have no faith in Cunningham's word, but he shall go free."

"How long since you kissed anyone?" she asked.

"Many years." And he stooped to her cheek. To press back the old brooding thought he said with cheerful brusqueness: "Suppose we celebrate? I'll have Togo ice a bottle of that vintage those infernal ruffians broke over your head last night."

Dennison laughed.

October.

The Cleigh library was long and wide. There was a fine old blue Ispahan on the floor. The chairs were neither historical nor uncomfortable. One came in here to read. The library was on the second floor. When you reached this room you left the affairs of state and world behind.

A wood fire crackled and shifted in the fireplace, the marble hood of which had been taken from a famous Italian palace. The irons stood ready as of yore for the cups of mulled wine. Before this fire sat a little old woman knitting. Her feet were on a hassock. From time to time her bird-like glance swept the thinker in the adjacent chair. She wondered what he could see in the fire there to hold his gaze so steadily. The little old lady had something of the attitude of a bird that had been given its liberty suddenly, and having always lived

(Concluded on Page 123)

Note the broad road pattern of the Super Tread Tire

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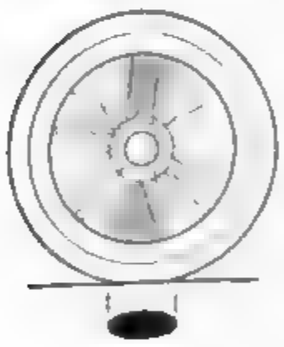
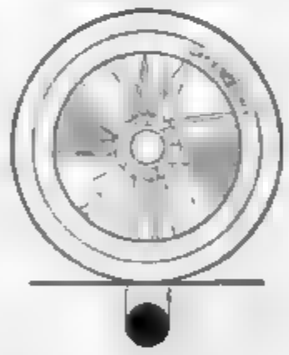


The big reason for the longer life of the Gates Super Tread Tire lies in the way this tire contacts the road. Not a narrow contact such as the ordinary tire makes as in the left hand diagram, but a broad, substantial contact as in the right hand diagram. This scientific tread contact lessens side-wall bending and minimizes blowout dangers.

Super Tread



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PHILADELPHIA DIAMOND GRID BATTERY

With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

THE "CORD TIRE" BATTERY

(Concluded from Page 119)

in a cage knew not what to make of all these vast spaces.

She was Jane's mother, and sitting in the chair beside her was Anthony Cleigh.

"There are said to be only five portable authentic paintings by Leonardo da Vinci," said Cleigh, "and I had one of them, mother. Illegally perhaps, but still I had it. It is a copy that hangs in the European gallery. There's a point. Gallery officials announce a theft only when some expert has discovered the substitution. There are a number of so-called Da Vincis, but those are the works of Boltraffio, Da Vinci's pupil. I'll always be wondering, even in my grave, where that crook Eisenfeldt has disposed of it."

Mrs. Norman went on with her knitting. What she heard was as instructive and illuminating to her as Chinese would have been.

From the far end of the room came piano music; gentle, dreamy, broken occasionally by some fine, thrilling chord. Dennison played well, but he had the habit of all amateurs of idling, of starting something and running away into improvisations. Seated beside him on the bench was Jane, her head inclined against his shoulder. Perhaps that was a good reason why he began a composition and did not carry it through to its conclusion.

"That was a trick of his mother's," said Cleigh, still addressing the fire. "All the fine things in him he got from her. I gave him his shoulders, but I guess that's about all."

Mrs. Norman did not turn her head. She had already learned that she wasn't expected to reply unless Cleigh looked at her directly.

"There's a high wind outside. More rain probably. But that's October in these parts. You'll like it in Hawaii. Never any of this brand of weather. I may be able to put the yacht into commission."

"The sea!" she said in a little frightened whisper.

"Doorbells!" said Dennison with gentle mockery. "Jane, you're always starting up when you hear one. Still hanging on? It isn't Cunningham's willingness to fulfill his promise; it's his ability I doubt. A thousand and one things may upset his plans."

"I know. But, win or lose, he was to let me know."

"The poor devil! I never dared say so to father, but when I learned that Cunningham meant no harm to you I began to boost for him. I like to see a man win against huge odds, and that's what he has been up against."

"Denny, I've never asked before; I've been a little afraid to, but did you see Flint when the crew left?"

"I honestly didn't notice; I was so interested in the disreputable old hooker that was to take them off."

She sighed. Fragments of that night were always recurring in her dreams.

The door opened and the ancient butler entered. His glance roved until it caught the little tuft of iron-gray hair that protruded above the rim of the chair by the fire. Noiselessly he crossed the room.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but a van arrived a few minutes ago with a number of packing cases. The men said they were for you, sir. The cases are in the lower hall. Any orders, sir?"

Cleigh rose.

"Cases? Benson, did you say—cases?"

"Yes, sir. I fancy some paintings you've ordered, sir."

Cleigh stood perfectly still. The butler eyed him with mild perturbation. Rarely he saw bewilderment on his master's countenance.

"Cases?"

"Yes, sir. Fourteen or fifteen of them, sir."

Cleigh felt oddly numb. For days now he had denied to himself the reason for his agitation whenever the telephone or doorbell rang. Hope! It had not served to crush it down, to buffet it aside by ironical commentaries on the weakness of human nature; the thing was uncrushable, insistent. Packing cases!

"Denny! Jane!" he cried, and bolted for the door.

The call needed no interpretation. The two understood, and followed him downstairs precipitately, with the startled Benson the tail to the kite.

"No, no!" shouted Cleigh. "The big one first!" as Dennison laid one of the smaller cases on the floor. "Benson, where the devil is the claw hammer?"

The butler foraged in the coat closet and presently emerged with a prier. Cleigh literally snatched it from the astonished butler's grasp, pried and tore off a board. He dug away at the excelsior until he felt the cool glass under his fingers. He peered through this glass.

"Denny, it's the rug!"

Cleigh's voice cracked and broke into a queer treble note.

Jane shook her head. Here was an incurable passion, based upon the specious argument that galleries and museums had neither consciences nor stomachs. You could not hurt a wall by robbing it of a painting—a passion that would abide with him until death. Not one of these treasures in the casings was honorably his, but they were more to him than all his legitimate possessions. To ask him to return the objects to the galleries and museums to which they belonged would be asking Cleigh to tear out his heart. Though the passion was incomprehensible, Jane readily observed its effects. She had sensed the misery, the anxiety, the stinging curiosity of all these months. Not to know exactly what had become of the rug and the paintings! Not to know if he would ever see them again! There was only one comparison she could bring to bear as an illustration: Cleigh was like a man whose mistress had forsaken him without explanations.

She was at once happy and sad; happy that her faith in Cunningham had not been built upon sand, sad that she could not rouse Cleigh's conscience. Secretly a charitable man, honest in his financial dealings, he could keep—in hiding, mind you!—that which did not belong to him. It was beyond her understanding.

An idea, which had been nebulous until this moment, sprang into being.

"Father," she said, "will you do me a favor?"

"What do you want—a million? Run and get my check book!" he cried gayly.

"The other day you spoke of making a new will."

Cleigh stared at her.

"Will you leave these objects to the legal owners?"

Cleigh got up, brushing his knees.

"After I am dead? I never thought of that. After I'm dead," he repeated. "Child, a conscience like yours is top-heavy. Still, I'll mull it over. I can't take 'em to the grave with me, that's a fact. But my ghost is bound to get leg-weary going the rounds to view them again. What do you say, Denny?"

"If you don't, I will!"

Cleigh chuckled.

"That makes it unanimous. I'll put it in the codicil. But while I live! Benson, what did these men look like? One of them limp?"

"No, sir. Ordinary trucking men, I should say, sir."

"The infernal scoundrel! No message?"

"No, sir. The man who rang the bell said he had some cases for you, and asked where he should put them. I thought the hall the best place, sir, temporarily."

"The infernal scoundrel!"

"What the dickens is the matter with you, father!" demanded Dennison. "You've got back the loot."

"But how? The story, Denny! The rogue leaves me twixt wind and water as to how he got out of this hole."

"Maybe he was afraid you still wanted his hide," suggested Jane, now immeasurably happy.

"He did it!" said Cleigh, his sense of amazement awakening. "One chance in a thousand, and he caught that chance! But never to know how he did it!"

"Aren't you glad now," said Jane, "that you let him go?"

Cleigh chuckled.

"There!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "Just as he said! He prophesied that some day you would chuckle over it. He found his pearls. He knew he would find them! The bell!" she broke off, startled.

Never had Benson, the butler, witnessed such an exhibition of undignified haste. Cleigh, Jane and Dennison, all three of them started for the door at once, jostling. What they found was only a bedraggled messenger boy, for it was now raining.

"Mr. Cleigh," said the boy grumpily, as he presented a letter and a small box. "No answer."

"Where is the man who sent you?" asked Jane, tremendously excited.

"De office pushed me on dis job, miss. Dey said maybe I'd git a good tip if I hustled."

Dennison thrust a bill into the boy's hand and shunted him forth into the night again.

The letter was marked Number One and addressed to Cleigh; the box was marked Number Two and addressed to Jane.

Mad, thought Benson, as he began to gather up the loose excelsior; quite mad, the three of them.

With Jane at one shoulder and Dennison at the other, Cleigh opened his letter. The first extraction was a chart. An atoll; here were groups of coconut palm, there of plantain; a rudely drawn hut. In the lagoon, at a point east of north, was a red star, and written alongside was a single word. But to the three it was an Odyssey—"Shell." In the lower left-hand corner of the chart were the exact degrees and minutes of longitude and latitude. With this chart a landlubber could have gone straight to the atoll.

Next came the letter, which Cleigh did not read aloud—it was not necessary. With what variant emotions the three pairs of eyes leaped from word to word!

Friend Buccaneer: Of course I found the shell. That was the one issue which offered no odds. The shell lay in its bed peculiarly under a running ledge. The ordinary pearler would have discovered it only by the greatest good luck. Atherton—my friend—discovered it, because he was a sea naturalist, and was hunting for something altogether different. Atherton was wealthy, and a coral reef was more to him than a pearl. But he knew me and what such a game would mean. He was in ill health and had to leave the South Pacific and fare north. This atoll was his. It is now mine, pearls and all, legally mine. For a trifling sum I could have chartered a schooner and sought the atoll.

But all my life I've hunted odds—big, tremendous odds—to crush down and swarm over. The only interest I had in life. And so I planted the crew and stole the Wanderer because it presented whopping odds. I selected a young and daredevil crew to keep me on edge. From one day to another I was always wondering when they would break over. I refused to throw overboard the wines and liquors to make a good measure.

And there was you. Would you sit tight under such an outrage, or would your want of revenge ride you? Would you send the British piling on top of me, or would you make it a private war? Suspense! Dick Cunningham would not be hard to trace. Old Slue-Foot. The biggest odds I'd ever encountered. Nominally I had about one chance in a thousand of pulling through.

The presence of Mrs. Cleigh—of course she's Mrs. Cleigh by this time!—added to the zest. To bring her through with nothing more than a scare! Odds, odds! Cleigh, on my word, the pearls would have been of no value without the game I built to go with them. Over the danger route! Mad? Of course I'm mad!

Four-year-old shell, the pearls of the finest orient! The shell alone—in buttons—would have recouped Eisenfeldt. He was ugly when he saw that I had escaped him. Threatened to expose you. But knowing Eisenfeldt for what he is, I had a little sword of Damocles suspended over his thick neck. The thought of having lost eight months' interest will follow him to Hades.

The crew gave me no more trouble. They've been paid their dividends in the Great Adventure Company, and have gone seeking others. But I'll warrant they'll take only regular berths in the future.

And now those beads. I'm sorry, but I'm also innocent. I have learned that Morrissy really double crossed us all. He had had a copy made in Venice. The beads you have are forgeries. So the sixty thousand offered by the French Government remains uncalled for. Who has the originals I can't say. I'm sorry. Morrissy's game was risky. His idea was to make a sudden breakaway with the beads—lose them in the gutter—and trust to luck that we would just miss killing him, which was the case.

Leaving to-night. Bought a sloop down there, and I'm going back there to live. Tired of human beings. Tired of myself. Still there's the chart. Mull it over. Maybe it's an invitation. The lagoon is like turquoise and the land like emerald and the sky a benediction.

A spell of silence and immobility. Not a word about his battle with Flint, thought Jane. A little shiver ran over her. But what a queer, whimsical madman! To have planned it all so that he could experience a thrill! The tragic beauty of his face and the pitiable sluing, lurching stride! She sighed audibly, so did the two men.

"Denny, I don't know," said Cleigh.

"I do!" said Dennison, anticipating his father's thought. "He's a man, and some day I'd like to clasp his hand."

"Maybe we all shall," said Cleigh. "But open the box, Jane, and let's see."

Between the layers of cotton wool she found a single pearl as large as a hazelnut, pink as the Oriental dawn. One side was slightly depressed, as though some mischievous, inquisitive mermaid had touched it in passing.

"Oh, the lovely thing!" she gasped. "The lovely thing! But, Denny, I can't accept it!"

"And how are you going to refuse it? Keep it. It is an emblem of what you are, honey. The poor devil!"

And he put his arm round her. He understood. Why not? There are certain attractions which are irresistible, and Jane was unconscious of her possessions.

Jane raised the bottom layer of cotton wool. What impulse led her to do this she could not say, but she found a little slip of paper across which was written:

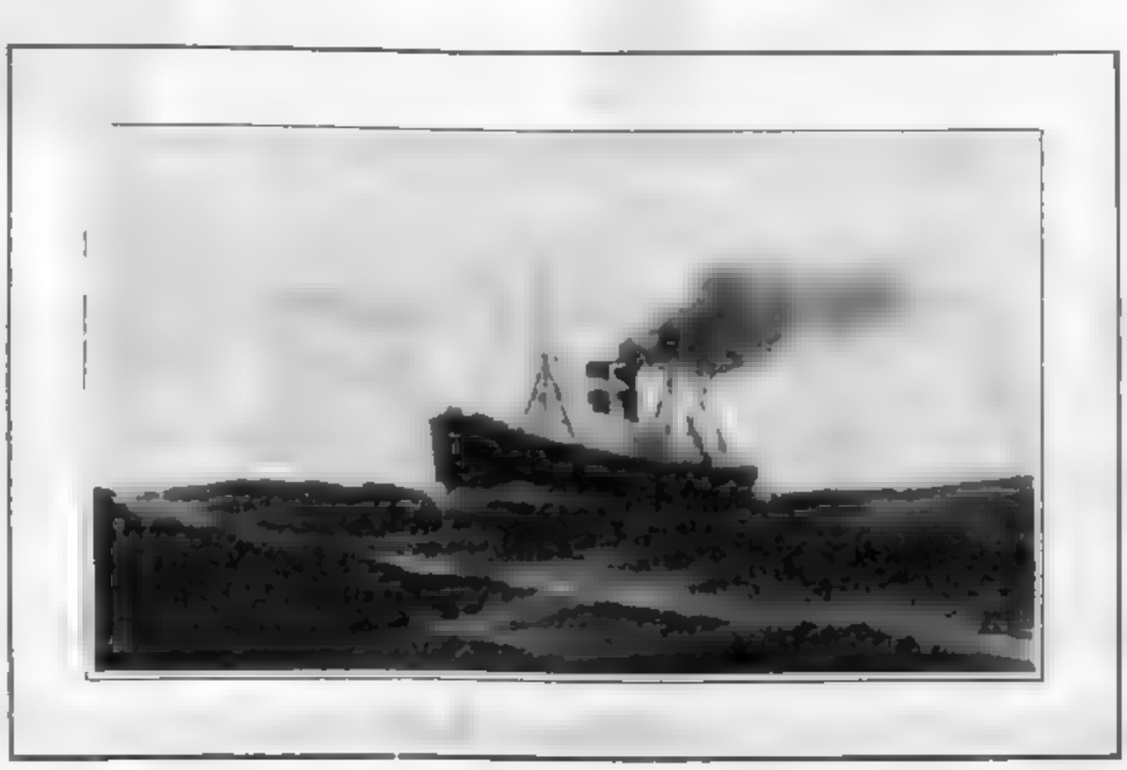
"*An' I learned about women from 'er.*"

All this while, across the street, in the shadow of an areaway, stood a man in a mackintosh and a felt hat drawn well down. He had watched the van disgorge and roll away, the arrival and the departure of the messenger boy.

He began to intone softly: "'Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.'"

With a sluing lurch to his stride, he started off down the street, into the lashing rain. A great joke; and now there was nothing at all to disturb his dreams—but the dim white face of Jabez Flint spinning in the dark of the sea.

THE END



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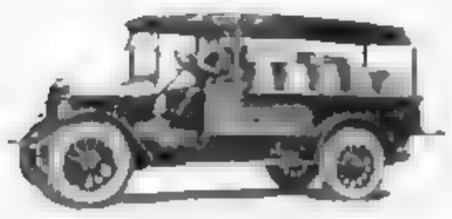
Stewart reputation is now world-wide

¾ Ton


1-Ton

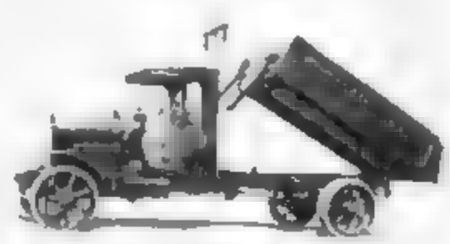
1½ Ton

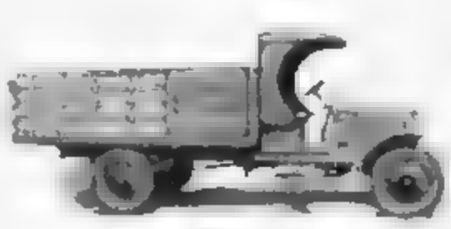
Eight years of satisfactory service prove the Stewart Truck is right—designed right, built right, and priced right. For Stewart Trucks built eight years ago are still working and earning; making money for their owners; building up a reputation now world-wide. The growth of this business has been rapid. Starting with sales of $58,000 in 1912, today business men and farmers invest over a million dollars monthly in Stewarts. Quality reputation brings more orders each month, each year; Stewarts quickly prove their quality by work performed and profits earned for owners.

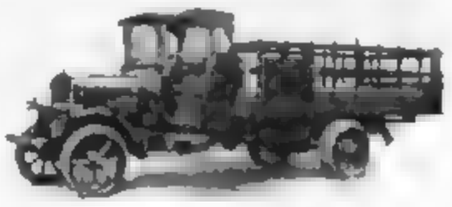
For Stewart Trucks are designed by experienced truck engineers, without a useless part, without a made-over passenger car part in them, without a needless pound of weight. One used on trial soon proves its worth, and around it the fleet of Stewarts is built up. Stewarts are at work today in 800 American cities, on thousands of farms, in 39 foreign countries. Factory capacity has been doubled this year and deliveries are made promptly.

STEWART MOTOR CORPORATION

BUFFALO, N. Y.


2-Ton


2½-Ton


3½-Ton

Stewart Trucks have won—By costing less to run

Stewart
MOTOR TRUCKS

RAISIN' RAISINS

(Continued from Page 31)

Women Packing Seeded Raisins

It is worth noting that what has been and is true of raisin production in California has been and is largely true of the other fruit industries of the state. They went through similar hard times, for similar reasons, and were in the grip and at the mercy of similar private enterprises. They were all driven to organization in self-defense, and now they are making their erstwhile tyrants and bullies eat out of the hand. Orange growers, the lima-bean men, the apricot and prune orchardists of the Santa Clara Valley, walnut producers and the fig and peach people are now all bound together in coöperative associations and are now all independent of the middleman and the commission merchant. Of them all, the orange growers and the raisin people were first to break away and first to make a success of the break. Most of the other associations are modeled after these. Their experiments with coöperation hold a lesson and an example for every producing group; their story is as fascinating as a novel.

It was about thirty years ago, with wheat the principal crop of the San Joaquin Valley, that it was discovered that raisin grapes flourished there. Some six thousand acres of vineyard were immediately planted. When they came into bearing and to harvest the courage of the pioneers was rewarded with a big return. A vineyard boom was started; wheat fields were plowed under; grape cuttings were imported by the carload; everyone went raisin mad; and in a few years the raisin crop was thirty-five thousand tons and the price dropped to two and a half cents a pound, or less, with the bidding, even at that ruinous price, very dull.

The buyers were private packing corporations. Note that the grower picks his grapes, puts them on a tray, sets these trays between the rows of vines in the vineyard, leaves them there in the sun for ten days, turns them over, leaves them for another seven or eight day period, and then puts them into what is called a sweat box and piles these boxes up in tiers so that the wind and heat, drawn through interstices between the boxes, may equalize the pick—that is, bring them all to a fairly even moisture content, the raisins that are too moist losing some of their water to those that are too dry by a natural process somewhat akin to the curing of hay in the cock. At the end of a few days the sweat boxes are delivered to the packing house. They contain raisins, stems, some dirt, some leaves, some withered fruit, perhaps some that is too green to dry properly. The process of handling and packing has been altered and improved now until it is very nearly perfect. In those earlier days the stems and leaves were removed and the raisins sold in bulk, sometimes in gunny bags. But the packing house was necessary for the removal of the stems, and the sacking of the fruit—therefore the packer.

The Packer's Grip

The packer did not operate like a custom grist miller or a cotton ginner, doing the work for a fee and leaving the goods on the grower's hands to market. He bought them outright, if he chose, or—as was much more likely at the first—he took them on consignment, to sell them for what price he could get. As far as he was concerned, that price was little or nothing to him, because he took his toll just the same at two cents a pound as at ten cents. City capital organized and operated these packing concerns.

They laid themselves open to all sorts of charges. They were generally businesslike, but they were frank middlemen, and the grower sat up on his hind legs and begged, and occasionally the packers gave him a bone after the meat had been removed with sandpaper.

Well, raisins went down, down, down, and the Fresno district with them. The packers said that the cause was overproduction, and the growers believed them. Strangely enough, that evergreen sprig of hope that grows so luxuriantly in the human breast survived one disastrous year after another, and the planting of vineyards went on more or less steadily all this time.

There were several reasons: First, again, the verdant hope that things would be better next year; second, the fact that raisins did so amazingly well in the region that even a slight margin of profit was encouraging; third, because a large number of men believed in the industry and kept preaching success in the face of miserable failure. There were years when the output did not increase materially, but generally speaking there was a gradual development of new vineyards and a gradually larger total raisin crop.

A few men tried to convince the growers that the overproduction the packers talked of was a real and menacing condition, but it was noticeable that it was always the other fellow they wanted to have tear up his vines and go into the hog or the chicken business, and not themselves.

This was the first stage of the industry. The second was one of miserable depression, abject poverty and discouragement. Thousands of tons of beautiful raisins, bursting with sugar content and fit for kings' tables, had to be thrown to hogs. The consignments that went East were sold for any price they would bring, and the growers' returns came to them in red ink. Raisins, even then, were considered luxuries by most consumers. They bought them for mince pies and for the Christmas table and paid the retailer three prices for them. But the overproduction price to the grower was starving him to death.

Fresno was for sale. You could buy anything you saw at a knockdown figure—which probably first meant a figure so low that in normal times an owner would knock you down if you offered it to him. Scores of growers were forced to give up and turn their properties over to their creditors. It is asserted now that several packed up and walked away, leaving everything behind them, rather than bear the burden longer. Of course the whole district went to pieces physically. Weeds ran rampant; Johnson and Bermuda grasses flourished undisturbed; the vines were shiftlessly pruned, if pruned at all; and the children of the valley were actually without shoes or proper clothes in far too many cases.

Poverty Flat—that is what overproduction made of the San Joaquin raisin belt. This in the second stage of the history of the raisin industry.

The third was one of desperation. Something had to be done. The first new step was the organization of small groups of growers who thought that by pooling their interests, their vineyards, their expenses and their resources they could get out from under the intolerable condition in which all found themselves. Two or three of these groups made some success of the effort, since they cut down initial expenses to a certain extent, and their example was followed by others, so that at one time these groups or pools controlled forty per cent of the raisin crop. The balance of that crop the packers bought from individuals as of old, or took on consignment.

But the weakness of the group plan was inherent and soon apparent. The pools were merely aggregations of individuals dealing with the same old buyer—the private packing company. They were competing group with group, and the groups against the single-handed grower. They had no more influence on a sagging market than they had exerted before as units. The packer sang in their wearied ears the time-worn refrain of overproduction. By and by the pool groups broke up and returned to the old way. Such men in the San Joaquin Valley raisin belt as were easily discouraged left on convenient night trains; the others clung to fading hopes.

If We Had a Million Dollars

There began to be heard at this stage the voices of the prophets in the wilderness—the men who would not believe that there were more raisins produced in this little corner of California than the Western Hemisphere could eat. These visionaries mocked at the packers. They said: "Our trouble is not overproduction, but bad marketing. The demand is great enough to create high retail prices—only the packer stands in our way. What we have to do is to eliminate the packer if possible; if not, to shear him of his power and curtail his control of prices. If we had a million dollars ——"

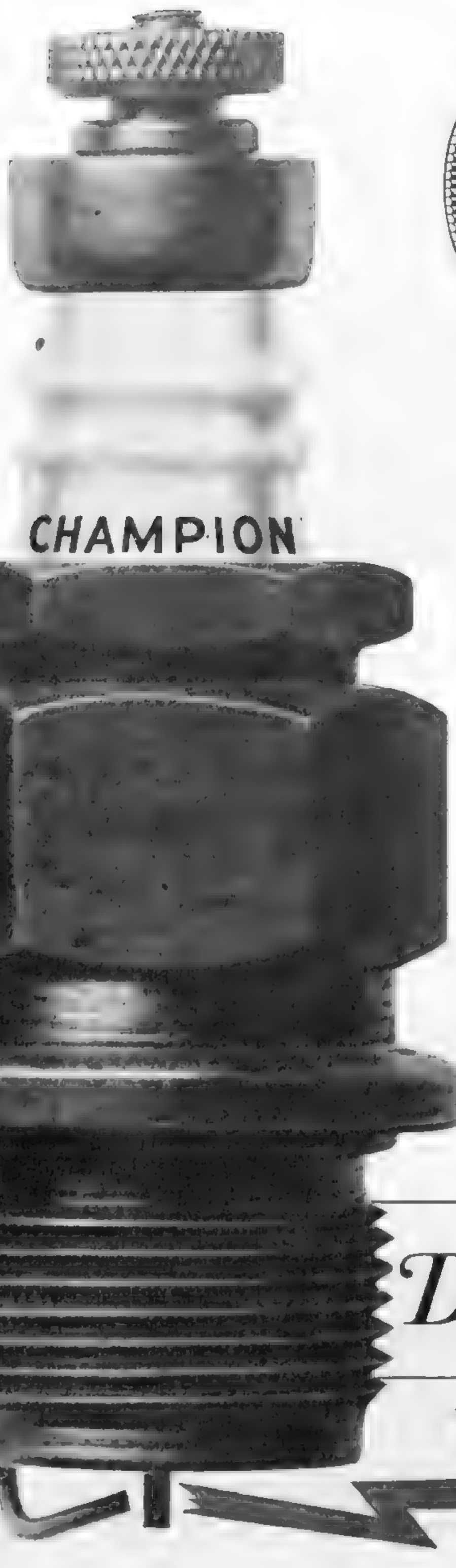
"If we had a million dollars"—that became a sort of catch phrase in Fresno. It meant nothing more than the vague expression of a desire for independence. But after it had been used for some time it took on a meaning. The growers who dreamed of better days dreamed that some powerful and wealthy man would come along, see the possibilities in the industry that they saw, and be angel to the raisin business. The catch phrase changed. The growers began to hear talk about and eventually themselves to talk about the Million Dollar Company. But it was always something that was to come in on them from the outside, pick them up, as on a magic carpet, and transport them to a condition of prosperity.

One of them said the other day in telling of those days: "I remember one crazy lunatic who suggested timidly that we ought to raise this million dollars ourselves, right here at home, but he was laughed into silence. A million dollars! We couldn't have raised the interest on a two-hundred-dollar note to build a Methodist chapel!"

But the use of the then extravagant figure of a million dollars pricked the growers to thoughtfulness at any rate. More and more they began to agree with the visionaries that overproduction was a packers' bogy man, and to feel that their difficulty was marketing. The fourth stage of their development

(Continued on Page 130)

Stemming, Seeding and Drying Plants



CHAMPION

TRADE MARK

No Power Loss With

CHAMPION Patented Copper Asbestos Gaskets are *specially formed to fit.*

They have been scientifically designed in conjunction with our virtually unbreakable No. 3450 Insulator to form a gas-tight seal under all conditions.

This effectively guards against wasteful power-leakage through the spark plugs, a common cause of engine weakness and uneven running.

Champion Spark Plugs give you the many outstanding advantages of Champion experience and skill developed from

Be sure the name Champion is on the Insulator

Champion Spark Plug

Champion Spark Plug Company,

DEPENDABLE

mpion

Champion Gaskets

the first days of the industry. Unsurpassed research facilities are made possible by the vast resources of the great Champion institution.

Naturally, Champion Spark Plugs have won adoption as standard equipment on more automobiles, trucks, tractors and engines than any other make of spark plug!

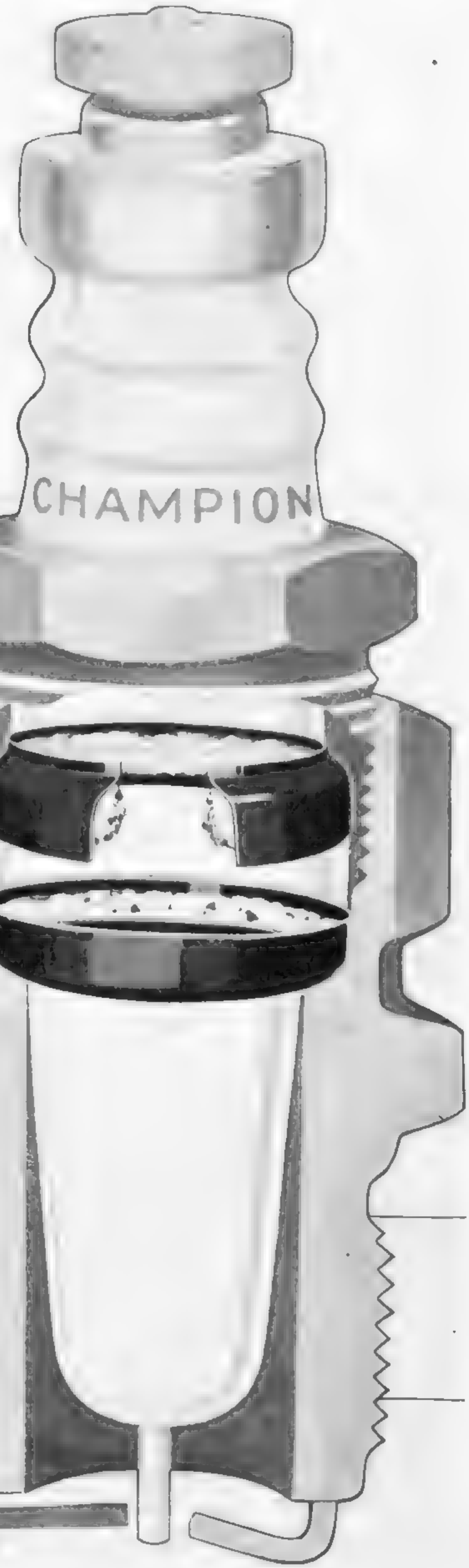
There is a Champion Spark Plug specially designed for your particular type of gasoline engine.

Order a set from your dealer today. He can supply you.

and the World Trade Mark on the Box

Company, Toledo, Ohio

of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario



SPARK PLUGS

The Pullman Company uses "Fibrotta" pails in its cars and the Southern Pacific, Pennsylvania, N. Y. Central, N. Y., N. H. & Hartford, Northern Pacific, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Union Pacific and Southern railroads all use "Fibrotta" ware on account of its great sanitary value, exceptional durability and good looks.

"Fibrotta" is a handsome mahogany colored ware made in one piece, without cracks or seams to harbor dirt or grease. It is impervious to moisture, has a hard, glasslike surface and will not rust, warp, swell, leak, scale, or dent out of shape.

Fire pails of "Fibrotta", endorsed by the National Board of Fire Underwriters, and our pails for general use, will outwear two or three ordinary pails. "Fibrotta" waste baskets harmonize with the finest surroundings. Their contents will not sift out and litter the floor and they check waste basket fire dangers. Cuspidors of "Fibrotta" are exceptionally easy to keep clean and sanitary.

For the Home and Hotel. "Fibrotta" pails and tubs are ideal. "Fibrotta" keelers or small tubs, used for dish pans, will not chip china like a metal pan and are especially desirable for washing fine laces, waists, etc. "Fibrotta" baby baths are not cold to the tender skins of infants.

Ask your dealer for this durable, sanitary ware for offices, hotels, homes, and institutions. Write us for the name of the dealer who sells it in your city. We also make the "XXth Century" water cooler, very sanitary and a great ice saver.

CORDLEY & HAYES
COOLER HEADQUARTERS

14 Leonard St. New York City

Established 1889

(Continued from Page 127)

came with the organization, after a strenuous effort, of an association of the growers by one of their number, Mr. M. Theodore Kearney. Mr. Kearney was a vigorous personality, strong in the conviction that coöperation was the need of the district; but he had more social force than business acumen, and the result was that, though the new organization eventually controlled—on paper—almost ninety per cent of the raisin crop, it lacked the punch to go over.

Here again was a fundamental weakness. It was governed by mass meetings, had no authority or money, could not enforce contracts or agreements with members or growers, and finally it had to take what the packers offered for its raisins—and say "Thank you!" It died. Some say it was talked to death, because the association was strictly democratic instead of republican. The annual mass meeting was a feast of reason and a flow of soul, but buttered no particular parsnips in actual achievement. Oddly enough, a temporary prosperity contributed to the demise of the Kearney project. It was in the middle nineties, raisin prices were good and some of the growers made a little money. They began to think they could stand on their own legs. They began to get impudent to the packers. One of their epigrammatists said later, "Coöperation among us had always been born in the womb of adversity to die on the lap of luxury." In this instance, without a doubt, a rising market hastened the end of the association.

Some Long, Lean Years

But into the fifth stage of the development of the raisin industry was carried over one vital advantage—the old consignment-sale basis was abandoned, and there came in the cash-in-the-sweat-box system. This meant, as it means to-day, since it is the present marketing plan for the grower, that his raisins were bought in the sweat box and paid for on the spot. The price might be a ruinous one, but at least it was a price, and there was no bookkeeping or waiting for returns that sometimes failed to materialize. General prosperity throughout the country brought the price under this new method of payment to three and a half cents a pound for a time; then it fell off again, and in the seven or eight years following 1900 the average for the whole district fell as low as one and a half and one and a quarter cents. At that figure very few Fresno people went to Monte Carlo and quite a lot of them went to the poor farm.

The visionaries were at it again. The talk of the Million Dollar Company was revived. What the forward-looking men of the district were convinced of now was that there was a market for all the raisins they could grow—if they could reach that market. The packers, as some of the growers now put it, paid the lowest price they could. Raisins weren't pushed. They were still a Christmas-dinner-table luxury, selling at high retail prices, and with an annual surplus left in the hands of the growers that, along about the first of the year following their harvesting, had to be sacrificed either to hog raisers or to the packers at scandalous figures.

"We thought," they tell you to-day, "that we had a natural monopoly, since this district was the only one where raisin grapes could be raised in quantity and up to quality. We kept looking outside for money to finance a better marketing scheme; we began to talk vaguely of the possibility of advertising our raisins to the country at large. But the talk ran through years. The Million Dollar Company became a familiar phrase, but it was only a phrase."

The change in the tide came dramatically. About 1911 several of the sounder thinkers and more influential men of the raisin belt got together and decided to confront the packers with an ultimatum. They didn't know exactly what they were going to say, but they were going to talk turkey. They asked the packers to come down from their San Francisco offices, and they met them in a mass meeting and made a desperate plea for reorganization of the industry. The packers, pretty well satisfied with conditions as they were, made speeches and hushed the growers gently as a mother might a complaining and unreasonable child. The growers presented, not an ultimatum as it turned out, but a pitiful petition for a guaranteed price of three and a quarter cents a pound, cash in the sweat box. The packers snorted.

"Why, gentlemen, it's impossible!" they said. "Don't be foolish!"

"We're not; we're broke," the growers replied.

"Who is going to pay the increase?"

"Not you certainly," the raisin men agreed. "But the consumer is paying enough for raisins so that we ought to get a living price. Three and a quarter cents, with conditions as they are to-day, will pay us about eight to ten per cent on our investments—and we take the risk."

The packers held up their hands in horror.

"Gentlemen," they said solemnly, "if you fix a minimum price for raisins at the packing-house doors of three and a quarter cents you will kill the raisin business deader than Rameses. As it is, the overproduction ——"

The meeting broke up there. The growers were in no mood to listen to that ancient song; they went out from the assembly hall plain mad. A few of them dropped in at a favorite old hotel and sat down to nurse their woes. Someone said timidly that it would be a wonderful thing to have a Million Dollar Company. The rest laughed bitterly. But with nothing better to do, they began to speculate on what might happen if they had such a company. The speculation grew interesting; the interest waxed warm; some of the least sane in the group became enthusiastic; finally some mad hatter in the party brought them all up standing by declaring suddenly that he was going to organize the Million Dollar Company, beginning at once. To prove that he meant business he pulled out a check book and wrote a check for a thousand dollars to start the ball rolling.

If it hadn't been so tragic it would have been funny. A check for a thousand dollars for the organization of a company that would pull the Fresno raisin industry out of the rut and put it on the road to prosperity! Just to keep the enthusiast from feeling lonesome, however, the others came through. They began to talk seriously about plans. They decided that if they could sign up sixty per cent of the growers of the territory and get each one to contribute a small amount of money, they could go to the banks and get the balance needed. Their program after that was nebulous. Somehow or other the fabled Million Dollar Company was to save their lives and mend their fortunes. That was enough for a start, so they started.

When Dreams Came True

Consider the situation. Here was a band of enthusiasts, driven to action by their desperation, who were going out into a country run down and totally discouraged, and into towns where collections were bad, business poor, the banks struggling to keep their doors open and the merchants exceedingly skeptical, and raise a million dollars by popular subscription. True, they were going to give the people stock for their money, but the value of that stock was purely hypothetical. They were going to pull themselves up by their own boot straps. They couldn't do it! Any business man would have said that, and most business men did. And yet

On November 27, 1912, the Million Dollar Company was organized, its official title changed to the California Associated Raisin Company, its board of directors elected and its machinery for operation set going. At that time there was very little money in the treasury and comparatively few owners were signed up. It was not until April of the next year that the company was really launched. On the latter date there was a paid-up capital of eight hundred thousand dollars, on a capitalization of one million; seventy per cent of the growers of the San Joaquin Valley were members; a large number of bankers and business men had made small subscriptions; and the directors had rented the plants of several packers and hired the packers to operate them for the association.

The 1913 raisin crop was handled by the coöperative enterprise. The dream was beginning to materialize.

Of the troubles of those early days the present officials are eloquent. To begin with, they had been compelled to sell their stock on notes for one, two and three years, so that their actual cash in hand was probably round three hundred thousand dollars. The notes were secured by raisin lands, but

(Continued on Page 133)

For President
WARREN G. HARDING

For Vice-President
CALVIN COOLIDGE

Your Needs Demand a Change

Vote the Republican Ticket

True Americans want this of our country:

That it be a secure place for labor, for the home, for business, for all our peoples of today and tomorrow, and that it be security with honor.

That it give us and our children opportunity to lead lives even better than heretofore.

That it be just in its relations with other nations and merit the pride which the best of its citizens have in it, in its history and its ideals.

* * * *

A policy which has these purposes will have the support of all true Americans. That is the Republican policy and it has been Republican policy from the days of Abraham Lincoln.

The Republican policy is to protect the security of the United States by preserving its right to make decisions regarding its action in the future as events in the future demand.

The Republican party is unwilling to pledge now that it will protect European boundary lines and to deprive congress of the power to say in each case what the action of the United States will be.

The Republican party believes that to be dangerous to the living generations and to those to come because it prevents the people, through the congressmen they elect, from deciding what they would do and say now and forever after if there was a call to defend European territory.

Your duty is plain

No father or mother would make that pledge for a son when he was two years old and have it rest upon him when he was twenty-one. No one, even if interested only in the present, would have the nation make that pledge and have it rest upon the citizens of the next generation who are children today.

Citizenship is a trusteeship and such a pledge is a violation of the rights of a ward. The American scheme of government, which has made this a land of freedom and security, provides that decisions shall be made by congress. That protects the people who must act.

To protect home and country

If Harding and Coolidge are elected no such pledge will be made. The United States will enter an association of nations to promote peace and humanity, but the sons of no American hearthside will go to war unless the representatives elected by the people and responsible to them say that it is necessary

The making of war is a solemn and terrible duty when it comes. Some people may be mistaken. They may be misled by the false promises of the Democratic party They may think that the league of nations will stand between their sons and rifles. There is greater probability that it will put rifles into the hands of their sons

President Wilson's covenant pledges American boys to every war in Europe and Cox upholds that covenant.

* * * *

The Republican party insists upon protecting the security of the American home and the future of American children. Every war in Europe is not necessarily an American war Let congress in each case decide, without a pledge in advance

Under Republican administration the United States has been just in its relations with other nations and its ideals are the ideals of peace and humanity.

A Republican administration freed Cuba. A Republican administration freed Porto Rico. A Republican administration gave the Filipinos a system of self government, with free schools and the advantages of peace A Republican administration gave back the indemnity to China when other nations held her financially responsible for the Boxer rebellion.

The only war the United States ever fought that could in any sense be called a war of conquest, the war with Mexico, was declared by a Democratic President and Congress

Fair deal and fair chance

Republican policy insists that we must make present and future conditions of life encouraging, inspiring and fit to produce comfort and character.

The Republican domestic policy is for the strengthening and protecting of all elements which keep life on a high plane. It has been under Republican administration that this country has been an asylum for the less happy peoples of Europe, the land of promise and a haven

The Fair Deal was the Roosevelt doctrine. The Fair Chance is the Harding doctrine. That is what the American patriot wants—the Fair Deal and the Fair Chance.

Let's be done with wiggle and wobble

A change in the White House at Washington is inevitable. You demand this change in the interests of your overburdened life, your overtaxed purse, your overanxious mind.

You know how this Democratic administration has wiggled and wobbled, has meddled and muddled.

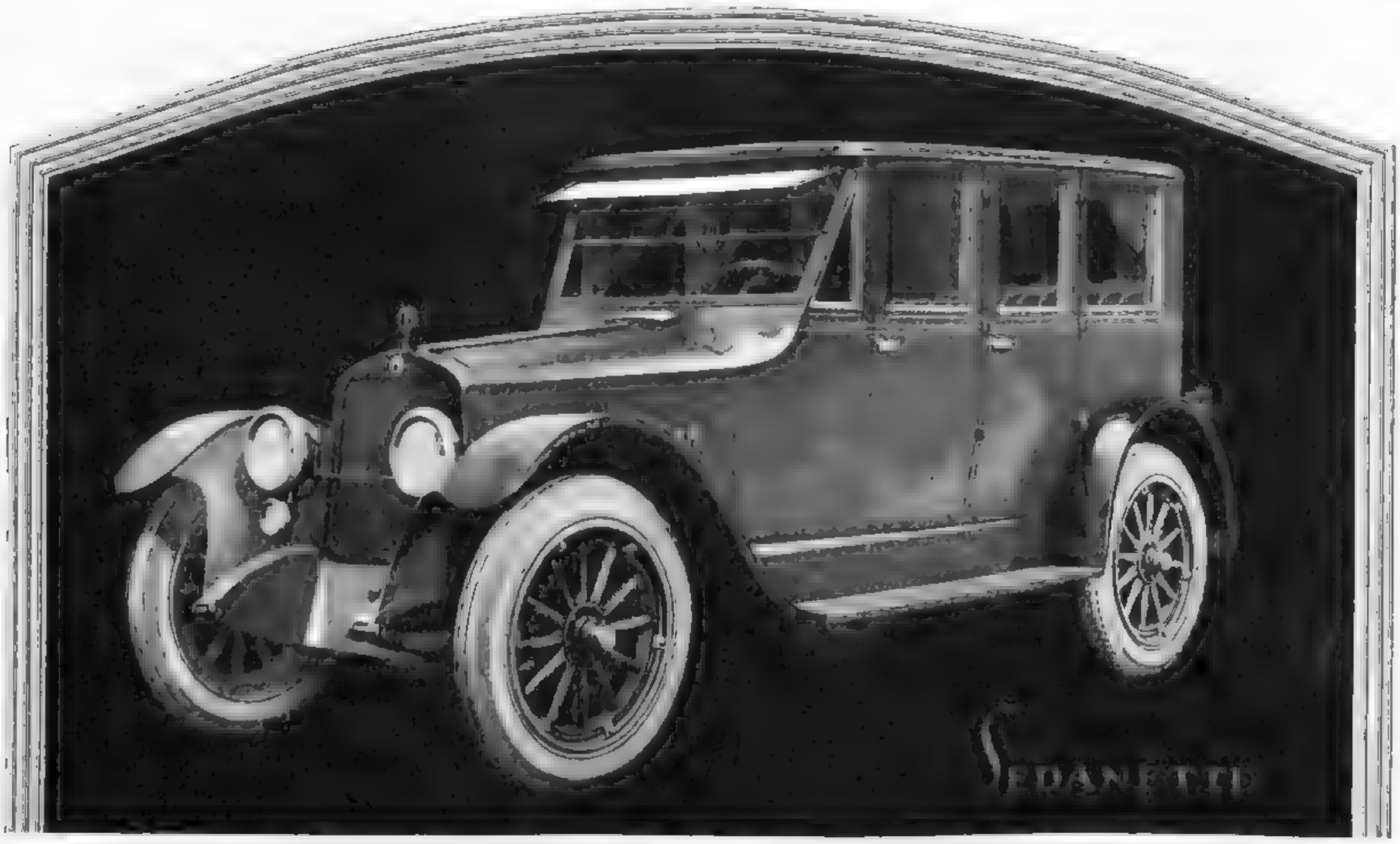
You know how doubly hard it has been to meet the demands upon your family purse.

Yours has been one constant struggle trying to pay big bills with little dollars.

You know we have always had good times under Republican management of our public affairs.

Your interest as a patriot, your interest as a voter, your interest as a citizen, your interest in the future of your country, combine to require the return to Republican principles.

Republican National Committee



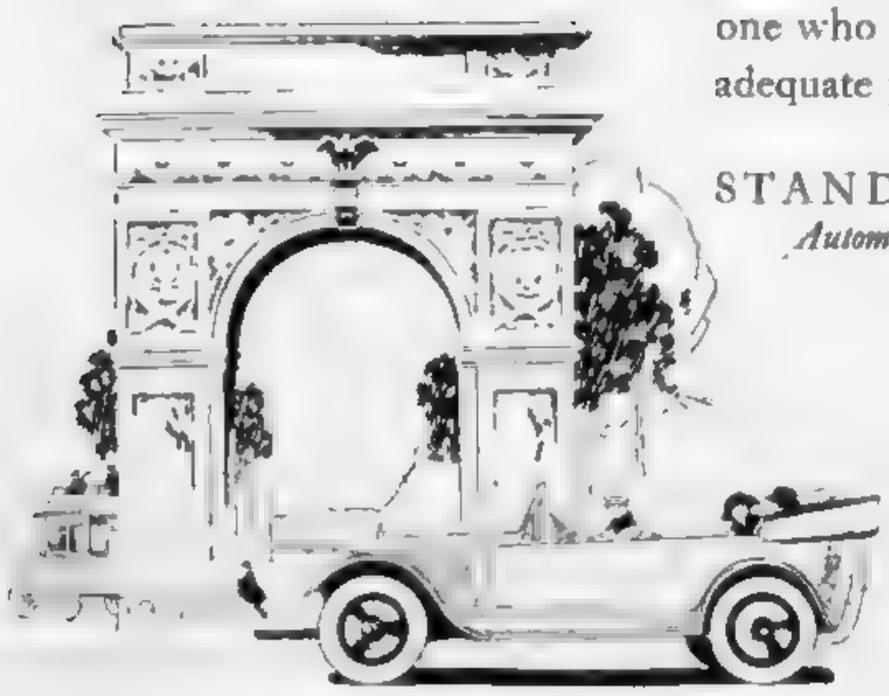
STANDARD EIGHT

A Powerful Car

TO have all the power you are likely to need is like having all the money you are likely to spend —you would feel more secure if you had just a little bit more.

The power of the Standard Eight is a little more power than any driving condition is likely to warrant.

Spare power, like a spare tire, is something seldom used, but its mere presence is a blessing. To the beauty of line and the appointments of the Standard Eight we have added the feature of extra power. No one who rides in a Standard Eight need ever fear inadequate power.



STANDARD STEEL CAR COMPANY
Automotive Dept. *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Vestibule Sedan, $5000.
Sedan, $4800.
Sedanette, $4500.
Coupé, $4500.
Touring Car, $3400.
Roadster, $3400.
Chassis, $3150.

Above prices
f. o. b. Butler, Pa.

(Continued from Page 130)

they were for small amounts, and not considered particularly good, so that the banks would advance nothing on them. On the other hand the association had to pay cash in the sweat box for a four-million-dollar crop. It was high financing for fair, but they did it by hypothecating the crop itself. And they managed to go into the drying season with the growers receiving three and one-quarter cents a pound in cash—or, when they would accept them, the notes of the association—with eighty per cent of the crop in their hands, and with no marketing system devised except the negative system of refusing to deal with the packers in distributing the produce.

"We had always gone over into the next year with a surplus of our season's crop." President Wylie M. Giffen said the other day of this period. "There was a more or less stable and dependable market for part of our output. We saw immediately that our problem was to create a demand for that surplus. In other words, we didn't have to sell our raisins; we had only to sell our usual surplus—and we decided to advertise."

It must have been a little funny to watch the timid officials of this much-talked-of Million Dollar Company, now that they found themselves suddenly in funds and compelled to adopt policies and carry them through. Their experience with the advertising agents was typical. After much discussion they decided to plunge heavily on this experiment. The question of how to go about initiating a campaign found them all blank.

"Does anybody know anything about national advertising?" the chairman asked.

"I have heard of an advertising agency," one director volunteered. "But I am not sure of the name. However, I'll write a letter and address it to the best name I can recall, and we'll see what happens."

Advertising Did It

What happened was that within two weeks an advertising expert from Chicago was in Fresno inquiring what it was all about. They told him they wanted to advertise raisins.

"How much can you appropriate?" he asked.

"We are ready to go pretty strong—say, twenty thousand dollars for a starter."

The advertising agent probably smiled broadly.

"Twenty thousand dollars wouldn't prepare the copy," he said. "You will waste your money if you begin with less than one hundred thousand for the first year's campaign."

"One hundred thousand?" they echoed. "Why, if we appropriated that amount of money and the news got out here in this valley we would all be tarred and feathered!"

"That is the minimum amount," the agent said. "If you set aside less you might as well tie it in a tight roll and sink it in the river."

Then he went away.

Well, finally they came to his figure, though they did it timorously, and they kept the fact a deep secret. The results—not that year but the next—astonished the most skeptical and the most hopeful alike. It was the baker's twenty-five-pound carton that did the business—and here is the story:

To go back a little, it is necessary to say that raisins grade roughly into four sizes—very small ones, small ones, medium-sized and large. The extra-large size bring fancy figures but are few in number. Small ones and medium grades make up the bulk of the raisin crop. Probably thirty per cent of the average pack runs to medium-sized raisins. They were the hard ones to sell. The association and its advertising agents were canvassing potential markets very carefully when someone happened to mention the fact that raisin bread was delicious, healthful and appetizing. The advertisers snapped at the idea.

"We'll sell the bakers of America to raisin bread," they said. "Appropriate part of your advertising fund for demonstrators and salesmen; give us charge of the campaign and we will sell your surplus raisins this year. Make it snappy!"

They made it snappy. They wakened America with a new idea—raisin bread. It looked good, tasted good, was good. The bakers hailed the new departure with delight, because raisins added weight and substance to bread, gave it a new flavor and meaning, and increased the consumption of their product. They began raining in orders for bread raisins. The association had a special baker's box, containing twenty-five pounds, made and stenciled, and at the end of that second year there was not a surplus raisin to be had in America. The crop was sold out, the price was good, the growers were paid four and five cents a pound, the stockholders of the association received their eight per cent dividends—the Million Dollar Company was a reality and the raisin growers' difficulties were over. That was 1914, and quite a year for Fresno and surrounding country. Quite a year!

In the next year the association began to cut loose still farther from the packers. The latter had leased their plants to the raisin company and had operated those plants for them; now the association began to buy out the packers or to establish plants of its own. To-day it has some twenty-six plants, including a big central plant in Fresno, where the raisins are finally processed, seeded, sorted and packed for shipment. It employs thirty-nine hundred people in the busy season; its debts are paid, it has a surplus for emergencies; and it is so strong now that it runs almost automatically. It has made the San Joaquin Valley raisin belt, which includes the major portion of the lands in three counties, one of the most prosperous and economically stable districts of a rich state. The only fly in the ointment now is the presence in the field of some of the stronger of the private packers, who continue to compete with the association. It is a fight to the death now; both sides admit that. But it is an interesting fight to watch, because in this case the upper hand is held by the growers—the landowners and producers—and the under dog, in a manner of speaking, is the packer who once had the raisin men begging for favors.

There are, according to the present officials of the organization, three factors contributing to the success of this tremendous coöperative organization, with its seventy-five-million-dollar business, its ten thousand members and its tremendous power and influence in the food-products world; and those are: machinery of organization, confidence of the growers, intelligent advertising.

Their Secret of Success

The first can only be sketched in, though Mr. Giffen and his people are ready and glad to furnish details to others seeking light on this vexed problem. The association is operated directly by the president, manager, field and factory inspectors, advertising and purchasing departments and sales manager, exactly as though it were a private corporation.

Behind them is a board of directors chosen not by the members of the association directly, but by men they elect to represent them and to hold their voting proxies in trust. And in that last is the secret of the success of the association, in the opinions of the members and of all who know the organization.

These trustees, or advisory board members, of the association are elected every seven years by the growers at large, each grower voting once for each share of his stock, and most of them holding at least one share of stock for every acre of land they cultivate. The trustees are given the proxies of the growers in their several districts, and vote them as though they were their own.

The trustees meet quarterly to advise with the directors and the executives, and annually to elect officers and directors, to audit the association's books and to talk over general policies. The government, therefore, is republican rather than democratic.

No stockholder is compelled to sign a proxy, but ninety per cent of them have done so; and whatever their criticism, it is of details and not of the system. In effect the association is conducted on a purely business basis by men with their own interests at stake as well as the interests of their neighbors. But there is an adequate check on greed, selfishness or criminal intent, if one could find such a thing in this community and among these people. This check is furnished by the fact that no one person can own more than a limited amount of stock; by the fact that most of the money handled by the association goes directly to the grower early in the season under the cash-in-the-sweat-box system; and by the fact that the interest of every grower, be he trustee, director, president, or owner of a

Lucas Paints
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Lucas
VELVO-TONE FINISH
Gives that beautiful hand rubbed effect
"Save the surface and you save all"
VELVO-TONE: It combines the tone richness of the wood-stain, the lustre of the varnish, and the exquisite, velvety effect that heretofore has been possible only with costly hand-rubbing.
You can well afford to have your furniture, woodwork, and floors done in Velvo-Tone—the finish of excellent taste and lasting charm.
Write for booklet "What You Can Do With Velvo-Tone." Address Dept. 20.
John Lucas & Co., Inc.
PHILADELPHIA
Purposely Made For Every Purpose

Emery
Shirt Week
Oct. 14 to 21

FRESH from the hands of master craftsmen, the new Fall and Winter styles in EMERY Shirts are on display today!

For this is Emery Week! Leading haberdashers the country over are showing complete assortments of EMERY Shirts—the latest, smartest, most original in correct shirt fashions.

Back of their eye-winning qualities is honest, expert workmanship. The highest skill only can produce the custom-like fit and finish which definitely set apart EMERY Shirts.

EMERY Shirts fit! Generously cut. No binding across chest or shoulders—under arms. Preshrunk neckbands remain true to size despite all laundries. And you can get your correct sleeve-length.

Patented NEK-BAN-TAB gets back collar button in place in a jiffy in the starchiest band.

Look for Emery when you buy shirts.

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc.
Philadelphia
Makers of Emery Shirts and E. G. S. Pajamas

ten-acre vineyard, is identical in the success of the enterprise.

It is truly coöperative in fact and in law; it has the enormous advantage over most coöperative enterprises of being conducted by a few men with practically unlimited power to act. Undoubtedly one of them could decamp with the association's strong box if he could get enough of his fellows and of the officers to conspire with him. But when you visit Fresno and see the vineyards and homes owned by these association officials and trustees you can understand that decamping is one of the last things any one of them would ever think of.

The second source of strength in the organization is confidence. As has been pointed out, the raisin association must have the coöperation of all the growers to succeed. Control of the maximum portion of the crop is vital, else the association would be competing with nonassociation growers in league with the private packers, and that sort of competition would hurt everyone and help no one but the packer. Therefore the association buys the raisins of its member growers under three-year contracts, the minimum prices being fixed absolutely and the maximum price being determined at about the time the first grapes are picked, usually early in August.

If the trustees or directors or officials lost the confidence of the growers the latter could refuse to sign the contracts to sell through the association, and the latter would go to pieces for lack of a reason for existence. All this means that strong men must be chosen to head the organization, and the casual visitor's observation is that they have been.

An Able Chief Executive

Wylie Giffen, the present chief executive of the association, is one of the strong men of the state. He has balance, judgment, wit, courage, friendliness and understanding of his fellows. They look up to him as a man of ability and integrity, and when he goes to them with a new proposition and says "This is what we ought to do," they sign up. With him are men who have grown up with the raisin business in the valley, and who are known and trusted by all their fellow growers. What would happen if anything took Wylie Giffen away from Fresno is a question the people do not like to discuss, but when the point is pressed they mention half a dozen other names of men quite capable of picking up the load and going on with it. There is confidence behind the directorate and the executive officers, and while it lasts the raisin association is in no danger of going to pieces.

The third factor in their success, they say, is intelligent advertising. Using for a medium a very few high-class magazines, the association has put raisins into the class of necessities in America, and no longer do the consumers buy them only for the holidays. There will be a two-hundred-thousand-ton crop this year, it is estimated, but the use of generous advertising appropriations in the past eight years has resulted in a demand that, the officials of the association say, would clean up a three-hundred-thousand-ton crop if it could be produced.

Raisins have a new meaning to American housewives, not because they are better than ever before—though they are—or because they are more cleanly and wholesomely handled—though they are—or because they are anything new in the food line—though in a sense they are that too—but because advertising has told people about them. And there are no more enthusiastic protagonists of national advertising anywhere to-day than those raisin growers.

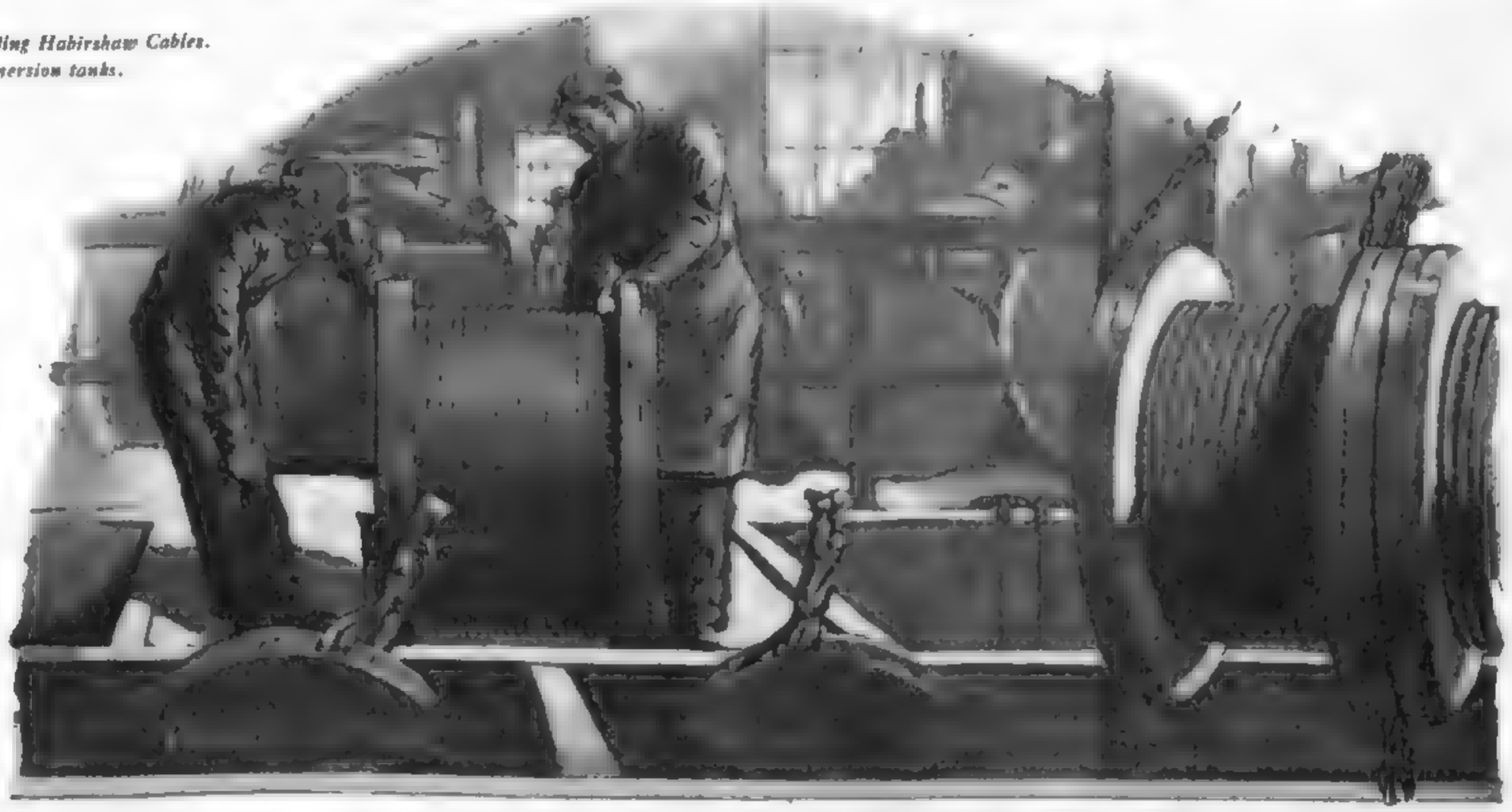
Nature's Own Food

It is a fact that raisins are a somewhat different commodity to-day, thanks to the California Associated Raisin Company's operations, than they were in the days of our fathers. When the sweat boxes are received from the fields they are sent through a stemming machine that incidentally whips out any dust that may have gathered on the fruit. Thereafter they go up to the top floor to be sorted for size, and if it happens to be a wet year and they are too moist they are sent through a drier. But in the usual California summer they are treated for the removal of the tiny cap stem—a small individual stem which every grape has between it and the main vine stem—and thereafter they are heated with a moist heat to soften them, and the seeds are removed.

That done, they are sent down to the packers—nimble-fingered girls who put them into their wax-paper-lined cartons at an amazing rate of speed—and thence to boxes for shipment.

In the case of the Thompson seedless there is no processing with heat, because there are no seeds to be removed. On the other hand many raisins are sold with the seeds, not only those in bulk but those packed in fancy packages as cluster raisins for table use.

Raisins are one of the few fruits that require no chemical processing or artificial curing. The sun cures them in the open fields. After they are picked practically no human hand touches them, except as the light-fingered girls in snowy costumes gather them from spotless tables and whisk them into their cartons. As nearly as possible they are Nature's own food, created in the sun, ripened by it, dried under its rays and packed in a factory building almost wholly glass in the light of that same sun.



Testing Habirshaw Cables.
Immersion tanks.

Insuring the Efficiency of Power Transmission

WHEN James Watt placed the spoon over the spout of his mother's teakettle and watched the lid rise in response to the energy of the imprisoned steam, he placed in the hand of man a force that within the space of a century has revolutionized the industrial and social fabrics of the world.

A force that, instead of being relegated to the discard through the advent of electricity, has proved its perpetual worth by making electricity the vehicle for its power.

That wheels may turn, that cities may be lighted, and heat be generated miles from the source of power, the medium of electrical transmission must combine the utmost of efficiency, economy and dependability.

▽ ▽

To this end Habirshaw has devoted all the resources of scientific investigation since the earliest days of the electrical industry. In their perfectly equipped laboratories, research engineers are constantly at work that the world's most powerful force may be conveyed with the maximum of efficiency and safety through the medium of insulated wires and cables.

How well Habirshaw has fulfilled its mission, how it has provided a safe and efficient means for the transmission of electrical power is told in the great cables that bear the message of the world through the depths of the ocean, and in the mighty conveyors and miles of Habirshaw insulated conductors that transmit energy for the welfare of untold thousands throughout the world. And from the tiniest wire to the largest cable, all are manufactured with the same precision and certainty that has made Habirshaw the standard for more than thirty years.

The great volume of faultless wire and cable manufactured in the Habirshaw plants has reduced the cost of production to the minimum and the enormous output is supported by national distribution through the Western Electric Company.

▽ ▽

This means of distribution, facilitated as it is by the perfect marketing and warehousing organization of the Western Electric Company, brings Habirshaw to every active market of the United States and is the connecting link in the chain of service from the manufacturer to the public.

Architects, electrical engineers and contractors without exception recognize the superior quality and worth of Habirshaw wires and cables. The Western Electric mark placed only on these proven and standard products is the seal of that great company's endorsement.

Habirshaw Wire Manufactured by
Habirshaw Electric Cable Co.
Incorporated
Yonkers, New York

Habirshaw Wire Distributed by
Western Electric Company
Incorporated
Offices in All Principal Cities

HABIRSHAW

"Proven by the test of time"

Insulated Wire & Cable

Plus Western Electric Company's Service

Farm Independence

Solving Farm Labor Problems With Twin City Products

Twin City Tractors are made in 3 sizes—12–20, 20–35, 40–65.

In every farm power job Twin City Tractors mean dependable service at a saving.

All-Steel Twin City Threshers—3 sizes: 22–42, 28–48, 36–60. The 22–42 is the popular individual or community outfit.

Twin City Trucks made in two sizes, 2-ton and 3½-ton. Body equipment for every service. Pneumatic cord tires optional as extra on 2-ton.

COMPLETE power farming equipment is today making agriculture the most independent as well as the most profitable business.

The Twin City Company motorizes the farm with a complete quality line. Twin City quality is emphasized because it means the efficiency, the fuel saving, and the long service that result in the greatest economy to the user. Twin City products are *built to do the work—not to meet a price.*

There is a Twin City Tractor for every size of farm. The 12–20 with 16-valve-in-head engine for the average size farm combines great surplus power with fuel saving, making new records in every kind of soil.

All-Steel Twin City Threshers embody in their compact fireproof construction the very latest advances for cleaner, more thorough threshing and grain saving.

Twin City Trucks have such superior features as the Twin City 16-valve-in-head engine with hot-spot manifold—counterbalanced crankshaft—pressure oiling system—hot-rolled steel frames. Every point of like excellence.

Backed by a $7,000,000 organization with service warehouses at your call. If the Twin City is not represented in your territory write us.

Branches:
Lincoln, Neb. Des Moines, Ia.
Wichita, Kan. Great Falls, Mont.
Denver, Col. Fargo, N. D.
Indianapolis, Ind. Peoria, Ill.
Kansas City, Mo. Spokane, Wash.
St. Louis, Mo. Salt Lake City, Utah

Export Office:
Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Co.—154 Nassau Street, New York City

Canada:
Minneapolis Steel & Machinery Co. of Canada, Ltd. Winnipeg, Man.; Regina, Sask.; Calgary, Alta.

Twin City Company
Selling Products of
MINNEAPOLIS STEEL & MACHINERY CO.
MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

TWIN CITY
Power Farming Equipment

Distributors.
Frank O. Renstrom Co.—San Francisco, Los Angeles, Stockton, Oakland, and Sacramento, Calif.
Baskerville & Dahl Co.—Watertown, South Dakota.
Shanahan & Wrightson Hardware Co.—Easton, Maryland
Kepler-Merrell Motor Car Co.—Syracuse and Utica, N. Y.
Southern Machinery Co.—Atlanta, Georgia.
R. B. George Machinery Co.—Dallas, Houston, Amarillo, San Antonio, Texas; and Crowley, La.
J. Z. Horter Co.—Havana, Cuba.

THE KICK

(Continued from Page 18

foreign newspapers of Lakesedge—there were a half dozen of these printed daily there—he would silence Germany's detractors with his louder voice, with his cleverer manner of arguing and with his direful threats.

"Germany will conquer! I am for Germany!"

Always he claimed and held the last word, and no one dared try to take it from him. And when the news of the Lusitania horror came, and he read the lurid details of that horror in his foreign-language newspaper, he cried aloud in his ghoulish glee.

"Good, good, good!" he bellowed. "Sink 'em! Drown 'em! Kill 'em all! Kill Americans—kill everybody! Fine job! Fine job!"

It was at this moment that Smuggy Stapp, the little negro oiler, first stepped into the life affairs of Steve Slipinsky. He had been oiling some shafting bearings in the upper part of that same building in which Slipinsky was sitting in the midst of his gang, and unseen by those below him he had paused to look down upon the motley crowd of laborers and to listen for a moment to their jabbering. Slipinsky was speaking in his broken English at this time, for there were those in his gang who did not understand his own tongue, and he would have all his listeners understand what he had to say.

Smuggy Stapp heard the gloating words of the big Slav, and a shiver ran over him—a mingled feeling of horror and anger. He himself had read the account of that awful disaster the night before, and though not understanding fully what it was all about, not appreciating wholly the magnitude of the gigantic crime, it had affected him strangely. For Americans had been foully murdered; Americans had been sent to their deaths without a chance being given them to save themselves! And here before him was a man glorying in that vile crime!

"Damn you!" he shrieked. "Damn you, you bloody hunky!"

The men below looked up, startled by the sudden and unexpected ringing out of the high, falsetto voice above them. In the dim light they saw the slight figure of the negro oiler dancing about on the platform over their heads. Many of them began to laugh. Slipinsky did not laugh—he glared upward in surprised rage.

"W'at you say, nigger?" he yelled.

"Bloody hunky! Bloody hunky!" screamed the oiler, shaking a black fist. "You no damn good bloody hunky—Ah say! You! You!"

Then he turned and clambered up a ladder, disappearing among the whirling pulleys and slapping belts. But quickly he was down in the mill by another ladder and making his way to the mill foreman's office.

Seldom did Smuggy Stapp enter Fennigan's office. He was but an oiler, a cheap, poorly paid man, and he had but little business there. When he did visit the place he always went with hesitating step and with something akin to fear in his heart, for Fennigan was harsh and rough and ugly in way and word and feature. But he was experiencing no feeling of timidity or fear now as he opened the door of the office and stepped inside. His heart was pounding away in his breast at a terrific speed, and his eyes were strangely bright. Fennigan sat at his desk, a bulky, coarse, hard-faced man, reading a newspaper.

"Say, boss, Ah don' think dat Slipinsky hunky is much 'Merican! By golly, Ah suttinly don', sah! Ah think, by golly, sumpin ought to be did w'en a man talks like he talks 'bout 'Mericans!"

Fennigan looked up.

"What's that you're tryin' to say?" he demanded with a growl. His voice rose loud above the noise of the working mills just outside the office.

"W'y, dis yeah ship, boss—Lushytannic, or sumpin like dat—the papah says how the Germans sinked it and killed a lot of 'Mericans, an' dat big Slipinsky hunky, he says dat's a fine, damn good thing! By golly, boss, Ah don' like to heah no hunky sayin' it's a fine, damn good thing fo' Germans to kill 'Mericans—Ah suttinly don', sah! An' Ah says right now dat Slipinsky ain' no damn good, an' Ah also says dat sumpin ought to be did about it, sah!"

"Oh, you do, eh?" sneered Fennigan, rising from his chair. "You think so, eh? Well, listen, *nigger*! Slipinsky is all right, and he knows what he's talkin' about! Let them dudes and millionaires and society people stay at home where they belong if they don't want to get killed! See? Now you get out of here quick! Get out! You come in here again with stuff like that and I'll tie a can on you! Beat it!"

The negro turned and walked out. He went back to the oil room and sat down among his greasy barrels and tanks and cans to think things over. He couldn't understand; he could hardly believe he had heard that which he had just listened to. It was bad enough when a foreigner, working and making his living in America, talked in that manner. But for a boss, his boss, a mill foreman, a man he thought to be an American—what did it mean?

At that moment the little black man was not conscious that the fires of patriotism were aflame in his heart—he hardly knew what the word patriotism meant, if indeed he could have remembered ever having heard it spoken. He knew he was an American, and a good American too, for was not America his home, the only country in all the world for him? And he knew there were certain lively, tuneful airs that he had learned in those two or three years when he had attended school that always set his pulses to leaping whenever he heard them played by the bands on the Fourth of July or on Decoration Day, or by the orchestra in the cheap little theater to which he sometimes went. He had learned, too, in those two or three years of school life to stand at attention and salute the American flag, and he knew it was the finest, the most beautiful flag of any nation in the world. Had not his teacher told him that? Did not his own eyes tell him that? That he should resent the ugly, hideous words of the foreigner and grow hot with anger over the inexplicable approval of those brutal words by his boss—it was but natural, and he gave not a moment's thought as to why he had been so moved by the two ugly speeches of the two men. Americans had been murdered, and these two had laughed at that murdering! He was angry, he was confused, he was disgusted, he was sick at heart.

"It suttinly beats the debbil!" he muttered. And he rose and set to work filling his oil cans preparatory to making another round of his machines.

Fennigan sought Slipinsky, a grin on his coarse, hard face.

"Say, Steve, you want to be kind of careful how you talk about this war stuff you read in the papers, or you'll have the little nigger on your neck."

"Dot Smuggy feller, eh?"

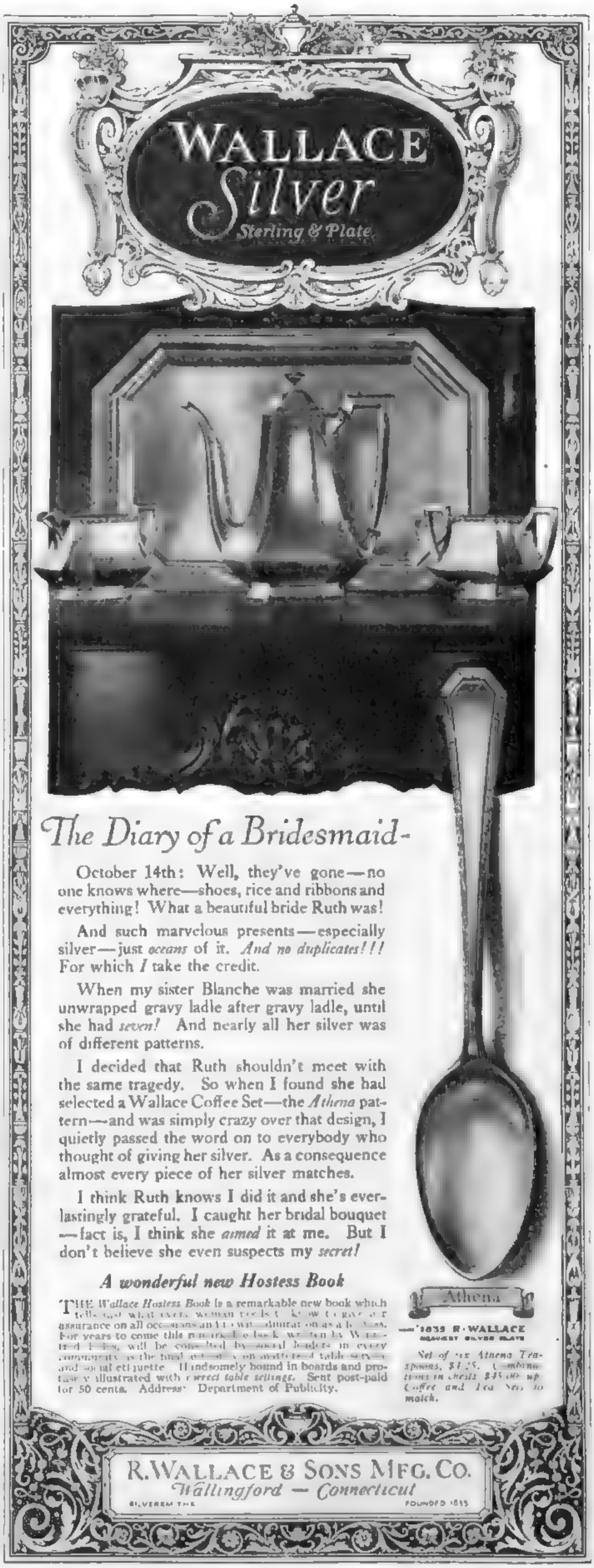
"Yeah."

"I fix dot Smuggy nigger—you watch 'em, Mis' Fen'gan!"

Opportunity was not given the Slav to fix the little oiler for a long while thereafter, for on that same day an unguarded set screw in a spinning shaft caught in the baggy garments of Smuggy Stapp, stooping over the shaft with his oil can, whirled him round and round and round among the flying wheels, and then when the clothing gave way and parted, flung him far to one side, a broken, bruised and bleeding mass. More than a year passed before the little man was able to return to take up his work again. And when at last he did come back he came limping—and he would limp for the remainder of his life, for one of his legs had been broken by the spinning shaft and the setting of the bone had been imperfectly done.

In that same year and more Steve Slipinsky continued to flourish in all his evil ways. Day by day he grew more brutal and vicious in his habits; day by day his meanness and his vileness increased; day by day he became more arrogant, more insolent, more hateful in a hundred ways, whether he was at Claxton Mills, leader of his gang, or on the streets of Lakesedge, a roaming bully and human devil.

Great fun he found it to go through the city trespassing on the rights of others, breaking the lesser laws, making himself disagreeable and obnoxious to all decent people with whom he came in contact. To crowd and push his way into jammed street cars and there, drunk on the cheap whisky he was constantly imbibing, make himself offensive to the passengers by singing, by shouting, by cursing, by talking foul and obscene talk; to pick a quarrel with the


WALLACE
Silver
Sterling & Plate
The Diary of a Bridesmaid-
October 14th: Well, they've gone—no one knows where—shoes, rice and ribbons and everything! What a beautiful bride Ruth was!
And such marvelous presents—especially silver—just oceans of it. And no duplicates!!! For which I take the credit.
When my sister Blanche was married she unwrapped gravy ladle after gravy ladle, until she had seven! And nearly all her silver was of different patterns.
I decided that Ruth shouldn't meet with the same tragedy. So when I found she had selected a Wallace Coffee Set—the Athena pattern—and was simply crazy over that design, I quietly passed the word on to everybody who thought of giving her silver. As a consequence almost every piece of her silver matches.
I think Ruth knows I did it and she's everlastingly grateful. I caught her bridal bouquet—fact is, I think she aimed it at me. But I don't believe she even suspects my secret!
A wonderful new Hostess Book
THE Wallace Hostess Book is a remarkable new book which tells just what every woman needs to know to give her assurance on all occasions and to win distinction as a hostess. For years to come this remarkable book written by Wallace trained ladies, will be consulted by social leaders in every community as the final authority on matters of table service and social etiquette. Handsomely bound in boards and profusely illustrated with correct table settings. Sent post-paid for 50 cents. Address: Department of Publicity.
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Set of six Athena Teaspoons, $11.25. Combination in chests $45.00 up. Coffee and Tea Sets to match.
R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.
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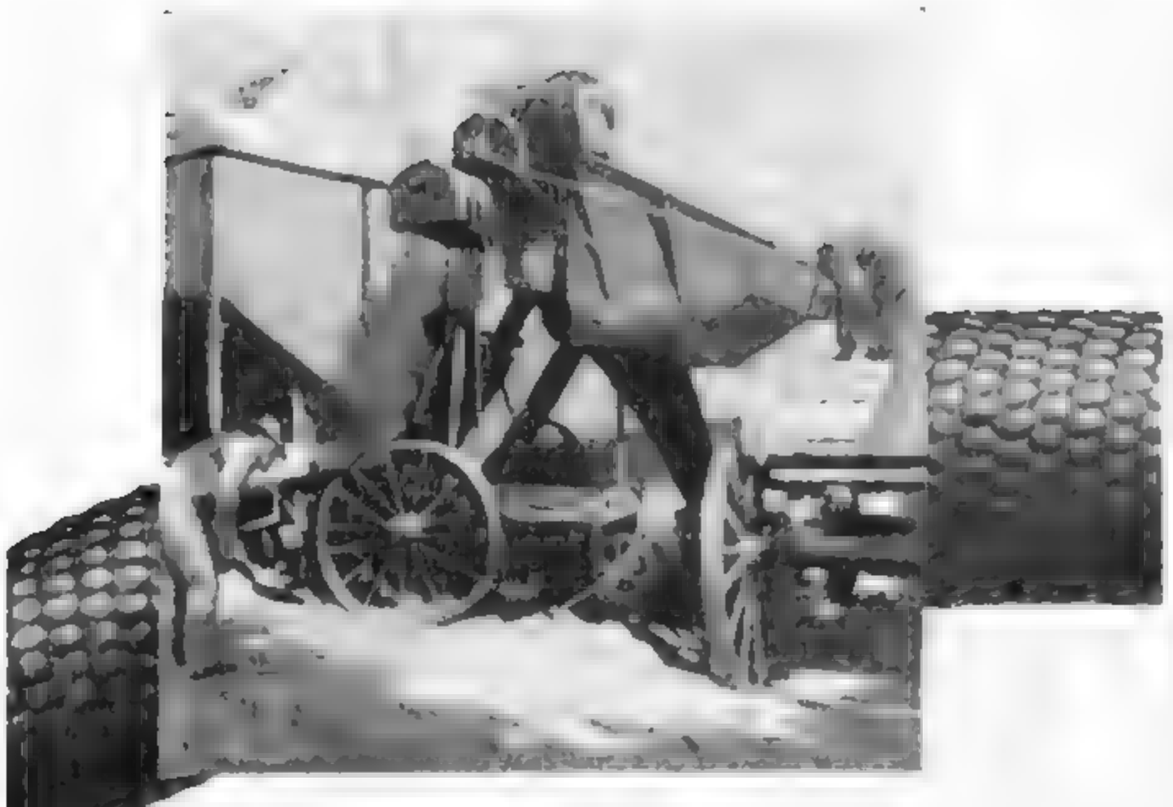


Duracord on portable coal conveyors

PICTURE the wear it gets. Dragged around the yard, run over by heavy wagons, walked on, buried under falling coal—Duracord defies it all.

This sturdy, portable electric cord is made for just such service. It has a big thick *woven* fabric covering that accepts its full responsibility and never lays down on the job. It outwears ordinary cord many times.

DURACORD

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

In addition to portable conveyors, Duracord is used on magnetic cranes, mining machinery, locomotive headlights, cement mixing machines, welders, portable electric tools, extension lamps—wherever the ability to stand hard knocks is an asset.

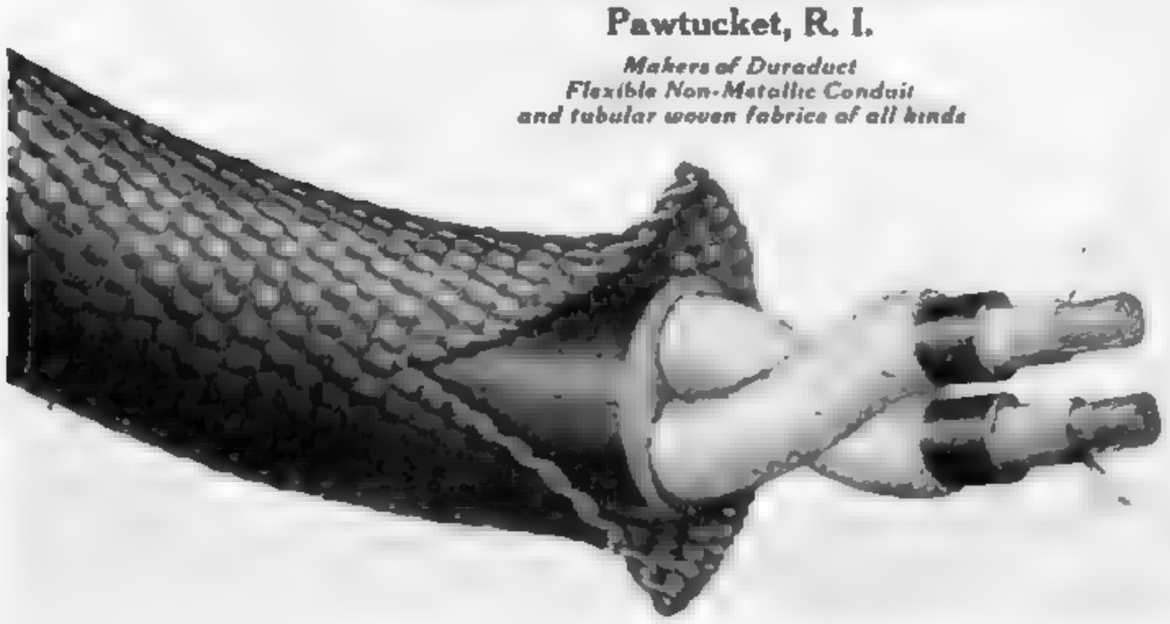
Duracord is made in all sizes of portable electric cord and the larger sizes of single and duplex cable. Ask your electrical jobber, or let us send you samples of Duracord and ordinary cord for you to test and compare yourself.

Here is the ordinary [illegible] *woven like a piece of* [illegible] *compound cord.*

TUBULAR WOVEN FABRIC CO.

Pawtucket, R. I.

Makers of Duraduct
Flexible Non-Metallic Conduit
and tubular woven fabrics of all kinds



car conductor and try to induce him to fight; to spit upon the floor of the car and then, leering, to point up at the sign "Don't Spit in the Car—Ten Dollars Fine"; to jerk the bell rope and bring the car to a sudden stop—all this was fun, exceedingly great fun. Little by little, cautiously trying out each offense, he had come to know that he could do these things with impunity. There were no officers on the cars to interfere with his fun, and his mighty bulk, his bulgy muscles and his savage appearance were sure deterrents to any passenger who might feel inclined to take his punishment in his own hands. If his offenses were committed on the street there was seldom a policeman there to witness them, and should there be, the officer would merely threaten him and send him on his way. His cousin had promised him that he would have a good time in America, and he was having it. Ah, but these Americans were indeed huge fools!

To walk along the crowded streets, taking the wrong side of the sidewalk, jostling and shouldering pedestrians out of his way; to intrude wherever he could find printed notices that warned him to stay out; to dispute and argue with the police in a language they could not understand, taunting them into arresting him, and then when they had taken him to the station house, as did happen a few times, to listen with broad grins to the words of the captain or lieutenant in charge, as the officer cautioned him and lectured him mildly, and dismissed him—it was great sport.

He recalled the many, the thousands of *verboten* signs he had seen in his wanderings through Germany, and he recalled, too, how he had paid a penalty for every little infraction of a rule of which he had been guilty back there. But here in America—what did a *verboten* sign mean here? Nothing! His cousin was quite right—the Americans were awful asses. They made laws—they had plenty of laws—but they punished no offender of their laws. It was a fine country to live in—it was indeed the land of the free.

In the mills where he worked he was hated, he was admired, he was feared. Hated by those of American birth who resented the power he had gained for himself, and for his undeserved popularity with Fennigan and Dawes; admired by those of his own kind who saw in him their leader and their guide, and through him were all the while expecting better wages, better working hours and less work; feared by all who had any kind of dealings with him, for by all was he known to be treacherous, vindictive, revengeful. Fennigan himself had come to fear the man.

"I couldn't fire him if I wanted to," the mill foreman one day said to Dawes. "I'd be afraid to fire him. He'd get me if I did—either knife me or bust my head with a bar of iron. He's a dangerous customer."

"But I don't want you to fire him," returned Dawes. "We need him—we need every hunky like him we can pick up. I don't want you to fire any of them. Slipinsky may be causing some trouble, and I know he loafs on us a good deal, but when he does work he works, and then he makes up for the time he has killed. Don't fire Slipinsky. If you did some other department would get him, and then he'd have the laugh on you and he'd make your life miserable."

Dawes was right in one respect—when the big Slav took a notion to work he worked hard, terrifically hard, doing as much as two or three ordinary laborers could do. And the frequent dollar that Dawes was surreptitiously slipping to him whenever a particularly difficult piece of work was in hand, or when it became necessary to get out some rush order on short notice—those bribing dollars seldom failed to induce him to hustle, to speed up, and he would indulge in laboring spurts that caused those who were working with him to curse and revile him—but always behind his back, out of reach of his ears. For he would set a pace so fast and furious, and with threats and oaths would so rush and harry the men through the job to its completion, that they would finish in a state of collapse.

Woe to the man that tried to shirk, to lie down then! More than one had felt the weight of his iron fist, and more than one had been cruelly injured by his attacks. Yet when the rush job was completed he would win back their regard by taking the extra dollars Dawes had passed to him and, going out or sending out for great cans of beer, he would call the gang into the old, dirty building, their headquarters, for a round of drinks. And he never failed to rattle those extra dollars and laugh over them. Queer fellows, these Americans were, he would say to those about him—paying twice to get their work done!

He had not forgotten Smuggy Stapp and his insulting words that day back there when the little negro first stepped into his life. He had been called "Hunky" by a black man! He would not forget that! Impatiently he waited for the return of the man. One day he stopped Fennigan and questioned him about the oiler.

"Dot Smuggy feller, Mis' Fen'gan w'at's matter? He no come back to take job?"

"Oh, he'll be back some of these days, I guess," replied Fennigan.

"Good! I fix dot nigger, Mis' Fen'gan, w'en he come! I fix 'em up fine—you watch 'em!"

"You leave that nigger alone when he comes back!" growled Fennigan. The mill foreman was in a bad humor that morning, and, too, the Slav had been getting more and more on his nerves.

Slipinsky glared in sudden anger.

"You ten' your own damn business, Fen'gan, an' I ten' to mine!" he snarled. "See? Un'erstan', eh? I say I fix dot nigger! See?"

Fennigan looked at the ugly face that was thrust up close to his own, glanced down at the black, clenched fists, then turned and walked away, gritting his teeth in rage and humiliation, muttering oaths. Now indeed he wished he was rid of the fellow; now he realized that from the first he had been making mistakes, giving the man too much leeway, showing too much intimacy with him. It was bad, very bad, when a hand—a foreigner—could talk in that insulting, threatening manner to his foreman. But what could he do? Not a thing! He was afraid to discharge the man—he didn't dare talk back to him even. The fellow was a menace.

About this time Slipinsky procured for himself a woman—better to say, another woman. It came about in this way: One morning after working a night shift at the mills he was on his way to his boarding house, crossing the railroad yards back of Claxton Mills through the dim light of early dawn. A long string of coal-laden cars, brought in that night from the distant coal fields that supplied Lakesedge with fuel, stood on one of the side tracks. About these cars a great crowd of women were working busily, some of them on the tops of the loads, rolling off the bigger lumps, others on the ground, filling large, wide-mouthed sacks. It was the daily coal-stealing hour for the foreign element in Lakesedge. This gigantic thievery goes on in Lakesedge day after day, month after month, year after year, and but little effort is made by anyone to stop it. The railroads are indifferent, as they do not lose; the coal merchants of the city do not care, for they can and do protect themselves from loss by charging the consumer more for his coal; while the manufacturing industries, great and small, look upon the shortage of every car that reaches them as a matter of course.

"It has ever been like this since we brought these people here," they say. "We know they are stealing thousands of tons of coal yearly from our cars in the railroad yards, but—what can we do? No use of our taking the matter to our courts. The stealing is all done by women, and courts of law in this country do not punish women for felonies or crimes committed."

Steve Slipinsky, crossing the yard that morning and pausing to look upon the busy scene before him, laughed aloud. America was certainly a wonderful country! Free fuel! It was to laugh! Fool, fool Americans!

As he moved on and started to climb up an embankment from one of the tracks he noticed a woman directly in front of him staggering along beneath the weight of a great bag of coal. A strip of dirty bed ticking was passed about the center of the bag, which rested the greater part of its weight on her hips, and the band was drawn over either shoulder and gripped by both hands in front of her breast. As the big Slav passed her he reached out in a spirit of playfulness, lifted the heavy sack quickly from her back with his great right hand, and with a little jerk tossed the load upon his own shoulder. The sudden releasing of the weight from her body caused the woman to plunge forward, losing her

(Continued on Page 141)

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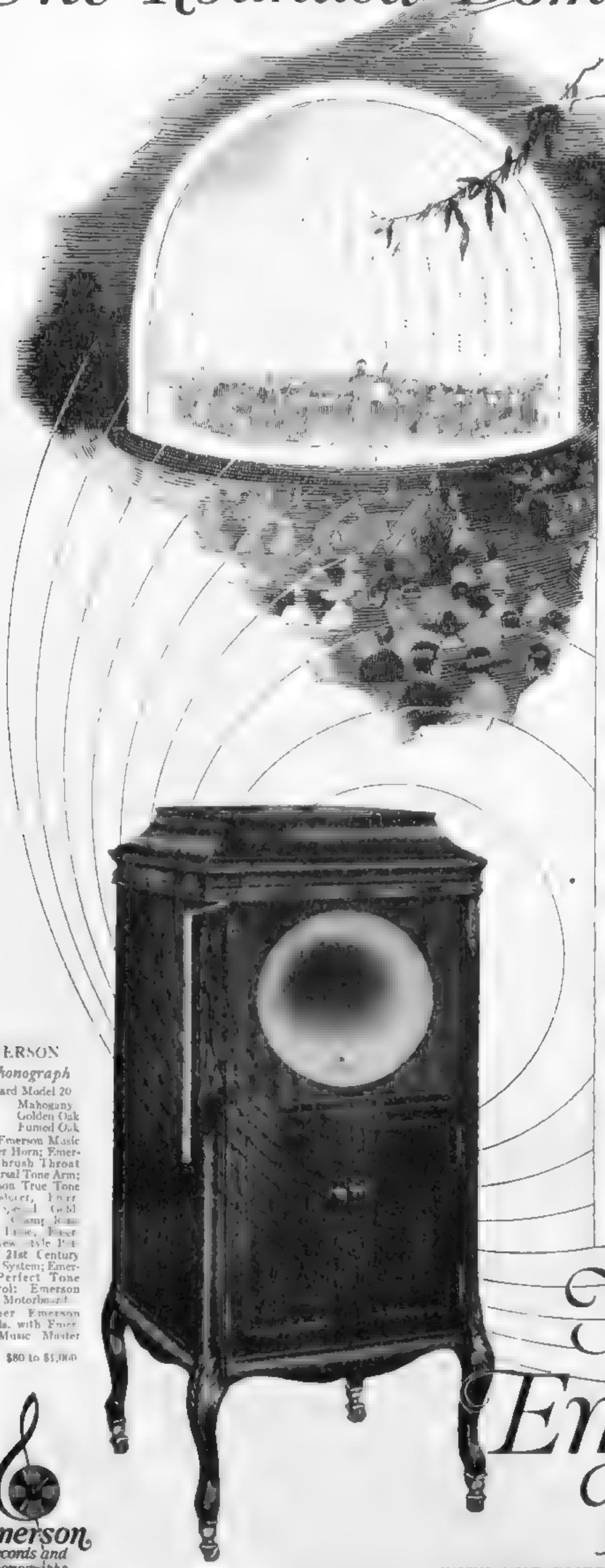

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*Elementary Treatise on Physics *(Ganot)*, Pages 194-5.

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(Continued from Page 138)

balance, and she fell sprawling upon the steep path. Slipinsky roared with laughter.

"Come on! Come on!" he cried. "I'll carry the bag for you! Get up and come along! Why do you lie there on the ground like a pig?"

The woman giggled, scrambled to her feet and hurried on after him as he went marching away. He looked back and saw her following, laughing and calling her companions' attention to her new knight. He was greatly pleased with his exploit.

"I'll carry the bag home for you," he said, waiting for her to come up. "Where do you live?"

She pointed to a squat, rusty-colored little shack that stood on the opposite side of the field of dead slag and cinders which they were then crossing. Slipinsky marched steadily on with his load, swinging it lightly over his shoulder, with one hand holding it, for its weight was nothing to him. At the gate in front of the wretched shack he dropped the bag to the ground, laughed again, leered down at the woman, and went on along the street.

The next morning he found her again by the cars with her bag of coal, and again he carried it home for her. This morning he exchanged a few words with her at the gate. He was much impressed with her—those few words he had with her told him much—in many ways she was of his kind.

He was at the car tracks every morning thereafter during the two weeks he was working night shift, to meet her and carry home for her the stolen sack of coal. Several times he climbed to the tops of the cars and rolled off a ton or two of the bigger lumps for the women below, taking a lot of pleasure from the compliments they showered upon him. Soon after he had returned to day-shift work he began living with the woman in her little tumble-down shack. Why not, he had argued with her—had not her husband written that he would not return from Pittsburgh for another month—perhaps for two or three?

One morning as he stood on a stringer of the high fence back of the ingot mill, to which he had climbed that he might see what was going on outside the plant, his eyes wandered over to the railroad tracks. The string of coal-laden cars had not been shoved in on the side track at the usual hour that morning—there had been a wreck on the road and the incoming freight had been delayed for several hours. The coal stealers, too, were hours late in getting to their work. He could see that the crowd of women about the cars was not so large this morning. Evidently there were some timid ones who would not risk stealing coal in broad daylight.

But his woman was there—he recognized her in the distance by the scarlet scarf she wore wrapped about her head. He chuckled as he watched her climb up the iron ladder on one of the tall hopper cars and start to rolling off the coal. She was a hustler! She would soon have a ton and more of good lump coal stacked up behind her house which she could sell for several dollars. She was just the kind of woman a man like him ought to have, he told himself as he leaned over the fence, following her movements—and he would have her! When her husband returned home he would have to dispose of him, get him out of the way—a smash on the head with an iron bar some night. It would be an easy thing to do, and as for any danger—there would be practically no danger if he was careful. For the police would not investigate more than perfunctorily—the Lakesedge police did not worry themselves about criminal happenings in the foreign settlements.

He watched the woman come down from the car, fill her bag, get it upon her back and go staggering off in company with a number of other women. As his eyes continued to follow her he saw a man come out from behind a cut of cars and attempt to stop the women. He recognized him as a railroad detective whose beat was in that part of the yards, but he had never known him to molest coal stealers. His duties, it seemed, had been to guard the cars that were loaded with merchandise more valuable than coal. The Slav wondered why the fellow was interfering now.

Evidently the officer was trying to place the women under arrest, but they were not stopping for him—they went pushing on up the embankment with their loads. Then he began jerking the bags from their backs. Slipinsky saw him struggling with the woman he now considered his, and then he saw her fall to the ground. Had the officer struck her? The Slav was certain he had, and with a curse he raised his huge fists and began yelling and threatening, shrieking out his threats in maniacal rage. But no one gave heed to him, no one could hear him.

A patrol wagon appeared driving across the field of dead slag and cinders toward the coal cars. There were a number of blue-coated men in it. The wagon stopped, the bluecoats got out, forced half a dozen of the women to climb in, threw in the bags of coal after them and drove off, the detective going with them.

Slipinsky jumped down from the fence, went for his coat and lunch pail and left the mills. On inquiring at the station to which the arrested women had been taken he learned that their preliminary trial would be held that same afternoon. He decided he would go to the courthouse and see what would happen.

He was late in reaching the place—proceedings in the case were already under way when he stepped into the court room. He saw the railroad detective standing before the judge, who was questioning him. He recognized the official sitting in the high, carved chair behind the big, ornate, polished ebony desk—Litovsky, a naturalized Russian, elevated to the bench a few years before through the efforts of the political boss of Lakesedge, who hoped through him to secure control of the foreign vote.

"Did you examine the coal bins of these women before you placed them under arrest?" the Slav heard the judge ask the detective.

"I did not," replied the detective, smiling.

"Why didn't you?"

"Why should I?"

"Why should you? Why should you? Do you think you can arrest and hale a woman into my court and see her convicted of stealing coal if it is known she was in need of the coal she took—if her coal bin was empty, her house cold, her little children and herself suffering?"

"But I supposed ——" began the detective.

"You supposed! You supposed!" shouted the judge, shaking an angry finger at the man before him. "Let me tell you this, young gentleman: Don't you ever arrest another woman for stealing fuel until you have first investigated the condition of her coal bin! If appearances indicate that she needs the coal you shall not arrest her! These prisoners are discharged!"

Slipinsky could hardly believe he had heard aright. Why, this was the richest thing yet! The women had been taken in the act! The very coal they had stolen had been brought into court as evidence—there it lay, six bulging bags of it—and the judge was turning them loose, setting them free, without even rebuking them! And the husbands of all these women were workingmen! They had stolen not from need but for gain—everybody knew that! And he had said not a word against their acts! More, he had rebuked the officer for having arrested them! The Slav choked. He had to put his big hand to his mouth to stifle the guffaws that rose to his lips. Oh, these Americans! Would he never see the limit of their idiocy?

Then every feeling of mirth, every sign of hilarity left him, and his face hardened and an ugly look came into his ugly eyes. He was watching the detective now, the man who had struck his woman, who had thrown her to the ground, who had arrested her and had hauled her off to jail. And he moved closer to the door of the court room toward which he saw the officer was slowly making his way.

A foolish look was on the detective's face, a curious expression of shame and humiliation. At the door he paused to speak to a man standing there.

"Did you hear it, Ed?" he asked, speaking in a low voice. "Did you hear it? Can you beat it? That settles me for this kind of a job for all time to come! I'm through! My star goes in to-day!"

"It's a howl, Jim!" laughed the man he had addressed. "It's a holy howl! Come down to the office—I want to talk to you about this thing."

"Not now, Ed—I'm going back to the yards right away and get my things there and tell Kingsley I'm off his job. See you to-night maybe."

The officer passed out. Ten feet behind him followed Slipinsky. The detective did not know the big Slav. He might have seen him before, but if he had he had forgotten, and though he was aware a man was

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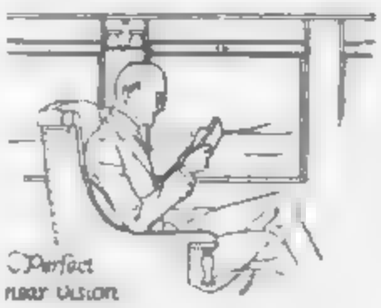

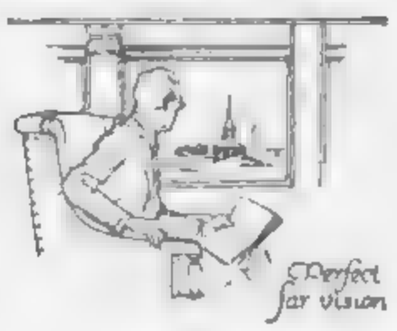

there behind him, he gave no thought to the fact. When he boarded a street car that would carry him to the railroad yards where he had his headquarters the Slav entered the car too.

Back in the railroad yards the detective walked hurriedly down between two long rows of box cars on his way to the yardmaster's office. He did not see the stooping, crouching figure of the big foreigner who had sat opposite him in the street car darting across the tracks ahead of him—he did not see him until the man was upon him, until he felt his arms pinioned to his sides in a grip of iron and a savage face was pushed up close against his own.

"So! You knock down my woman, eh?" a voice in foaming rage snarled in his ear. "You hit my woman, eh? You get her arrest', eh? So!"

A hairy, muscular arm, hard as a bar of steel, was thrust beneath the chin of the struggling man and his head was forced back—forced back and back and back until something snapped, snapped as a stick broken over the knee might snap at the breaking. The body of the officer went suddenly limp, and as the arm that held it up was jerked away it fell crumpling to the ground.

On top of one of the box cars immediately above the place of tragedy two high-school youths who were that day taking a half holiday for themselves sat gazing down upon the scene with horrified eyes, frightened into a trembling, shivering silence by the thing they were witnessing. Speechless and immovable, they waited for the murderer to leave, and when at last he went they watched his going with fear-dilated eyes, scarcely breathing lest they make some slight sound that would call his attention to them. They saw a railroader, a yardman coming along between the rows of cars, looking at the car numbers and comparing them with numbers on a slip of paper he was carrying in his hand. They heard his "Hello, John!" given to the big foreigner. A moment later, when he was bending over the dead man below them, they called to him, climbed down and told him what they had seen.

Steve Slipinsky was arrested and jailed the next day. Scarcely disturbed was he thereby; not even was he worried when his cousin came hurrying to see him in his cell, to tell him that he had gone too far with his tricks; that he was now in real danger.

"Poosh! I'll get out of this scrape easily enough. Don't I know America by this time? They do funny things here," was the nonchalant reply he returned to his cousin.

He was fairly astonished at what he beheld in the great building where he was to be confined while awaiting his trial. He was one of the first prisoners in the new four-million-dollar jail which the taxpayers of Lakesedge County had just built, and everything about him was new and clean and shining. As he mounted the marble steps of the palatial structure and walked along its broad, roomy, marble-walled corridors to his cell he could not believe that he was in a jail. This a jail? A jail, as he knew it from experience, was a dirty, gloomy, damp and foul-smelling place. But this—why, this was a veritable palace, a palace such as a king might be content to live in!

And once locked in his cell, he again fell to wondering. Was this the way America treated its prisoners, its more serious offenders against its laws, when it did lock them up? Punishment? What punishment was there in being shut up for a few days or weeks in a place like this, provided the food furnished was good.

And when his first prison meal was brought to him, and he had looked it over and tasted it, he grunted his surprise. Surely this must be some kind of a joke his jailers were playing on him! Perhaps they were serving him a feast before they visited him with the famine he must expect. The next time they brought him food it would be prison fare, bread and water. But the choice meals continued to be served him regularly, brought to him piping hot and always on time, and as he hogged them down he would sometimes burst into roars of laughter, comparing his fine, well-cooked food here, locked behind steel bars, with the plain, coarse, unpalatable fare he had been accustomed to in his boarding house.

One day he heard the sound of singing somewhere in the building, the voice of a woman ringing high and clear and echoing down the roomy spaces of the vast building. He pressed his face close against the bars of his cell door, looking and listening, asking himself what it could mean. A woman singing in a jail? Absurd! But pretty soon, to his great astonishment, he saw a little party of women accompanied by a jailer walking down the corridor toward his own cell. They halted directly in front of it, and one of them, a young woman of marvelous beauty to his bestial perceptions, began to sing.

He stared at her with lascivious eyes, trying to fathom out what it meant, who she could be, why she was there, singing before his cell. Then he was made to realize that she was there singing to him, to him the prisoner, for as she finished her song she looked at him and smiled. Another woman of the little group stepped forward, said something to him which he did not understand—something about sympathy—and handed through the bars to him a great bunch of flowers. Then the party moved on, and soon in the distance he heard the voice of the girl again. Doubtless she was singing to another prisoner.

Surprised, fairly startled by the unexpectedness of the act, he had taken the flowers proffered him, and he now turned and walked to his cot and sat down. He could not remember that in all his life he had ever before held in his hand a bunch of flowers—no, not one single blossom had he ever held. Flowers! What did this crazy thing signify?

Then he began to laugh; he cursed in glee; he howled and he bellowed over the ridiculousness, the absurdity, the funniness of this latest piece of idiocy that had been brought before him. It was too much! Surely this was that limit of American banality for which he had been looking—here had the height of silliness been reached!

He picked up the flowers from the floor, where he had tossed them, stripped them of leaf and petal, and with the clean stems thus obtained he proceeded to clean out his clogged and reeking pipe. He hadn't had cause to laugh so heartily since he had come to jail.

One day Dawes came to pay him a visit.

"Well, Steve, how goes it?" asked the mill superintendent, grinning his idiotic grin and thrusting his hand between the bars to shake hands with the giant.

"Fine, Mis' Dawes, fine!" laughed the prisoner. "I got one damn nice place to live in, eh? Like rich man's house, eh? How soon you t'ink I can get out, Mis' Dawes?"

"Oh, I can't say as to that," replied Dawes. "I'll look up a lawyer for you, someone who speaks your own language, and send him down here. I think we'll get you off, all right."

He remained before the cell for a half hour, talking over the case with the prisoner, talking the foolishness he always talked to men of this kind, listening to the Slav's silly chatter.

Fennigan, too, went to see the prisoner. Dawes told Fennigan he ought to go.

"For you know, Fennigan," said the superintendent, "if we help him get out of this scrape he'll stand by us through thick and thin; and a good husky hunky like him, one who is leader among his own class, is going to be a real treasure from now on, I want to tell you!"

But Fennigan would have gone anyway, without Dawes' suggestion—he was that kind. It was true that he had been insulted by the foreigner, humiliated by him, almost threatened by him, but when a fellow gets into trouble, he told himself, then he needs friends and sympathy and a good word. And, too, there was now a glamour about Slipinsky that had not been there before—he had killed a man, and Fennigan found a certain morbid pleasure in going to the jail and shaking hands with the murderer, just as the young woman who had sung to him had doubtless found a morbid pleasure in being near to him. It would be an experience, this jail meeting with Slipinsky, that he could relate about the mills with great satisfaction—it would give him class, distinction.

Slipinsky was in jail five months before he was called to trial. In that time the United States had declared war on Germany, and in that period, too, Smuggy Stapp had returned to Claxton Mills and taken up his old job again.

In general appearance the little negro had changed but little in that long and enforced period of idleness. He limped now as he walked, it is true, because of the faulty setting of the fractured bone of his leg, but he was still spry and alert and wiry; still able to clamber nimbly over the monster engines and pumps, and crawl in and out among the whirling pulleys and flying belts, to fill the oil cups with oil. It was a job few men cared for, for it was a dirty and a dangerous job, but he liked it, and he was glad, very glad to be back again.

Little change was there about him outwardly, but inwardly—deep down in his soul and heart, and all throughout his finer, better self there had been wrought a tremendous change; there had come to him a wonderful awakening. For in that time of enforced idleness patriotism, Americanism, had become a very positive consciousness with him. Their fires burned hot within him, and he now understood and felt and lived the deeper meaning of the words.

He had been reading, he had been listening, he had been talking. America was at war; her young men were gathering in barrack and camp all over the land; her armies were forming, some of them already beginning to move across the seas to distant France; and with eager, hungry eyes Smuggy Stapp had been watching everything that had to do with war. He had seen uniformed companies of men marching and drilling in the streets and in the parks of Lakesedge; he had seen soldiers entraining to go away; he had heard brass bands playing those patriotic airs that had always caused his pulses to leap; that now caused the tears to start to his eyes.

One day he had seen a little group of men of his own race accepted by a recruiting officer, and he had sat down on the floor in front of that officer's desk and wept aloud when he was told he could not go with them—that he was unfit for military service. And when at the railroad station the next day he saw the train pull out of the big building carrying those men away to some far-off training camp he again sat down and blubbered.

Oh, yes, there was a tremendous change in Smuggy Stapp, and everybody about Claxton Mills noticed it and understood what had brought it about. That persisting chatter of his regarding Uncle Sam and his might and prowess; that eagerness to read and discuss every item of war news that appeared in the papers; that faithful and reverent lifting of his little black cap each morning and evening as he passed beneath the huge American flag that now floated from the tall pole that had been set up at the gate through which he passed on his way to and from work—all this explained to those who observed him what had come over Smuggy Stapp. About Claxton Mills men said that Smuggy Stapp had been bitten by the patriotic bug; that he had been bitten in a bad way—the worst case ever seen there. Some—almost all in fact—laughed approvingly and good-naturedly; some—just a few—sneered.

One of these latter was Fennigan. Fennigan had his own ideas about the war. Fennigan said he'd be damned if he could understand; Fennigan thought there wasn't any excuse for it; Fennigan said he doubted; Fennigan said there were two sides to every question. He curled his lip, he made sarcastic remarks, he paid compliments to the abilities of the German Army, he cursed the English, he reviled the French, he laughed scornfully over the poor figure the American soldier would offer, he declared America had no right to muddle and mix in the scrap, and so forth and so forth. And Fennigan didn't lift his cap as he passed through the gate beneath the American flag—not much! Fennigan wasn't that kind. And Fennigan sneered at the crazy antics, as he called them, of Smuggy Stapp. And the little negro oiler knew he was sneering.

"Ah don', fo' a fack, b'lieve Boss Fennigan is much bettah a 'Merican than dat Slipinsky, by golly, Ah suttinly don'!" he muttered one day to himself after overhearing a few choice remarks made by the mill foreman to another one of those who could not understand. "It suttinly beats the debbil 'bout some men!"

It was about this time when Steve Slipinsky returned to the mills—oh, to be sure, the Slav was not convicted of the crime he had committed! A word at this place concerning his trial:

Put on the stand, he admitted killing the detective, but claimed he did it in self-defense. He had met the man, he said, in the railroad yards and had there accused him of maltreating his wife the day he had arrested her, having in mind to inflict a mild punishment for that offense. The officer had drawn a revolver. He had at once leaped upon the detective to protect himself, as he thought, from threatened death, and the man had fallen and in some unaccountable manner had been killed. That was his story. Two men of his own race, neither of whom he knew or had ever seen until they had been brought to his cell door in the jail by Dawes weeks before, corroborated his story, stating that they were passing through the yards at the time of the tragedy and had witnessed it.

The two high-school youths and the railroader, when called to the witness stand, gave an entirely different version of the killing.

Dawes in his testimony stated that the prisoner was a hard and steady worker at Claxton Mills, a valuable man, particularly valuable at this critical time when the mills were getting out rush orders of steel for government use.

Fennigan testified that he was the prisoner's foreman; that the man was a gang leader and booster, a hard and faithful worker and greatly needed at the mills.

The jury, a frowsy, unkempt dozen of bar flies and courthouse bums, brought in the expected verdict, and the Slav, chuckling and grinning over his good luck, left the court room a free man, went to the palatial jail to gather together his few belongings there, and then hurried to the saloons in the foreign settlement by the most direct route, there to celebrate his victory for three or four days.

To return: About the time Steve Slipinsky went back to work at Claxton Mills there came an order from the Government stating that all workers known to be alien enemies, citizens of those countries at war with the United States, must be listed and brought before an official of the Government to give in his presence certain promises regarding their future actions during the war, and to make declaration before him that they would honor and respect the flag under which they were then living. As the Slav, Slipinsky, at the time of his taking employment at Claxton Mills, had given Germany as his native land, he was one of a number sent to the office of the general manager, where a representative of the United States Army awaited them. He went smiling and he returned smiling. To him the affair, regarded seriously by others, was but another of those funny things that were continually happening in America—another farce, nothing more. And immediately on his return to the mills, in the gloomy and dirty building where he and his gang had at once assembled to talk over the strange order, he related his experience. That all there might understand him he spoke in his broken English.

"Ach, it gives me one beeg laugh!" he said, breaking into a guffaw as he began. "We go over to beeg office; they have got ver' fine man waitin' for us and he say for us to stan' all in line—so. Ver' fine soldat is dot man, and he has flag—one flag like dot."

He jerked from his pocket a small, faded American flag and displayed it before the circle of hard, claylike faces gathered about him. He had torn the little flag from the roof of a shanty occupied by a gate watchman, as he had returned to the yards from the office of the general manager—torn it down when he saw the watchman was absent, and carried it away that he might before these men gathered about him offer it the insult he had thought out in his evil brain.

"A flag like dot he had, but beeg, and silk. Ver' fine dot flag. He say ever' man to step out from line and put han' to head and salute dot flag—so. Ha, ha, ha! Salute I dot flag—me? Sure t'ing, I salutes dot flag dot time w'en I makes dose words! But now—poosh! To hell with dot flag! I speets on dot flag—so! I kicks my foot on dot flag—so! I breaks dot flag in two pieces—so! I takes dot flag and I ——"

He did not complete that final insult to the now dirty and mutilated little flag, for at that moment, hurled out of the darkness above him, from up among the flapping belts and whirling pulleys, a heavy iron wrench came flying, thrown with a fine and accurate aim. It struck the Slav on the head with a terrific thump. With a grunt he sank down in a crumpled heap, his knees doubling beneath him.

It was a blow that would have fractured the skull of the average man, but at the works' hospital, whither the injured man was taken, the doctors could find nothing more serious than a prominent lump or two and a bloody bruise. They sent him home for the day. On the following morning he was back to work.

(Continued on Page 145)

With a Hammer Blow he destroyed the Fraud upon his Good Name

IT is related of a seventeenth century guild watchmaker that, when a watch upon which his name fraudulently appeared was shown to him, he angrily snatched it up, smashed it into bits with a hammer and presented another watch to the erstwhile owner, exclaiming:

"Sir, here is a watch of my making!"

To these old guild craftsmen watchmaking was almost a religion. Honest craftsmanship, perfection—these were the ideals for which they constantly strived. As a result, a guild watch of their making was a possession almost priceless.

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At Madre-Biel, Switzerland, these skilled craftsmen, with the aid of American machinery, fashion the movements. And on Time Hill, Cincinnati, is the American workshop where the movements are finally adjusted and fitted into beautiful hand-wrought cases—a real service workshop as well, where standardized duplicate repair parts may be obtained promptly by any jeweler in America.

You may see the Gruen Watches at one of the 1,200 jewelers', the best stores in each locality, to whom the sale is confined. Look for the Gruen Guild Service Emblem displayed by all Chartered Agencies.

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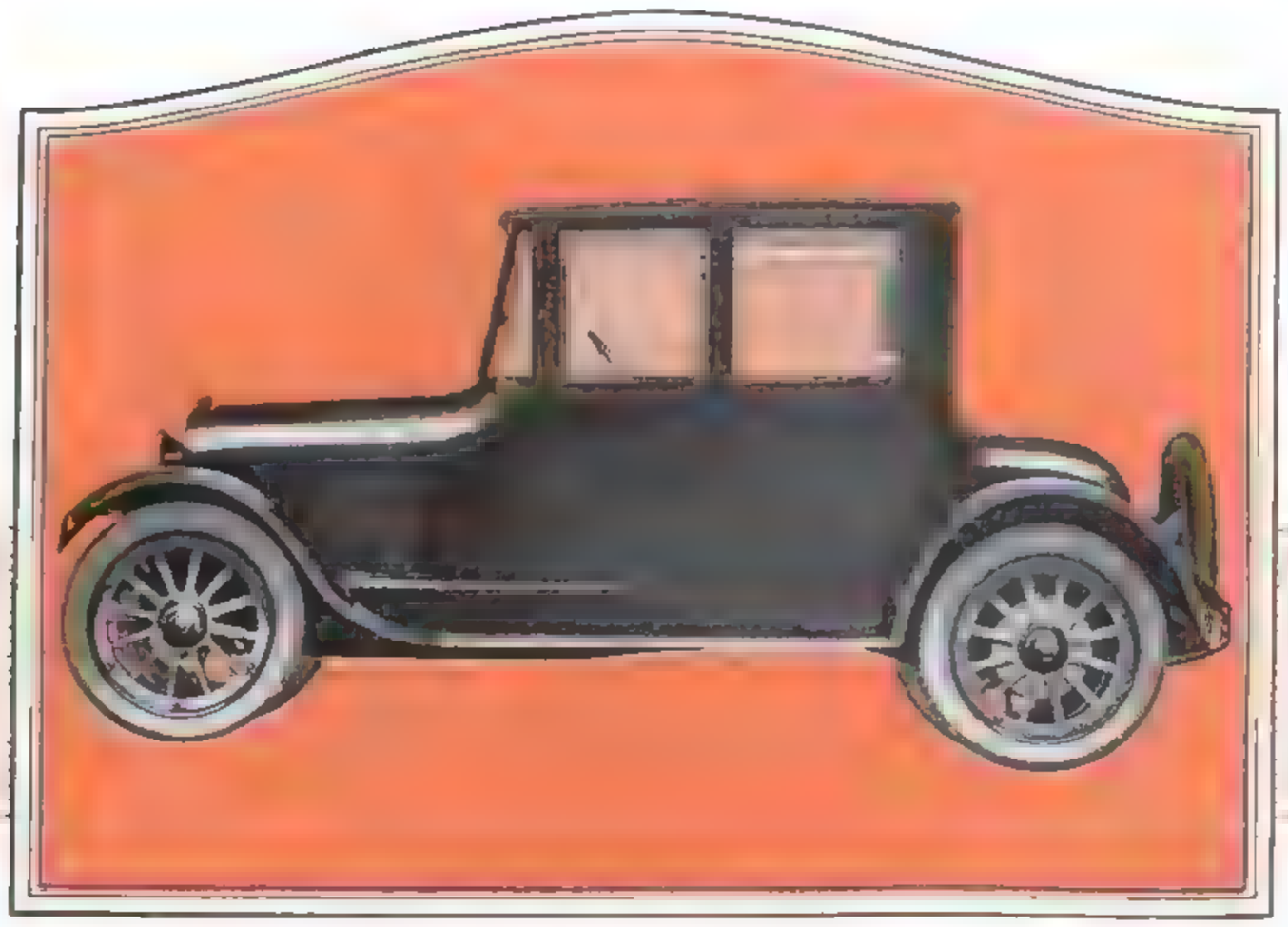
GRUEN Guild Watches



The New Six Coupe

Reo engineering is so universally recognized and appreciated, 'twere needless to dwell on the mechanical excellence of this new Reo Six Coupe. ¶ It is mounted on that same wonderful chassis—changed only in details of springs and controls. ¶ Note design of the new body—the simple but graceful lines, the aristocratic appearance. ¶ If you could examine as closely the internal construction—the hollow built-up frame, the stout bracing, the aluminum panels, and the craftsmanship that is everywhere applied—you would say that in concealed excellence this Coupe fully justifies its external beauty. ¶ Upholstered in silk velour for milady—or leather if *you* prefer.

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ST CATHARINES, ONT.

REO

(Continued from Page 142)

But he came back with a new and a fiercer glare of anger in his eyes, a more dangerous light than any that had ever shone out of them before. Somebody would have to suffer for that blow; somebody about Claxton Mills would have to pay dearly for that blow, and he was certain he could point out the man who had dealt it. Smuggy Stapp, the negro oiler, had come back to work, he knew. Two or three times he had caught glimpses of him moving about the mill, but the two had not yet come face to face. Who but the negro would have thrown the wrench? Had he not called him a bloody hunky that time he had been talking to his men of the sinking of the passenger ship? There was his man without a doubt! He would watch for him, lie in wait for him, and when he caught him—ah! Even if he should be mistaken, if it should later prove that the negro was not guilty—what difference? There was that other matter—that needed settling.

He was not mistaken in his man—Smuggy Stapp had hurled the wrench. Just a minute or two before he stooped to pick it up from the floor at his feet and to hurl it with all his strength straight at the head of Steve Slipinsky down there below him he had climbed up among the shafts and wheels and pulleys with his oil cans, and from that vantage point he had paused to look down upon the gathered assembly. Then had come that disgraceful happening, and he had promptly put a stop to it. At the moment he let fly the iron tool from his hand he could have killed the Slav—he threw to kill.

He had at once hurried down into the mill and was on his way to report to the mill foreman what he had witnessed—yes, and to confess what he had done—when he stopped, found a bench, sat down, scratched his head and fell to musing. What good would it do to tell Fennigan? Fennigan wasn't an American—not the right kind of an American for times like these. Fennigan would jump on him, curse him, fire him out of his office no doubt. Maybe he should tell Dawes. But Dawes—he was almost afraid to go to Dawes. A man in his poor position to go to the superintendent? Why, Dawes had never even glanced at him! Still Slipinsky must be reported, for he was a dangerous man to be about in such times as these. Here was an enemy in their very midst, desecrating the American flag, and he ought to be—he must be punished! Finally he mustered up sufficient courage—but with none whatever to spare—and sought out the mill superintendent and told his story.

"And that wrench—did you throw it?" demanded Dawes as the excited little man paused in his vocal rattle.

"Ah mos' suttinly damn did, sah!"

"Well, this is a fine story you come to tell me—almost killing the best laborer I've got! Why, you ought to lose your job for this, and then be arrested and jailed!"

"But the flag, sah, flag ——"

"Shut up and get out of here! I hope Slipinsky beats you up right!"

Astonished, mortified, sick at heart, the negro limped away, trembling with rage, cursing, half crying.

"Ain' nobody got no guts?" he moaned. "Ain' nobody got no patri'tism? Where's all the 'Mericans gone to? France? It suttinly do beats hell!"

Dawes was angry. He would have ordered Fennigan to discharge the negro at once, but he couldn't do that. He knew the chief of the accident and claim department, Thayer, had, in settling up with Smuggy Stapp for the injuries he had sustained in the company's plant, due to company neglect, agreed to give him back his job; and it had been specified in that agreement that the oiler was to be permitted to hold that job as long as he wished, provided he performed the required duties connected therewith. Dawes knew it would never do to have the attention of Thayer called to this flag incident—Thayer was another patriotic crank. He couldn't discharge the oiler—not at present anyway.

Discreetly the oiler kept out of the way of Slipinsky, for he knew the man was dangerous at all times, and no doubt he suspected him, Stapp, of having thrown the wrench, if indeed he did not know positively that he had thrown it—Dawes would tell Fennigan and Fennigan would tell the Slav. Besides, he had no wish to lay eyes upon the loathsome beast that he now despised as he had never despised man before. And for several days the two saw nothing of each other.

Then one morning as the oiler was stooping over a flowing water pipe where he had stopped to get a drink a heavy hand seized him, jerked him back, and for a moment swung him clear of the floor.

"Here, nigger, w'at for you drinks w'ere w'ite mans drink, hey?" roared a savage voice in his ear.

The negro knew who had seized him.

"Le' me go, you hunky, you no damn good hunky!" he screamed, struggling to free himself from the powerful grip in which he was held. "Le' me go!"

Slipinsky glanced about him. He was in an exposed place in the mill, and he saw that a dozen pairs of eyes were turned toward him, watching the affair between him and the oiler. He could not take his full revenge here—he would have to wait and catch his prey in a more secluded, out-of-the-way place, out of sight of curious eyes, so that if the worst should happen, as he was determined it should, there would be no trouble afterward—no witnesses to testify against him.

"Le' you go, eh?" he chuckled, holding his victim as easily as he might have held a child. "Le' you go, eh? Sure!" And he lifted the squirming, struggling man farther off the ground, swung him out and away from him and kicked him, kicked him with one of the heavy hobnailed shoes he was wearing, loosening his hold at the same time.

The oiler fell to the floor and lay there moaning and writhing in pain. The Slav's heavy shoe had struck upon the leg that had been broken, and which had not yet completely healed and was still sore. The foreigner, laughing and leering at his victim, walked slowly away and passed out of the mill. Some workmen came and picked up the negro and helped him to a bench. There he lay for an hour or more before he was able to hobble away, and when he went the limp that was to mark his walk for the remainder of his life was now more pronounced than it had been before.

He stopped at Fennigan's office and started to relate what had happened, quivering with anger and pain, sick with humiliation. The foreman quickly stopped him.

"I know all about it!" he shouted. "I saw it! And it serves you bloody well right too!" Dawes had told him about the throwing of the wrench.

"But looky heah, sah—Ah'm a 'Merican, by golly, an' dat Slipinsky ——"

"Get out of here with that damned American stuff! I'm fed up on that chatter till I'm sick of it! Skiddoo! And if you intend to stay round these mills you want to tend to your own business! D'ye get me? Beat it!"

The little black limped away. There was no other recourse now. He would not, he could not go to Dawes! He would have to look out for himself—that was all! Slipinsky was to be protected. He'd have to seek his revenge in his own way for that kick; he'd have to protect himself in his own way from future injury at the hands of the Slav.

When he came to work next morning he was carrying a razor, a new razor, stowed away in his trousers pocket, and back in the shadows of the oil house he sat down to reexamine it and to whet its polished blade on the palm of his hand. Someone looking in at a hole in the side of the building saw him there—saw what he was doing and hastened to tell Fennigan. The foreman came and looked in at the hole. The whetting of the new and shining blade was still going on.

"That nigger is goin' to do some carvin' round here if we ain't careful," Fennigan said to Dawes a little later, after telling him what he had seen.

"Better tip Slipinsky to leave him alone and to steer clear of him," returned Dawes. "I'd fire the black scroot if I could, but that accident he had here and the settlement old Grandma Thayer made with him makes him a fixture with us so long as he does his work, and I guess he always does that. But keep him under your eye, and if you see him lying down on his job let me know. And you tell him to leave that razor at home or we'll—you make him understand, Fennigan. Talk rough to him."

Fennigan attempted to make the man understand, threatening him with loss of his job if he brought the razor into the mills again, but the little man refused to be disturbed. He was calm in the face of his foreman's threats and abuse.

"Yes, sah, Ah has a razah in my pants pocket," he said when Fennigan paused in his tirade, "an' dat li'l' ol' razah am suttinly goin' to stay right in dem pants pocket! If you likes, sah, Ah'll go right ovah an' tell the gineral managah of Claxton Mills prezackly w'y Ah'm mo'ally boun' to tote dat li'l' ol' razah, sah!"

Fennigan took alarm at the unexpected words. He didn't want the man to go to the general manager. General Manager Trotter of Claxton Mills was a terror, once he was stirred up, and it was something like this kind of a case that did stir him up.

"You keep away from the general manager!" yelled the foreman.

"Yes, sah. Ah suttinly don' hone none to go visitin' to the gineral managah's office, an' Ah won', sah, if you likes. But dat razah, sah, she stays right in dat li'l' ol' pants pocket, sah!"

Fennigan went to Slipinsky and warned him of the danger that was threatening him. The Slav was not a little disturbed—Fennigan's words made him uneasy. He had heard of the uncanny skill of negroes in using the razor as a weapon of defense or attack. He had once beheld in a saloon in the foreign settlement of Lakesedge a man dying from a slashing he had received at the hands of a negro razor wielder, and the recollection of those purple spurts of blood shooting out the deep, gaping gashes on the man's neck—it wasn't a pleasant thing to recall just at this time, right after learning that a negro with a razor was looking for him.

"He won't go after you if you leave him alone, but if you ever make a move toward him you want to make it quick," was Fennigan's last word of advice as he moved away.

The Slav grunted and sat down to think it over. No thought of abandoning his resolve to get the negro sooner or later entered his head, but he quickly decided that he would not go about it in haste—he must be cautious. He must not give his enemy any opportunity to use that keen-edged blade. He must take his victim unawares—slip up and strike him from behind. He could watch for a chance and drop a red-hot billet upon him some day when the oiler was down beneath the loading conveyor oiling the machinery there; or he might be able to hide behind a column or partition upstairs and by a sudden attack shove him into the flying wheels and the grinding gears there in the darkness; or he could conceal himself near the tank conveyor and tip the man over into the boiling water through which the red-hot billets were running. Oh, he would have his revenge in time for that blow on the head with the wrench, but he must not forget for a moment that razor the negro was carrying!

The little oiler continued to whet his new razor on the palm of his hand many times each day, not only in the dark seclusion of the oil house but openly too as he stood or sat or sauntered about the mill when his work was caught up and he had a few minutes of leisure. Sometimes in sight of Slipinsky he would set down his oil cans, take the glittering instrument from his pocket and stand smacking its shining blade back and forth over the greasy, yellow palm of his black hand. When he did this the Slav had eyes for nothing but his work.

Though the negro made no move to bring himself into actual conflict with Slipinsky, he did not go an inch out of his way to avoid meeting him. Whenever the two men approached each other in their goings to and fro about the mill Smuggy Stapp's right hand would drop down to his trousers pocket, and the widening of the distance between the two men, which always then occurred, was caused by the sudden swerving of the Slav, not by that of the negro.

A fire hotter than the fires of patriotism was now burning in the heart of Smuggy Stapp. He had been kicked, brutally kicked by a foreigner, by an avowed enemy of his country, by a wretched, low-browed beast in human form that had befouled and insulted the American flag! He had been kicked, and he had suffered physically from that kick. But he had suffered not so much physically as he had mentally—there was the humiliation, there was the shame, there was the disgrace of it all! It was more than he could bear, more than he would bear! Give him but an excuse, a little excuse, the merest hint of an excuse, and America would have one less enemy! They had refused to permit him to go to France to help kill Huns—why couldn't he, why shouldn't he, kill one here?

Aside from that one disturbing and unpleasant fact—that a negro was watching

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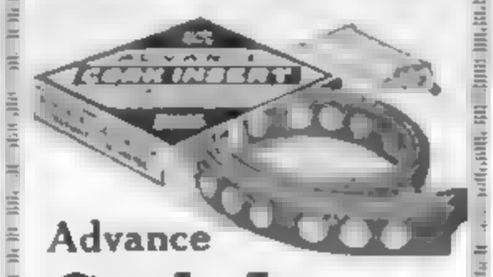

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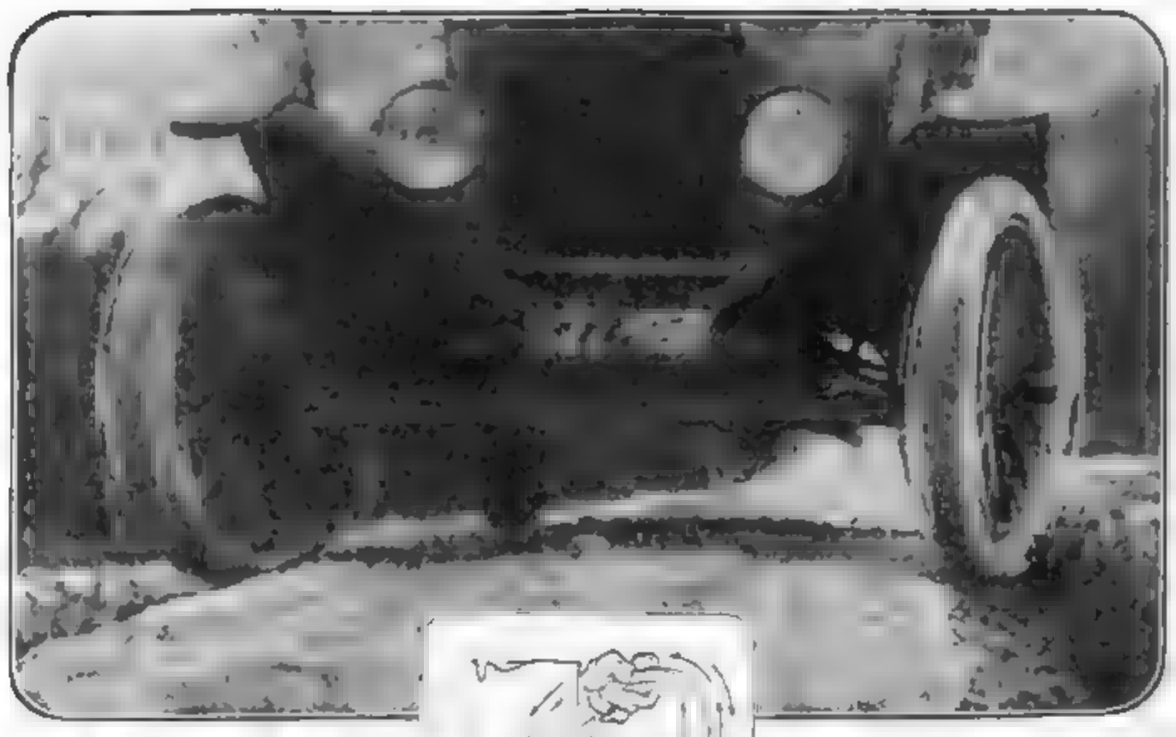

The front wheels of the light car traveling a rutted road, or pitted pavement, lash constantly to right and left. Tires are subjected to excessive wear.

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him every minute, waiting for an opportunity to cut and slash him to ribbons with a razor—Slipinsky was enjoying life, for everything about him was quite to his liking. His wages, along with the wages of other workmen of the mills, had been raised to a new high mark—he was drawing big money now; he had succeeded in having his gang increased again in numbers; no one found fault with his drinking, with his coming to work drunk, with his leaving his work and the plant to go out and carouse and bring in cans and flasks of liquor; Dawes continued to slip him many an extra dollar; the Americans all about him, wherever he met them, were still the same easy-going, idiotic asses he had ever found them to be. Going to war had not made them wiser—if anything, it seemed to him, they had grown more foolish. It was a fine country to live in just at this time, this wonderful America, with all Europe overrun with fighting armies, and with every available man of Europe hurrying to the battle fronts. If he had not come to America when he did he would now no doubt be one of those fighting men over there—they would have found him—they would have impressed him.

One day he discovered a new theme in the foreign-language newspaper he read, a theme of such unmeasured interest to him that the war as a subject for his daily consideration was quite forgotten. Russia, the great and powerful and hateful Russia which he knew so well, had revolted! The masses there had risen up in their might, overthrown the government, murdered their rulers and were now in supreme control of everything! What mattered it now how the war ended, who won it, whether Germany or the Allies? Here were the ultimate victors, everywhere, the world over—the people, the common people, the workers, men like himself!

Here was the realization of the dreams of those men with whom he had associated in Germany and Belgium and Russia, the anarchists, the radical socialists! Had they not told him the day was coming, was near at hand, when the masses would rise up and rule the world? When all government would be destroyed? When he and his comrades in toil would walk the earth, their own earth, earned by their toil, free men, to do and say and think what they wished? When the double curse of riches and poverty would disappear and there would be neither rich nor poor? When no man could say to him, "Do this and do that," "Do not do this and do not do that?" Ah-ha! So it had come, that day so long prophesied! The people, the masses, the workers were to rule—he himself would have a part to play in that ruling! Good! This was indeed news worth while!

There were societies in America, in Lakesedge, like those to which he had belonged in Europe, and he was not unacquainted with them. But heretofore he had found them dull and uninteresting—the war afforded a livelier theme than did the subjects discussed at their meetings. Now these societies took on a new life, became hotbeds of enthusiasm, and he began attending their meetings at every opportunity he found. Fiery orators sent out by these societies, mounted on soap boxes, appeared along the streets of Lakesedge and in the public square and in the parks, haranguing whatever listeners they could draw about them, telling of the wonderful things that had been accomplished in Russia, prophesying, promising a like upheaval in America. With eager ears the Slav drank in their words, chuckling, gloating over the good times that were to be.

The people, the masses, the workers were to rule—that was the message he heard over and over. He, a wanderer in America, a common laborer in Claxton Mills, would soon be helping to rule America! Ah, but there was a glorious day approaching for him and for his comrades in toil! What a figure, what a personage he would be when that day came—he with his mighty arms, his muscles of steel! What fun he would have, what havoc he would work on the property of these American millionaires who rode in fine automobiles, lived in stone mansions, sat in luxurious offices and issued orders to the men who toiled, owned these towering buildings, these rich stores filled with all the good things, all the desirable things of the world! What a time of it he would have!

The people, the masses, the workers were to rule, the fiery orators to whom he listened told him. They were to take over all the industries and operate them, as had been done in Russia by the revolutionists. He—he a common day laborer at Claxton Mills, working for Fennigan, working for Dawes, would soon be helping to run Claxton Mills! Ah, but he would have a good job out of it—he would see to that! He would take Dawes' job, he told himself; he would wear good clothes, a white shirt, a stiff hat as did Dawes, and he would stroll about the mill, issuing his commands, looking wise, criticizing, ordering this to be done and that to be done, as did Dawes. And one of his first acts would be to clean out that bunch of American workmen there at the mill and put men like himself in their places. Those Americans, workers though they were, were not of the masses, not of the ruling class that was to be. Wait—he would show them! The war? Poosh! Let the war go on or stop; let it end in whatsoever way it might—what mattered it now? Russia had spoken, Russia had shown the way—the rest of the world would answer her call.

And the war in Europe dragged on and on. More young men left Claxton Mills and Lakesedge to don the khaki in distant cantonments, there to go in training and make ready for service beyond the seas. Young Americans they were, every one of them, and the positions and jobs they gave up were taken by hard, clay-faced foreigners, many of them known to be listed as alien enemies.

Where the agents of Claxton Mills found so many of these lusty, big muscled men none but those agents knew—it was one of the mysteries of Lakesedge. In they came by dozens and scores and half hundreds, arrogant, self-confident, haughty, sneering, to go to work about the roaring mills, giving little, demanding much.

And the management of Claxton Mills rubbed its hands and chuckled and said, "Ah! What would we have ever done in this emergency without these fine fellows?"

And Claxton Mills continued to make steel, to make much steel, and Claxton Mills was receiving wonderful, unheard-of prices for its steel products. And the management of Claxton Mills continued to raise wages, paying more and more to the fine fellows that were now doing their work than they had ever dreamed of paying to the young men who had set out for France. For the fine fellows who were making it possible for Claxton Mills to continue turning out the high-priced steel products were constantly demanding better wages, better wages and still better wages.

"Oh, give it to them—let them have it!" laughed the management of Claxton Mills. "We've got to have them, and they know it! We've got to keep them in good humor, so let them have another increase in pay! But with our old employees, the stand-bys, those whom we need not fear, we can pinch a little. It won't be necessary to raise every man's pay, not every man's, you know. Ha, ha, ha!"

Thus the management talked to the department heads.

One day Smuggy Stapp, looking in his pay envelope for the extra money which, according to the posted announcement regarding the last wage adjustment, he knew should be there, failed to find any extra money. He spoke to Terkman, his timekeeper about it, asking if a mistake had not been made.

"No, there's no mistake," replied Terkman.

"But it was to be a gineral raise, wasn't it, sah?"

"Not exactly, Smuggy, not exactly. Some got it and some didn't get it—that was the kind of a general raise it was. You're out of luck—you didn't get it. And I'm out of luck—I didn't get it. And there's a lot of others out of luck too."

"Did—did the hunkies git it?"

"You said it, young feller—they got it!"

"Slipinsky?"

"Slipoutsky? You bet!"

"An' you didn't git it an' Ah didn't git it, huh? Is you a 'Merican, Mistah Terkman?"

"I certainly am, old sport!"

"An' me too, sah. An' you didn't git the raise, Ah didn't git the raise, but the bohunks all git it, eh? Well, sah, all Ah can say at this pretickler minute is dat I'll suttinly be damned! An' w'ile Ah'm at it Ah'd like to say a few mo' remahks."

And he made his remarks, made them in such an outbreak of profanity, in such a medley of strange oaths, sizzling curses,

(Continued on Page 149)

COFFEE

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TWO—Measure proportions carefully, both COFFEE and water.

THREE—When serving hot COFFEE, serve it *hot*. Never recook.

FOUR—Use water only at full boiling-point in making "drip" COFFEE.

FIVE—Strain or settle carefully. All COFFEE is clear if properly made.

SIX—Keep COFFEE-making utensils clean.

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Works from the Dash

Dash Lever Shutter Open Partly Closed Shutter Closed

Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 146)

blistering maledictions, that Terkman, accustomed though he was to hearing hard language, listened to him in amazement. When he had finished, the timekeeper reached over and slapped him upon the back.

"Smuggy, my boy, we're out of luck!" he laughed. "Let's hook up with the bohunks!"

The oiler went back to his oil room, there to sit down and ponder on this new twist to things that concerned him personally. It was a knotty problem, a problem that was too much for him—he couldn't solve it. Here was an army of foreigners, alien enemies, employed about Claxton Mills, and these men were enjoying a raise in their wages; here was he, and there were others too, Americans, denied that increase. Here was Slipinsky, who had rejoiced over the murder of defenseless Americans, who had desecrated the American flag, who was drunk half the time, who was a trouble maker, a bully, a brute—Slipinsky was to be rewarded by a wage increase; here was he, Smuggy Stapp, a native-born American, who had expressed a willingness to go to France to fight for that flag, who had never broken a rule of the company while he had been in its employ—Smuggy Stapp was to get nothing!

"It suttinly beats hell, the debbil an' all his helpers!" he muttered.

He realized there wasn't a thing that could be done about it—there was no one in a higher position to whom he could go and express his righteous indignation, no one to whom he could make protest. Fennigan? Damn Fennigan! Fennigan, without a doubt, got the raise! Dawes? Damn Dawes! It was Dawes' doing!

He filled his cans with oil, gathered them together and went out into the mill and climbed up overhead among the long rows of spinning shafts and rumbling gears. There he sat down on a beam for a few moments to watch the fascinating scene below him. It was a spot he often came to when his work was in good shape, there to stand or sit and gaze spellbound at the mighty work going on down there far below him.

He saw the great white, dripping ingots come lumbering in from the soaking pits, to be hurled with thunderous crashing and popping through the whirling rolls, pounded down and down and down into smaller sizes and shapes—into blooms, into billets, into bars. The monster engines heaved and coughed and strained at their Herculean tasks, and together with the roar and clatter of the rolls, the clangor of falling steel gone cold, the growling and snapping of the munching shears, the grinding and the shrieking of gears and wheels and cranes and motors, made a bedlam of sound that was as music to his ears. He never grew weary watching it all, and listening to the splendid din, and ever was he consciously proud of the fact that he, insignificant and relatively unimportant though he and his duties might be, had a part to play in the doing of this big work. And doubly proud was he of that part of his in these days of war, as he reflected what all this work was for down there—to help win that war that Uncle Sam was fighting beyond the ocean.

"Got to keep it goin' just like dat all the time now," he muttered as he sat with his chin cupped in his hand, gazing down upon the laboring mills and engines. "Can't stop now—can't stop fo' nothin' now. Steel fo' France—dat's w'at it all is—steel fo' France! Guns, cannons, booms, ships, airyplanes, swo'ds, pistols, barbed wiah, hemmets—steel fo' France, by golly! Couldn't quit ol' Claxton Mills not now if Ah wanted to, an' Ah suttinly does feel like quittin', after a dirty deal like dat gineral-raise stuff! But Ah reckon Ah couldn't make myself quit, not if they took all my wages an' give 'em to the hunkies! Got to do my paht—got to help git out this heah steel fo' France! It suttinly beats the debbil how dat patri'tism gits a fellah!"

So he stayed on and on at Claxton Mills, working faithfully, performing his unpleasant, dirty tasks without murmur, though the whispered word "unfair" was often on his lips, and bitterness was in his heart—stayed on because something told him he would be a shirker, a slacker, a poor American, were he to quit his position now. And his enemy, against whom he was ever on his guard, for whom he was ever watching, with his razor keened and lying in his pocket—Slipinsky too stayed on and on at Claxton Mills, favored by his bosses, feared by his bosses, doing little, demanding much—and receiving much. More pay, shorter hours, more help—the Slav was instrumental in obtaining each and all of these. And the management of Claxton Mills smiled, rubbed its hands, took profits, waxed fat and blindly sowed the wind from which sowing the whirlwind was one day to be reaped.

No longer did the Slav talk of the war, of its progress and of its outcome, to his gang gathered about him in the gloomy building where they met to loaf, to smoke, to eat, to swill their cans of beer and their flasks of whisky. The revolution, the coming revolution—that was now his constant theme. A good time, a wonderful time was ahead of them—the people, the masses, the workers were to rule!

"Get ready, comrades, for the big day that is at hand, when you and I will be the bosses here—when these mills, when everything will be ours! Get ready to strike and to strike hard when the great day arrives!"

Thus he talked.

Once for a period of four months he was absent from the mills with an injured foot, the result of an accident he had himself caused in one of his drunken spells. During that time he was almost constantly in the company of the men who were laying plans and making ready for the coming revolution, listening with his eager ears to their prophecies and promises, absorbing all their evil doctrines and teachings, saturating himself with hatred for law and order and decency and justice and righteousness; learning to abhor progress; learning to despise intelligence; learning to loathe civilization.

The war in Europe ended. Armistice day, with all Lakesedge delirious with joy! Armistice day, with bells ringing, whistles blowing, bands playing, people singing and laughing and crying! Armistice day, with the sun rising on a new world, a better world, a cleaner, a more wholesome world! But the Slav heard nothing of it all, saw nothing of it all, felt nothing of it all, for he was shut away in a gloomy, dirty room over a saloon with those planners of a day that was to be greater than armistice day.

"But what will we do when all the American soldiers come home?" one of his gang asked one night at the mills.

"Poosh! Fear nothing from them!" replied Slipinsky. "They are but white-faced milksops, those American soldiers. They cannot do our work. We have made our places here—we will keep them! We will keep them as long as we wish—and that need not be long. A little while and things will be different, my comrades! Wait!"

Khaki-clad men began to appear on the streets of Lakesedge. Day by day was their number augmented—the boys were coming home from France. Some of them came to Claxton Mills, skilled workmen, and took up their former work there; some of them who had left employment there to go to France found there was no place for them now at Claxton Mills. They were told their places had been permanently filled.

"Tell them we are sorry, but conditions have so changed in their absence that we are helpless to assist them," said the management of Claxton Mills to the department heads.

"Sorry boys," said the department heads, "but things are not as they were when you left. Good luck."

Jim Raggs, gas poker, clad in the uniform he had worn in France, came out to ask for his old job. Smuggy Stapp, glowing with pride, marching in step close to that uniform he had not been permitted to don, accompanied his former fellow workman.

"Nothin' doin', Jim," said Fennigan. "See Dawes."

"I'm not taking on any more niggers," said Dawes, turning and walking away.

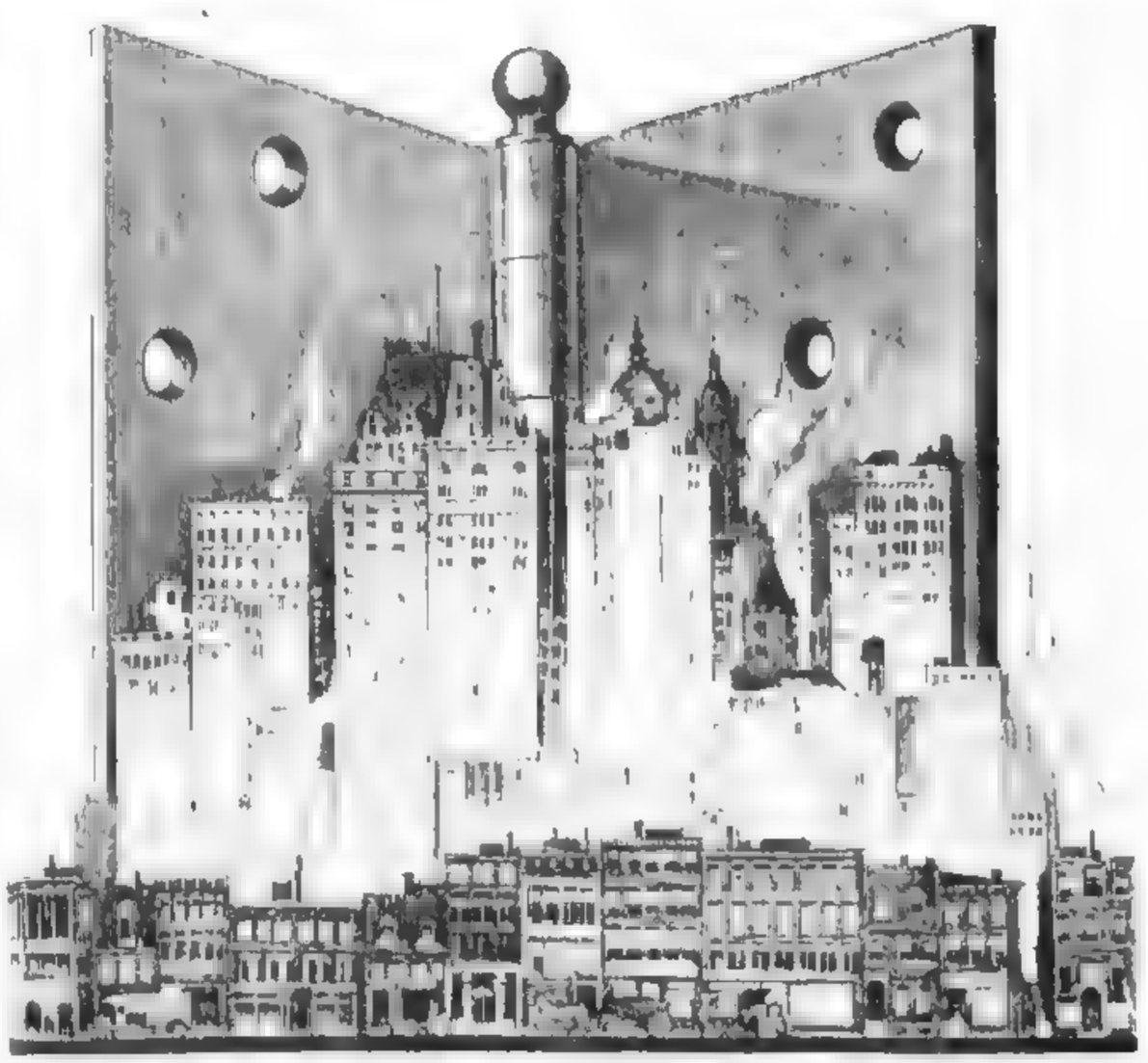
The two negroes looked at each other in wonder and surprise and doubt. Could this be? Had they not misunderstood Dawes?

"It suttinly beats the debbil!" said Smuggy Stapp.

"Fear nothing from that yellow vermin," laughed Slipinsky to his men when he heard that not all the soldiers who were former workers at the mills were to come back to work.

"We've got our places and we'll hold them! They need us—they know they can't run this plant without us. They've said so. Get ready for the big day—we'll be running these mills ourselves soon!"

The Slav did not forget the menace that was continually hanging over him in the shape of that keen-edged razor carried by the negro oiler. Nor did he forget that



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blow from the thrown wrench, and he had not put aside his resolve that sooner or later he would take revenge for that blow. Once had he almost accomplished his purpose, that day when he held a white-hot billet gripped in a pair of tongs over the stooping form of the oiler down below him among the wheels of the loading machinery. But just as he was ready to release his hold on the heavy piece of steel the oiler had moved away, unconscious of the danger hanging over him.

"I'll get him yet!" muttered the Slav in anger. "I'll get him yet! When the day comes and I'm in control of things here—ah-ha!"

And he wished they would hurry things along, those planners. This waiting to come into his own was growing irksome—why did they not hurry? Was not the time ripe for the upheaval?

May Day, and a horde of hard-faced, evil-eyed men marching through the downtown streets of Lakesedge, each of them carrying on his shoulder a heavy club to which was fastened a red flag! May Day, and the sound of the singing of the Internationale echoing through the streets of Lakesedge! May Day, and the mayor of Lakesedge gone a-fishing, leaving behind him orders to the chief of police not to start anything! May Day, with little groups of khaki-clad men standing along the curbs watching the parade of the red flags, with anger in their watching eyes, with their fists clenching and unclenching, with muttered curses on their lips, every man sensing the inevitable clash!

Well in the van of the mob of marchers marched Slipinsky, towering head and shoulders above the small, undersized men about him, his ugly face lighted up by a smirking grin as his evil, piggish eyes darted from right to left, watching the scowling men in khaki gathered along the sidewalks. The club he bore on his shoulder was longer and heavier and larger than any other club carried that day, and so his own red flag fluttered higher in the air than did any other flag there.

"Carry the red flag, every marcher, and be sure the flag stick is a stout one, stout enough to break a head," had been the order to the marchers, and Slipinsky had chosen his bludgeon with care.

What it was that started the clash, what was the incident that brought every red-flag club down from the shoulder on which it rested, what it was that so suddenly sent flying into the street both watching soldier and civilian—lawyer and doctor and preacher and teacher and business man—every witness there in whose veins flowed real American blood—there to fight with bare fists against the sturdy clubs of the red flaggers—it is not clear. It might have been an insulting word cast at some displayed American flag; it might have been a curse, a jeer hurled at some watching soldier; it might have been the result of a prearranged signal. Whatever it was it came—that clash, that inevitable clash, sensed by every watching man that wore the khaki that day, when they saw this horde of marchers with their red flags and with clubs for their flag sticks.

In an instant there burst forth from the middle of the wide street the ugly sounds of mob battle—clashing of clubs, curses, howls of pain, the thudding of fists striking on human bodies, wild yelling, scattered pistol shots, moans and groans and grunts and heavy breathing—a noise revolting, indescribable.

With a bellow of maniacal rage Slipinsky had brought down his club from his shoulder and swung it back for striking. A young soldier, white faced and emaciated, with an empty sleeve pinned across his breast, was advancing rapidly toward him, his one fist clenched and drawn back. Smack! The club struck the man on the side of the head and he sank down to the paving stones without a sound. A gray-haired man in civilian clothes came running, and leaped over the fallen body of the soldier, his eyes flashing, his face distorted, his hands awkwardly raised. Crash! The club struck, and with a cry of pain the man staggered back, an arm broken.

"Ja wohl!" yelled the big Slav. "Ja wohl! Come on! Come on! Hoch der revoloosh!"

And he wielded his heavy club with telling and awful effect, swung it until a piece of paving stone came flying at his head, struck and sent him to the ground unconscious.

One of the watchers on the curb that morning was Smuggy Stapp; another was Jim Raggs. They had come downtown together—the oiler was working nights that week—and both of them had been listening to the murmurs of indignation about them; both of them had watched the approach of the marchers with angry eyes; and both of them had leaped into the street the moment the battle had started. Smuggy Stapp had seen Slipinsky go by, and now his hand dropped down for his razor, but it was not there—he had not taken it from his working clothes.

"Nothin' to fight with but fists!" he muttered. And then he chuckled as a club came flying through the air and fell almost at his feet. "It suttinly beats the debbil w'at luck some folkses has!" he laughed.

And he seized the club, ripped off the red flag that was tacked to its heavier end and sprang into the midst of the fight, to lay on with all the force and strength and enthusiasm he possessed.

He was still laying on with undiminished vigor when the police arrived and took charge—the police that had been held in the side streets and at the stations by order of the mayor who had gone a-fishing on that day that trouble threatened. Loath as he was to disobey the mayor's instructions that he was not to interfere with the parade, the chief of police was forced by circumstances to order out his bluecoats. And Smuggy Stapp watched with satisfaction the rounding up of the red flaggers, the loading of the injured ones in wagons, the marching of the others off to jail.

"Well, let's call it a day, Jim, an' go git sumpin col' to drink," he suggested to his companion.

Slipinsky, when he returned to consciousness, found himself in a patrol wagon in company with several other bruised and battered comrades. In a few minutes he was in jail—in the palatial jail in which he had once before been confined—in fact he was locked in the same cell he had occupied that other time. But he was not alone now—two others shared the cell with him, to number their bruises with his, and to mingle their curses and threats with his.

"Don't be discouraged," he told his cell mates. "It was only a beginning—it was our first move. Wait! The big day is coming! And don't worry—we'll be out of here in no time. I know these Americans—they are fools, idiots, asses!"

He was not mistaken as regarded his quick return to freedom. The mayor of Lakesedge, who had gone a-fishing on May Day, returned from his fishing trip the day following. He regretted the unfortunate occurrence, he rebuked his chief of police, and he at once set his followers to work to procure the speedy release of the imprisoned paraders. In a day or two the jail was emptied of its new occupants—no one had been punished for the three murders that had been committed in the streets of Lakesedge, for the innumerable injuries that had been inflicted on citizens of Lakesedge, for the disturbing of the peace and dignity of the city of Lakesedge. Slipinsky went back to his job at Claxton Mills. It had been a fine experience he had had. What would the big day not bring him?

Nothing deterred by the unpleasantness of their May-Day venture, the planners of the coming revolution moved steadily forward with their work, organizing, spreading propaganda, getting ready. A representative of the Russian revolutionary government had arrived in New York, and was quoted in a published interview—"We are ready to set up our own government at the proper moment."

Get ready! It was the word sent out broadcast over the country. Get ready for the big day! Get ready by beginning at once to establish the period of destruction that must necessarily precede the period of reconstruction! Let there be shirking and slacking in work! Let there be sabotage! Let there be constant and threatening demands for better wages, shorter working hours, improved working conditions! Let there be demanding and demanding until the employers of labor refuse further concession, and then would come the gigantic strike, the nation-wide strike that was to paralyze industry, throw the country into turmoil and make it an easy prey for the revolution!

And the management of Claxton Mills met demand after demand, raising wages, shortening working hours, giving all that was asked, saying, "Let them have it—we must keep things going, for there is much money to be made these days. Let them have it—the public will pay."

(Continued on Page 153)

BLABON ART Linoleums

In the homes of America where good taste rules in the furnishings, Blabon Art Floors of Linoleum are finding increasing favor. Artistic patterns and beautiful color harmonies adapt them for every room in the house. Inlaid pattern 164 is shown here. For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet.

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(Continued from Page 150)

And when the attention of the management of Claxton Mills was called to the fact that there was an unusual, an unheard-of destruction of property going on in their plant—breaking of machines, spoiling of steels, wrecking of cars, burning of small buildings—the management of Claxton Mills shook its wise head and said, "We must expect strange things in these abnormal days."

But there came a time when the management of Claxton Mills could not see its way clear to grant further demands—and it said so. And other industrial concerns in other parts of the country balked at the continued demands that were being made on them. Then there came floating in rumors of a strike, rumors of a quitting of their work by all the workers of the country, rumors blown in on every wind that there was to be a great nation-wide strike—vague rumors, but persisting, and the management of Claxton Mills grew uneasy.

Every workman at the mills knew there was a strike coming; that an effort was to be made to close down the huge plant. Some of those workmen—those who approved of the strike and were to take an active part in making it a success—knew all the prearranged details, knew who were to be their leaders, what day had been chosen for its calling; others—those who were opposed to the proposal, as a thing unnecessary, wrong, and un-American—knew nothing and could learn nothing other than that there was to be a strike.

One of these former was Steve Slipinsky; one of the latter was Smuggy Stapp. For Smuggy Stapp continued an employee of the mills. With that forgetfulness characteristic of his race, the little oiler had long ago ceased to brood over the injustice he had suffered back there when he had been refused the increase in wages due him. Since that time his pay had been growing larger steadily, and he was now making big money, bigger money than he had ever dreamed of making. He liked his job, he liked the noise and clatter and hurry of the big mills—he was happy and content.

"Strike? W'at the debbil'd Ah wanna strike fo'?" he demanded of one who broached the subject to him one day to discover how he stood. "Keeps on like it's been keepin' on lately Ah'll be strikin' 'gainst gittin' so dog-goned much! I'se gittin' so rich it's makin' me lean to carry all my dough, dogged if it ain't! I'se li'ble to be gittin' real onery if dis big pay keeps up! Strike? Nothin' to strike fo'! Jus' one t'ing Ah don' like dat's dat dog-goned night-shift wo'k. Ah hates it like Ah hates sin. But it's got to be did somebody's got to wo'k night shift, an' Ah reckon Ah can stan' it, but Ah suttinly mistikes dat night shift, by golly!"

How he hated that night shift! It was a terror, a dread to him. For he would get sleepy when working nights—he couldn't help it—and he was always fearful lest he neglect his work, forget to pour oil on some gear or engine or wheel or pump, and the bearings would be ground out and the machinery ruined. As midnight would approach he could not hold his eyes open—he simply had to have a little sleep then. And in the small hours of the night, when his vitality was at lowest ebb, and there would come over him that physical weakness and mental depression that run with those hours, he always imagined that death was very close to him, and he did not like to think of death.

When he had first taken this job of his years before, he almost went crazy for want of a few minutes of sleep round the midnight hours. Then he discovered that by hurrying with his work in the early part of the shift he could take half an hour or an hour for himself in which he could secure a refreshing nap. And he had found a little dark corner back of a huge reversing engine that drove the great ingot rolls into which he would crawl and there snooze and snore in undisturbed bliss, for no one ever went back there so long as the engine was functioning properly.

So about the midnight hour on that last night of his service at Claxton Mills he had crept into his hiding place and quickly fallen asleep. The pound and crash and thundering of the gigantic engine near him troubled his slumber not at all, nor did the constant vibrating of the iron bed plate on which he lay—the noise of the engines and the roar of the mills could not waken him.

But something else wakened him that night, and very shortly after he had fallen asleep. Without moving his body he opened his eyes and lay wondering what it might have been that had roused him in that strange way. It wasn't noise—the engines and mills and motors were working without a break in the sound they gave out. Had he been dreaming, or had somebody walked past his hiding place and looked in upon him? Was there someone near by now? He lay very still, listening. No, he had dreamed—there was no one about. And he closed his eyes and again slept.

Then an instant later he was again wakened. Certainly someone was close by. He sat up and peeped out between the two great castings near which he was lying. Ah! There was somebody—he could see a stooping form over there by the cylinders! He was puzzled as to who the man might be and what he could be doing there. Was it a machinist? The night master mechanic? An engineer? Whoever it was, he was busy about something, stooping over and working below the big cylinders of the engine. The negro squirmed about and got to his knees that he might see better. Just then the man at the cylinders straightened up and turned. It was Slipinsky!

The oiler scrambled to his feet and his hand dropped to the pocket of his trousers and jerked out the razor. Slipinsky was there on some evil errand—for no other purpose could he be there! His work did not call him to that part of the mill—he could have no business there whatever! What was he doing about that engine? Let it be what it might, he must be stopped—at once! This would be a good place, a good time to square accounts with the big beast anyway! It was a good place and a good time to exact payment for that kick! Some things he could forget—he would never forget that kick!

But quickly as the watcher's brain had resolved, quickly as he had made ready for action, the Slav had acted more quickly. For he suddenly darted away from the cylinders, and in a second was gone from sight, disappearing behind a row of columns and a mass of machinery.

The negro stood gazing in the direction taken by the running man, still confused and somewhat startled by the unexpected appearance of his enemy in such a place and at such a time. And as he stared, before he had moved, there came a mighty crash, a deafening roar, a sound of rending and breaking steel, and a heaving and trembling of the ground beneath him that threw him from his feet. Broken and shattered pieces of machinery were hurtling through the air and rattling down on every side of him. Streams and sheets of fire and flame shot up from the engine, and there burst out a loud hissing and screaming of escaping steam.

Terrified and trembling, he leaped to his feet and fled away, but as the uproar suddenly ceased and only the sound of hissing steam was heard he halted his flight and looked back. He knew what had happened—the mighty engine that drove the ingot mill had been wrecked—blown up! That was what Slipinsky had been doing in there by the cylinders—placing his bombs!

He was gazing upon the scene of destruction when he saw men running through the mill toward him—Fennigan and the machinist and an engineer, with other workmen following. He went forward to meet them.

"Say, boss, Ah seen dat Slip——" he began, but the men rushed past him, paying no heed to him, intent only on viewing the destruction at close hand.

He stood looking after them for a moment, then started for his oil room. There he sat down in the darkness. What should he do? Go to Fennigan and make him listen to his story? That might be the right thing to do, but would Fennigan believe him? Should he wait until Dawes had reached the mill and tell him? But would Dawes believe him? Both of them had turned on him each time he had tried to speak to them. Believe him, Smuggy Stapp, if he told them he had seen their favorite Slipinsky wreck the engine? Why, they might rather suspect him of having done it—probably they would! He had been in there, he had been seen coming out of there just a minute or two after the explosion! Tell Fennigan, tell Dawes, and have them curse him?

But the crime! Slipinsky should be punished! Why, Slipinsky ought to be killed for doing a thing like that! So this was the way they were going to wage their battle—those strikers!

Whispers of what certain radical elements were about to attempt in America had come

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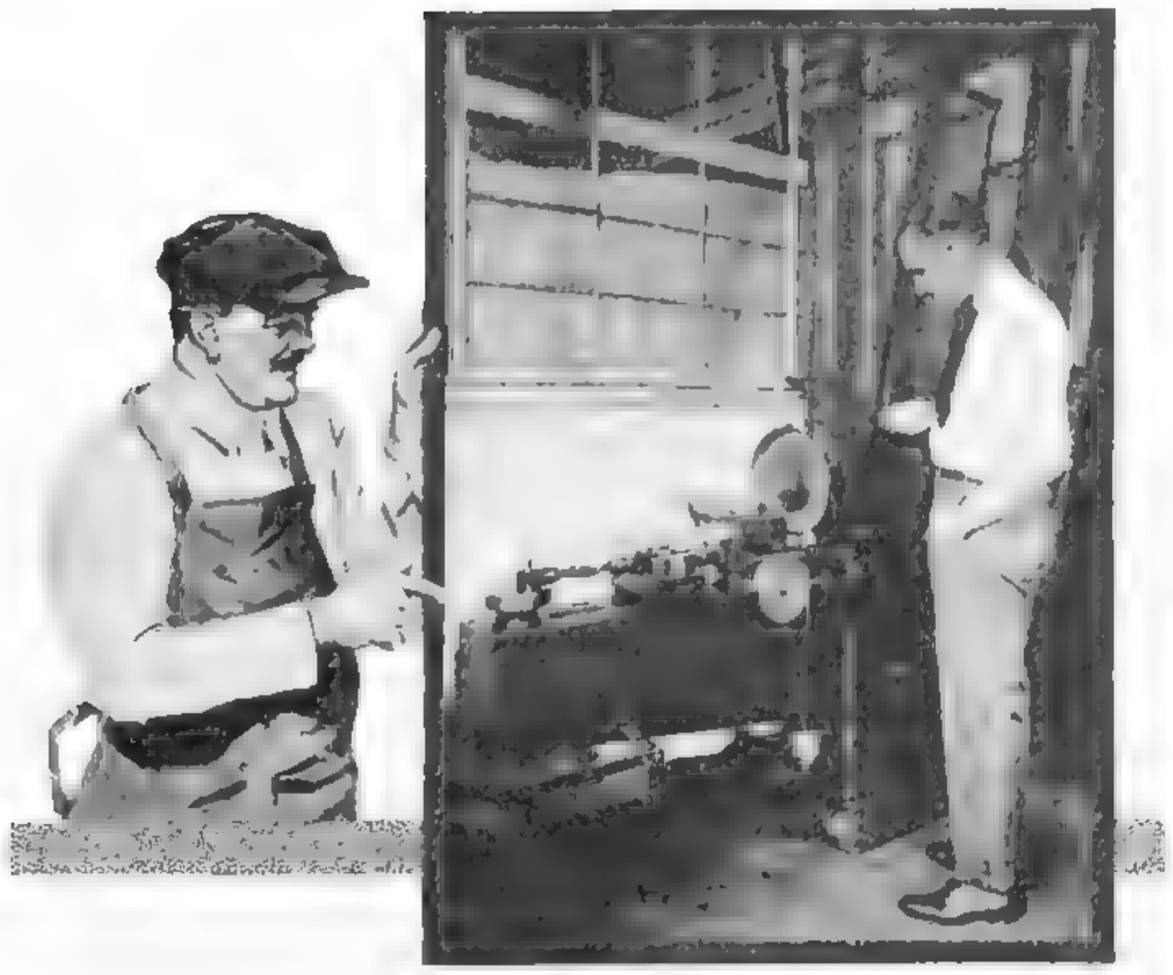

Leadership doesn't come like a meteor

F. G. pulled out his watch and turned on the current. The queer looking machine in the corner of the laboratory tuned up. "Our leadership," said F. G., "has to be insured somehow. We do it with machines. Machines tell the cold-blooded truth."

And when he'd finished putting that wizard-like machine through its paces, I knew what F. G. meant by "leadership insurance."

Here's the story—

When Speed-grits abrasive discs were entered in the market sweepstakes, they hurdled their way straight into first place. Disc users—the regular fellows, superintendents, foremen, workmen—all spotted them as first under the wire.

But up in the Manning Abrasive Company's plant at Troy, N. Y. (the home of Speed-grits) they are "show me" men.

These flesh-and-blood question marks wanted to put a stop-watch on the speed of Speed-grits—to find out with precision exactly what production Speed-grits discs could reel off when pushed to the limit. But how? No machine could be found which would tell *exactly* how great a difference existed between one disc and another. So they set to work and made one.

The result? Look at the machine shown above. No human being could possibly make the test that it makes. No human being could possibly hold material against a grinding disc at a scientifically exact constant given pressure.

Manning Speed-grits

Look for this trade-mark on the back of every belt, sheet or disc.

But this machine does that and more. On it Speed-grits discs are tested out against discs of every known brand—grinding tests on steel, iron, brass, alloys, etc. Before they are turned out into the manufacturing world to spread the increased-production idea, Speed-grits must qualify 100% for their part in the big industrial race. Also—

Day in and day out, these same "show me" men are busy making up new types of Speed-grits discs, which are tested on the new testing machine, tried out against the present Speed-grits leaders.

"Incidentally," I said to F. G., "this vigilance 'bug' of yours is sure cramming in good service for Speed-grits users. Why not tell them about it?"

"Go ahead," said F. G.

So I have.

Today, wherever there is a fine finishing being done look for Manning Speed-grits—today manufacturers are finding the difference between ordinary abrasives and Manning Speed-grits
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Emery Cloth
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Manning Speed-grits
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Don't say sandpaper—say Speed-grits

to the ears of the negro, and though he did not wholly understand, he knew it was something evil, something threatening to him and to his country, something that must be crushed. The American flag was to come down to wave no more, he had been told, should these radicals succeed, and in its place would go up the red flag, that rag under which he had seen Slipinsky marching on May Day, the rag he had fought against that morning.

He knew, too, that the day set for the big strike was near at hand, though the exact date was a secret. Perhaps to-morrow was the day, and this act of Slipinsky's the beginning of the destruction he had heard foretold. Slipinsky ought to be seized at once—somebody ought to be told! The man deserved death! He ought to be killed! He ought to be killed! He was repeating the words over and over to himself, muttering them, whispering them, speaking them aloud, emphasizing them with curses.

He got up and left the oil room and walked out into the mill. Passing by little groups of workmen gathered here and there, he overheard their talk as they excitedly discussed the wrecking of the big engine and speculated on the time that would be required to put it into running shape again. A month, two months, three and maybe four would pass before the mill would be going again. New patterns, new castings, new cylinders, new bed plates, new housings—they talked of these things.

Once as he paused in a dark corner he heard men speaking in low voices on the other side of a tool box against which he leaned.

"Some damn fool has spilled the beans!" he heard one say in broken English. "We wasn't ready yet! This may block our game! They'll be warned and get the soldiers in!"

He did not understand—he wondered what was meant.

Should he tell Fennigan? He kept asking himself the question. Fennigan wouldn't listen to him! Should he tell Dawes? He was afraid of Dawes. He would tell neither! To-morrow morning early he would go to the office of the general manager, demand a hearing, and tell everything he knew to that high official! But—and this thought disturbed him—Slipinsky in the meantime would have fled, and the fellow must not be allowed to get away. He wondered where the man was now.

For a half hour and more he wandered aimlessly about the mill, listening to the talk of the workmen, cudgeling his brain, trying to decide what was best to do. Then he became conscious of the fact that the men in the mill were staring at him in a new and strange manner. He grew uncomfortable. Why should they be looking at him in that manner, as if he were some stranger come among them? He left the building and went outside into the darkness. Close by where he stopped he heard voices.

"The nigger done it! We seen him comin' out of there a minute afterward. Wait till Dawes comes!" It was Fennigan's voice.

The little negro shivered and a cold sweat broke out over him. So he was to be blamed with Slipinsky's crime! This monstrous thing was to be put off on him! Rage, hatred, anger against the man, awful in its intensity, burned up within him, blazed and flamed a hundred times more fiercely than ever before! He had been kicked by this foreign beast—disgraced, humiliated, put to shame—and now, now he was to be charged with his crime! Slipinsky ought to be killed! Why, he would kill him himself! He'd hunt him down this night, now, before he had left the yard—he must still be somewhere in the plant—and cut him into strings!

"Got to git me out of heah, out of sight!" he muttered. "They'll be nabbin' me as soon as Dawes comes, an' how'm Ah goin' to prove Ah didn't do it? Gawd, if Ah only had a teacupful mo' of brains right now!"

He thought of the old pump house over the oval hot well behind the ingot mill. He would go there for a few minutes to think about this new danger that was staring him in the face—no one ever went in there, no one would come looking for him there.

A single, dusty, long-used electric bulb was faintly burning in the old building. He stood in the doorway for a moment, peering about the big, cluttered room, hardly able to distinguish in the dim light the objects it contained. Then he limped in. He remembered there was an old bench in one corner, and he moved toward it.

He stepped upon the plank covering of the well and started to cross over it. Suddenly he stopped, shrank back and from his lips came a gasp of surprise and fright. There was a man lying by the manhole, part of his body resting on the door itself, stretched out full length on his back, with his hand, palms up, thrown out on either side. It was Slipinsky—Slipinsky in drunken slumber.

In the early part of the night the Slav had left his work, gone outside the plant through the fence and to one of the saloons near the mills, where he drank deeply of the cheap whisky sold there and talked loudly of the big day that was now so near at hand. Knowing he was speaking to sympathetic ears, he had freely divulged the part he was to play in ushering in the long-waited day. To him had been assigned the job of wrecking the ingot mill, three nights thereafter. And as he talked he gloated over the havoc he would soon be working. He boasted of his prowess, his leadership, his power; he pictured to his hearers the scenes they would soon be witnessing, and he continued his drinking until his brain was afire, his soul aflame, his heart a little hell. And when he went back to the mills it was to sink down in a stupor out of which he roused, confused, wondering, uncertain, lost as to time. He imagined this was the night when he was to act his great part, and looking at his watch he saw the appointed hour was at hand. And he had crept into the mill, made his way unseen to the engine, placed his bomb, which he had brought to the mills that night and hidden, and lighted its fuse.

With the sound of the explosion roaring in his ears, he had rushed into the mill with other workmen, mingled with the gathering crowds, and talked much and loudly that he might draw attention to himself and so be able afterward to account for his whereabouts at the time, if that should become necessary. But the fumes of the liquor were again and quickly at work on his brain, and feeling the stupor coming upon him, he went out and sought the old pump house, where he might lie down and sleep undisturbed. He had often gone there before to sleep—no one ever went into the old pump house.

As Smuggy Stapp recognized the man lying there before him his hand went quickly to his trousers pocket, and the polished blade of the razor shone in the light of the electric lamp swinging directly overhead. Scarcely breathing, he stood and looked at the ugly, sensual, mottled face, stooping to observe it more closely, to make sure the man was not shamming sleep. But the regular rising and falling of the mighty chest, the animal-like sounds coming from between the thick, puffy lips, the sharp, pungent odor of whisky—these things told the negro that his enemy was wrapped in that kind of slumber from which he would not easily waken.

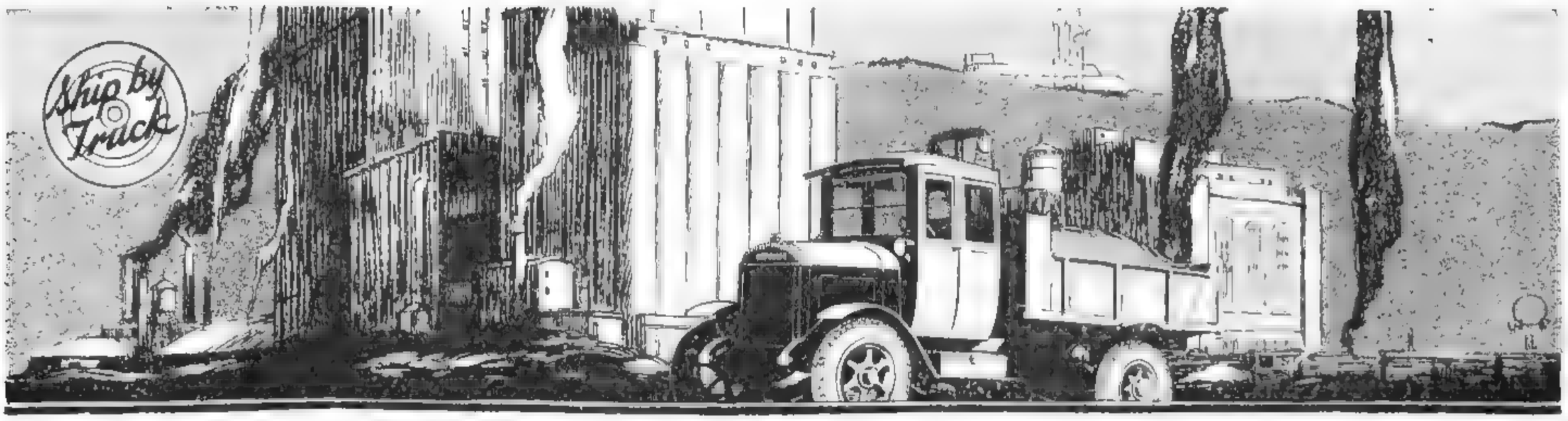
"It suttinly beats the debbil w'at luck some folkses has all to once!" he chuckled, beginning to whet his razor back and forth over his leathery palm. "Yes, sah, it suttinly does!"

He took a limping step forward, and another, and yet another, until he stood directly above the recumbent figure, bending down toward it. He would kill Slipinsky that night, he had told himself, and he would—now, this minute!

A slash on this side of that white, pulsating bull neck that lay exposed above the collar of the rough working shirt the Slav was wearing, a slash on that side, both blows delivered in the same quick instant, and this Hun, this red flagger, this wrecker of mills, this desecrater of the American flag, this foreign beast that kicked American citizens would be out of the way! That kick—the shame, the humiliation, the disgrace of it. To be kicked by a loathsome thing like this!

For the moment all other feelings, all other causes for hatred of the man lying there before him were swept out of the little man's soul, and a surge of searing anger hotter than any that had yet burned within him, hotter than the flame that had burst out a few moments before when he heard Fennigan fixing this man's crime upon him, now poured over and through him, stifling, smothering, suffocating. Kicked—kicked by that ugly beast there! The polished blade of the razor again smacked upon the yellowish palm, then went creeping out toward that pulsating bull neck. A slash on this side, a slash on that side and

(Concluded on Page 157)



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(Concluded from Page 154)

The reaching hand stopped, crept forward again, hesitated, wavered for a little moment and then drew back, and the negro straightened up.

"'Twon't do!" he whispered. "'Twon't do like dat! They'd fin' him layin' heah an' ever'body'd know it was me done it, 'cause ever'body knows Ah been totin' a razah special fo' him, an' they'd have me in no time! 'Twon't do!"

He stood gazing down at the sleeping Slav, a frown on his brow, a puzzled expression in his face.

Then his eyes fell upon the cover to the manhole, beside and very close to which the man was lying.

"Dat's it!" he muttered. "Dat's the big idee! Pull off dat covah an' roll him in the well aftah Ah do the cahvin, an' he'll be out of the way good. But dammit, dat won' do nuther! Blood! Blood'd be all ovah ever't'ing, an' of co'se they'd look in the well, fin' the stiff, an' say Smuggy Stapp done it! 'Twon't do a-tall! But—le' me see.

"By golly! Ah'll jus' roll him in without cahvin' him! Suah!" He was talking to himself, whispering, muttering, with his lips scarcely moving. "Jus' roll him in, put back the covah, an' make one damn slick job of it!"

A cloud of warm, foul-smelling steam poured up through the manhole as he slipped back the cover. Down in the black depths of the well he heard the splash and gurgle and murmur of the water tumbling in from the many mains and drains and pipes.

It was a foul and nasty place in there—he knew what it was, for he used to go down in there once a day before the well was abandoned to oil a centrifugal pump that was located near the top of the big cavern.

The opening he had uncovered was longer than it was wide. If he rolled the sleeping man over as he now lay, the upper part of the body would come to the edge of the opening before the legs and feet, and it would drop in head first.

The Slav's slumber was profound; no danger of his wakening—Smuggy Stapp knew that, for he had seen drunken men asleep many a time.

His hands were under the huge shoulders and he was beginning to lift, when he straightened up and listened. Footsteps were approaching outside the building. He darted to an iron column near the door and slipped in behind it. The footsteps came nearer, seemed to pause for a moment in front of the door, then passed on. The negro stepped from his hiding place and into the doorway, where he stood peering out.

"I kill dot Smuggy! You watch 'em!"

The words came from behind him. He whirled about and the razor appeared in his hand as if placed there by magic.

"I fix 'em dot engine! Ha, ha, ha! I kill dot Smuggy! I raise 'em hell all time! Fine country, America! Poosh! Wait pretty soon we fix 'em all! Hoch der Kaiser! Hoch der revoloosh!"

The Slav was reveling and rioting in drunken dreams. His huge clenched fists were rising and falling; his face was twisted and distorted with horrible grimaces; from between his thick and swollen lips came guttural bellowings and snarlings. He began to squirm and turn, as one weary of lying too long in one position, and each movement he made brought him a little closer and a little closer to the black hole. The negro in the doorway watched him with fascinated eyes.

"Yes, sah, some folkses suttinly has luck hit 'em in big bunches!" he whispered, with a grin thinning his thick lips. "Dang me if he ain' crawlin' in his own self! Ah won' have nothin' to do a-tall!"

The muttering, growling, snarling Slav was rolling over now, cursing, laughing, babbling, drooling in his drunken dreaming. Now his head dropped down into the opening; now a hand and an arm fell in; now a shoulder began to edge in, and then the whole body went slipping, slipping, slipping, suddenly to plunge down and out of sight with a scraping and a clattering noise, while the heavy shoes of the man's feet knocked and banged against the boards as they disappeared.

"Slip in, Slipinsky! Slip in, slip in!" chuckled the watching negro. "Gone!"

A scream, muffled, stifled, distant, yet awful and terrifying in its note of desperation and despair, came hurtling up out of the black depths of the well. The watcher at the door advanced to the edge of the steaming manhole and looked in, turning his head to one side, listening.

He heard the sound of splashing water—nothing else.

Suddenly he fell to trembling, and cold and clammy sweat broke out over his body. In that instant, too, his throat had gone dry and parched, and his heart had checked its beating until he was all but suffocated. Fear had gripped him! There below him, close to him, was a dead man! Not Slipinsky, but a dead man! Not the big, brutal Slav he had hated so long, but a dead man! Not the foreign enemy that had desecrated the American flag, gloated over the murder of Americans, blown up the mill, helped to plan for the overthrowing of the American Government, but a dead man! Not the beast in human form that had kicked him, but a dead man! A dead man! A dead man! A dead man floating round and round in the foul and turbid waters of the well, down there below him, close to him!

With fingers and hands and arms stiffened with fright, he clawed and scratched and pulled and tugged at the manhole cover to get it over the opening, to shut away from him that thing below, gasping, shivering, shaking, struck through and through with all the terror and horror that can visit in one moment the soul of man, and as the heavy cover slipped over the hole he slammed it down into place and fled—out of the old building and away through the yard, running, limping, looking back over his shoulder with fear-dilated eyes.

Down through the dark mill yard, past the loading docks and the conveyor house and the cooling tanks he sped, clattering over the rough, cindery ground, stumbling over tracks and switches, looking back, looking back with eyes of awful fear to see if the dead man followed.

Three workmen from the mill, sitting by the loading bank, hearing the pounding of the runner's shoes on the broken cinders, leaped to their feet. As he came into the glare from the electric arcs they recognized him.

"It's the nigger!" one of them shouted. "Fennigan's lookin' for him—they want him! Head him off! Go that way, Bill! Get him!"

The negro found himself pursued, not by the dead man, but by men from the mill, and a new terror seized him as the old left him. He knew why they wanted to stop him—he was to be charged with Slipinsky's crime.

Already were two of them coming close behind him, and he saw another running to cut him off by the gas house. He swerved toward the high fence, ran limping into its dark shadow, came to a hole, leaped, shot through the opening and out into the railroad yard, there to disappear behind a moving string of coal-laden cars.

It was a new hole in the fence, one that neither he nor his pursuers knew to be there until that moment—it was the hole Slipinsky had battered through there with a sledge in the early part of the night when he went out for the liquor that was to muddle his brains and confound him into playing prematurely the part that had been assigned to him by the planners of the revolution.

The three mill men came up to the opening in the fence and there stopped.

"No use runnin' after him any farther," said one of them. "He's gone."

"Oh, it was the nigger who did it—no doubt about that!" said Dawes to Assistant General Manager Wilkes the next morning as they stood in the ingot mill discussing the explosion and looking over the wreckage of the engine.

"But why? Just why should he do a thing like this?" demanded the official.

"You can't trust those fellows. I'd have got rid of him long ago if it hadn't been for Thayer's agreement with him. I think his resentment against the company dates back quite a way. Terkman, one of the timekeepers, told me this morning that Stapp was mighty sore that time back there during the war when his pay wasn't raised along with that of the hunkies—as he put it."

"That was a big mistake," said the assistant general manager, turning to walk away. "I said at the time we were making a mistake, and I made my protest, but I was overruled. I said it would cause us trouble and—well, it has. And I'm afraid there's more coming."

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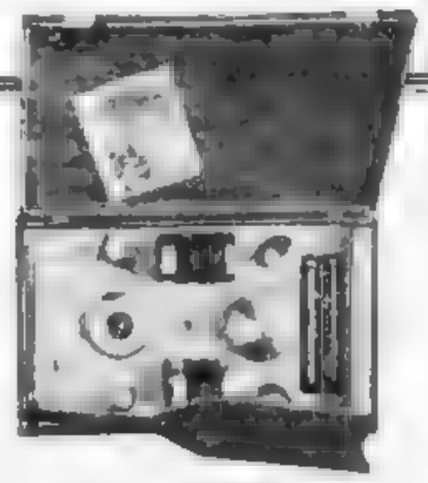

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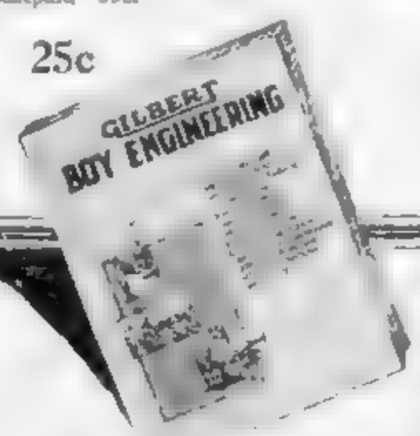

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BACK TO BARBARISM

(Continued from Page 7)

with the help of inciting the base instincts of the urban masses.

During the convention of the beggars' committees' deputies in December, 1919, the question was raised as to the insanitary condition of the city, which threatened great disaster. The superintendents of the houses pointed out the fact that the drain pipes in nearly all houses had frozen and that lodgings were flooded with filthy fluids coming from the toilets, as well as cesspools, and dust holes are not cleaned. To this the commissariat, Evdokinoff, who presided at the conference, did not find anything better to propose than the worn-out Bolshevist rule, namely: "To compel all the tenants in the houses, between the ages of seventeen and sixty, under threat of being arrested and confined, to proceed immediately with the cleaning of yards and streets, and the putting of the houses back into a sanitary condition."

What a *testimonium pauperiatis* for modern rulers, and what mockery of common sense, since this decree, besides its silliness, is addressed to the hungry, cold and impotent inhabitants of Petrograd, the whole life of whom, after the day's work in offices which are as cold as the apartments, is centered in the kitchen. It should not be thought that not only private apartments are left without fuel, and that the happy citizens of the free Russian Soviet Federative Socialistic Republic can warm themselves during the time they are at work; the communal and governmental institutions are in even worse condition than private apartments, because they are mainly located in houses with central heating, in which the frost has ruined all the fixtures and the pipes for carrying filth.

At Number 11 Chernishoff Street you may visit an institution bearing the aspiring title Commission of Sanitary Welfare of Petrograd, in which the central heating is out of operation in spite of all the endeavors to put it in order. With all the aid of all the means and knowledge of the municipal administration but few rooms are being heated with small iron stoves with pipes going through the windows. In this same institution you can ascertain that the water system and the toilets are out of operation, and probably you will see packages containing human excrements wrapped in newspapers and thrown out into the street; you may also see that the excavation barrels which were procured as a result of powerful patronage are having the contents poured out into the street in order to reduce their expensive passage. And right at this place there is a numerous personnel of men and women strenuously working, wrapped up in winter clothes, their fingers and noses having become blue with the cold.

Useless Hospitals

Nor is the situation better in schools and other educational institutions where children assemble, of course not for educational purposes, but in order to receive the soviet luncheon, consisting of a plate of weak soup and one-eighth of a pound of bread. Generally speaking, the whole school life has been converted into a continuous caricature. If one should attempt to visit a school at nine A.M., then, due to the absence of light, it would be possible to walk through the schoolrooms only by groping along; in the classes one would notice small shadows grouped round one big shadow—those are children wrapped up in their winter clothes, and the school-teacher is also wrapped up from head to foot to protect herself from the cold, performing her pedagogical duties.

What shall we state about the medical institutions? In October, 1919, fifty per cent of them were closed by a decree of the commissariat of public health. The remainder were given a hunger ration of fuel, which does not allow the temperature to rise above six degrees Réaumur [forty-six degrees Fahrenheit]. Some happy individuals, as a result of their personal efforts, received permission to tear down and saw into pieces, at their own expense, the houses which were requisitioned for this purpose, and in this way these people were able to maintain in their sick rooms a temperature of eight degrees Réaumur [fifty degrees Fahrenheit]. In view of the above the physicians and nurses in hospitals perform their work in rubbers, in winter overcoats and hats, and the patients lie in their beds dressed up in their woolen sweaters and with fur hats on their heads, and covered up with their own warm blankets.

The majority of patients are taken into hospitals without a preliminary bath and without exterminating their cooties. Under these circumstances what sanitary rules can be prescribed? How, under conditions as above described, is it possible conscientiously to examine a patient and treat him? I know of an instance where a sick woman was received in the hospital, which in previous times used to be a model hospital; she was suffering from acute appendicitis and needed an immediate operation. It was impossible, however, to operate upon her because there was no kerosene in the hospital; nor were there surgical instruments. Therefore she died from peritonitis. I witnessed the death of two surgical patients who had insignificant diseases—big ulcers after phlegmons—both young, and their death was solely due to the fact that they received nothing but the hospital ration and were unable to procure food from outside. Because of the progressive physical exhaustion months of treatment—such as replacing the skin—met with failure, and the hunger-ration decree of the commissariat of public health for the sick has led them to the grave.

Recently many of the hospitals that were formerly closed have been reopened for the needs of the red army, in view of the mass infection of the troops with spotted and intermittent typhus. Among such hospitals are the Evangelic Hospital, the Christmas Barracks, the Elisseevsky Hospital in Lesnoy, etc.

Spotted Fever Rampant

That Petrograd is facing a dreadful phantom of epidemics cannot be doubted, as it is impossible to doubt that the Bolshevist rule will be unable to cope with this calamity. With warmer weather the pipes in the houses and in the streets will thaw out, and the soil will be soaked with filth which has not been removed from the streets. Then undoubtedly not only spotted and intermittent typhus will rage, but also other infectious diseases; and first of all, abdominal typhus.

This condition is fully realized by the commissariat of public health and in the central office at Moscow, where a decree is being prepared ordering the mobilization of all physicians regardless of age, for combating epidemic diseases. The commissariat of public health has already applied to the physicians, who are overloaded with work to the last degree, with questions as to the faithful performance of their duties as well as the question of compatibility, and at the same time the commissariat demands from them, under threat, that they should not decline additional work. Anticipating the situation the chief of the sanitary epidemic division of public welfare, Doctor Antonovsky, formerly a naval physician and now a Communist, sent circulars out broadcast to medical institutions that were closed, demanding that all the medical personnel, not excluding physicians, should immediately be sent to him for commission, and threatening arrest if they failed to appear.

But until the time when there will be no union of medical employees who, in accordance with revolutionary standards, want to know only about the increase in wages and the decrease in labor; until the time when positions in hospitals will not be filled according to a party list rather than according to the medical or administrative census—it is impossible to speak of a strenuous struggle with antisanitary conditions in the city. In conclusion I wish to state that to everyone who is not influenced by Bolshevist hypnotism as to the future paradise on earth, who does not believe in the improvement of the régime on the ground that one-eighth of a pound of bread a day was added to his ration or that he was given one-half pound of sugar a month—I repeat, to every impartial investigator it is quite obvious that the Bolshevist régime has come to a complete absurdity and is living its last days.

Of course it is difficult to anticipate what direction the evolution will take, but I wish to mention one curious fact: In the commissariats of public health and public education there can be noticed a new tendency—namely, to eliminate the central office, together with all its undesirable elements, and

(Continued on Page 161)

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And everything had to be done over again in the Fall

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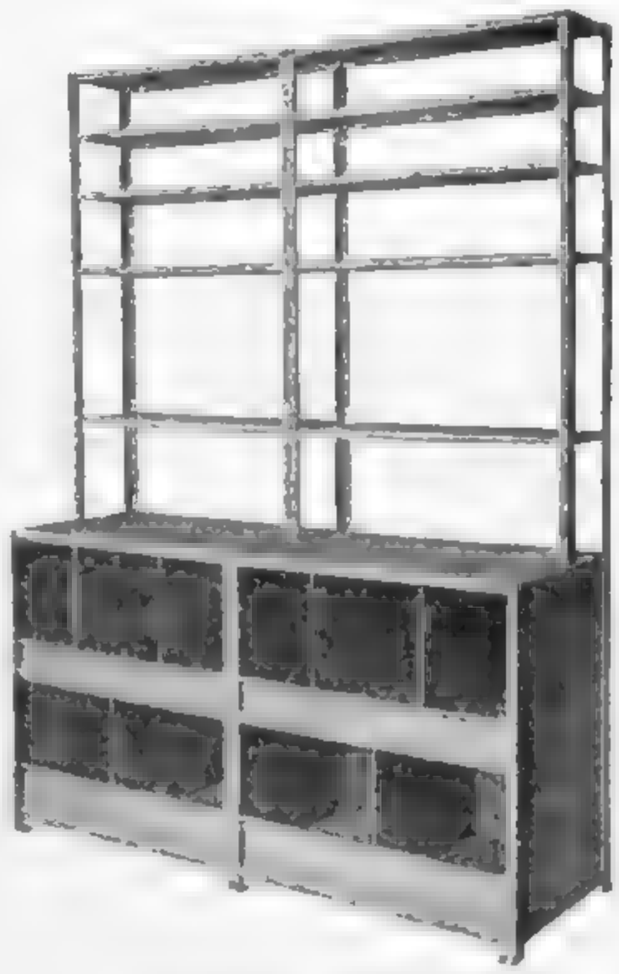

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(Continued from Page 158)

to transmit their funds to local institutions—in regional medical sanitary divisions and in regional soviets. In these institutions the power has been grasped by new persons, who have already raised the question as to the wretchedness of the collegiate administration and its substitution by individual management with greater authority.

REPORT OF CONTEMPORARY SANITARY CONDITIONS IN PETROGRAD
BY DOCTOR N. N.

Not having on hand statistical data pertaining to the spread of diseases and mortality of the Petrograd population I shall be able to give information only as to the medical institutions, about the college where I served and practiced, as well as about the sanitary conditions of houses, and about general conditions under which, at present, the inhabitants of Petrograd live, how diseases develop and how they are treated. Such a description will enable you to form a judgment of the general sanitary conditions of Petrograd. By the way, as to official data as to the spread of diseases in Petrograd, I must mention that these do not represent the real situation and are too approximate; they merely apply to spotted and intermittent typhus, and most of the cases do not come to the knowledge of sanitary institutions. This is mainly caused by the following:

The conditions in Petrograd hospitals and clinics are as dreadful as a nightmare. The population is well informed about them, and therefore the inhabitants try every possible means to remain at home when ill. As yet there is no governmental order making it compulsory to place in hospitals everyone diseased with spotted and intermittent typhus, but some local sanitary office of the regional soviets and house beggars' committees in separate houses compel the people—sometimes by force—to remove such diseased to hospitals. Therefore many physicians, taking into account the dreadful conditions of hospitals, out of pure mercy treat such diseased at their homes, provided conditions at home are more or less satisfactory. Such patients either are not reported or are reported under the diagnosis of Spanish influenza, grippe or any other disease. If we add cases of spotted typhus in a light form, or not typical of this disease, and also classed under some other diagnosis, there will accumulate a considerable number of diseased who were not classed as being sick with spotted or intermittent typhus.

Health Under Bolshevist Rule

We can judge in what state the hospitals of Petrograd are by the condition of the Petrograd Central Red Army Hospital—the former Nicholas Military Hospital—which to a certain extent is treated as privileged by the regional military sanitary department.

Since February first the above hospital has been converted into a hospital for epidemic diseases—namely, for those diseased with spotted and intermittent typhus and Spanish influenza. It was planned for twenty-three hundred patients. This occurred on account of the fact that in the end of January colossal numbers of those diseased with spotted and intermittent typhus, from the front and especially from the Narva front, were sent to the rear. It was rumored that approximately ten thousand diseased were kept in railroad cars near Petrograd because it was impossible to accept such a number of diseased, since all hospitals, evacuational institutions, etc., were overcrowded. The expansion of medical institutions was started and the remodeling of them into hospitals designed for epidemic diseases, organized under hospitals. Thus it was planned to convert the huge building of the first cadet corps on the Vasily Ostrov into a hospital for epidemic diseases, as well as to reopen those which were closed due to lack of fuel.

The condition of the sick in railroad cars in the vicinity of Petrograd is beyond description. Even if a train had a medical personnel, then all the members of the latter were sick. The diseased urinated and deposited their stools on each other, and there was nobody to hand them water or moisten their dry tongues, which cracked and bled. People froze their hands and legs, and froze to death, due to the frosts which prevailed at that time; and in addition to the main diseases they contracted pneumonia.

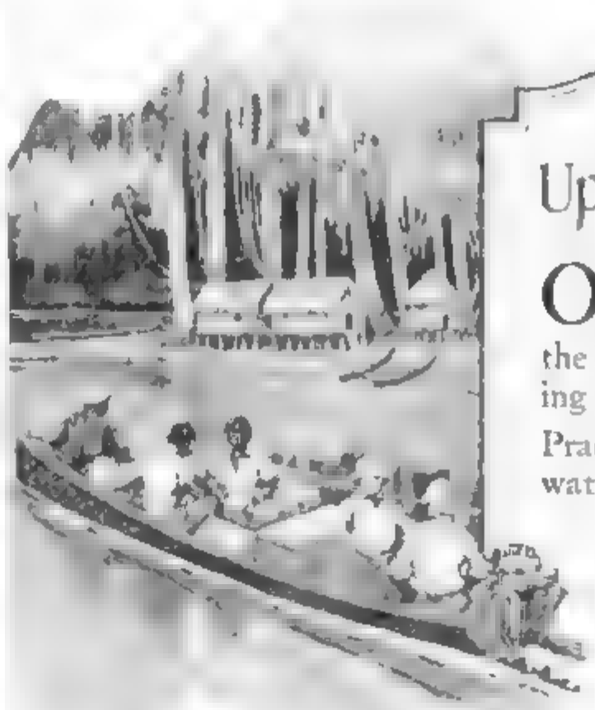
Both the diseased from the front and from the Petrograd garrison were taken to the hospital, hungry, dirty, all covered with cooties, and having skin diseases. Especially dirty were the Bashkirs. Without exaggerating one can affirm that all of them were sick with spotted and intermittent typhus. All those who were taken into the hospital were washed—as far as I know this was done only in our hospital—but, due to the scarcity of soap, hot water, and the small size of the bathroom, the washing is done carelessly. The majority are taken into the sick room, covered with cooties, infecting each other with spotted and intermittent typhus, and also infecting the medical personnel and their assistants.

The hospital inventory is in a chaotic state. People steal linen, nightgowns and blankets. The belongings of the patients are stolen from the lockers. Nurses steal wood and take it home. Both the patients and the lower medical personnel are engaged in stealing. The food ration consists of one and one-half pounds of black bread with an admixture of oat or millet flour. The bread is scarcely baked. For dinner they serve soup with frozen cabbage or potatoes with herring. The ration for those who are in a weak condition consists of beef soup—mostly horse meat—which is indigestible and weak. As a second meal there is a limited quantity of gruel, either wheat or millet. The patients do not receive eggs or milk at all; for coffee and tea—substitutes. There is no white bread at all. For supper some soup is served, only weaker. The patients are being cheated in their food rations.

Pitiable Conditions

As a general rule there are no medical implements, such as heaters, bedpans and rubber pads. There are one or two thermometers for every 150 to 200 patients. Medical supplies are very scarce and there is a complete absence of some of the most common and indispensable remedies. Bicarbonate of soda is not allowed; castor oil, pyramidon, phenacetin, etc., are not allowed; quinine and camphor oil allowed in minimum doses. Camphor oil is prepared from mineral oil and therefore it does not soak in at the place where applied, and provokes ulcers. Operations are performed under most difficult conditions. The sterilizing of surgical instruments, silk and material used for bandages is done very inefficiently, due to the lack of alcohol, kerosene and hot water. The temperature in the operating room varies from three to six degrees Réaumur; the patient freezes, and the hands of the surgeon freeze too. Almost all operations result in complications, such as pneumonia and ulcers. The temperature in sick rooms varies from three to six degrees Réaumur, and rarely rises above that. Aside from the bathtub in the receiving room there are none in operation. The pipes burst and the fixtures in toilets are out of order. The toilets themselves are in a filthy state. The laundry and fumigating plant work very inaccurately, partly due to the decay of the pipes and partly as a result of the lack of fuel. In the morgue of the anatomical section there accumulates an enormous number of corpses, and there are no coffins and no materials for bandages.

The lower medical personnel, such as hospital maids, agree to work only because of the red-army ration received by them, which is insufficient in the same degree as the civil ration; they are not trained for treating the sick; they are hungry, rough and lazy; they rob the sick and steal the property of the hospital. As to the nurses, there are many among them who are not trained. They are also hungry, tired, overloaded with work, crippled by difficult living conditions; and therefore they work carelessly. Physicians are overtired and exhausted in the extreme. Every physician has from 150 to 200 patients, and they work regardless of their specialty. Compatibility with other institutions, malnutrition, almost hunger, difficult traffic conditions, low temperature at home and at the office, continuous insults, suspicion, subordination, investigation of registration work, uncertainty as to personal safety and the safety of property, and, instead, an absolute assurance of contracting some kind of disease—have completely ruined the health of physicians and resulted in lamentable nervous exhaustion. The contraction of diseases among physicians and among the rest of the medical personnel is very frequent.



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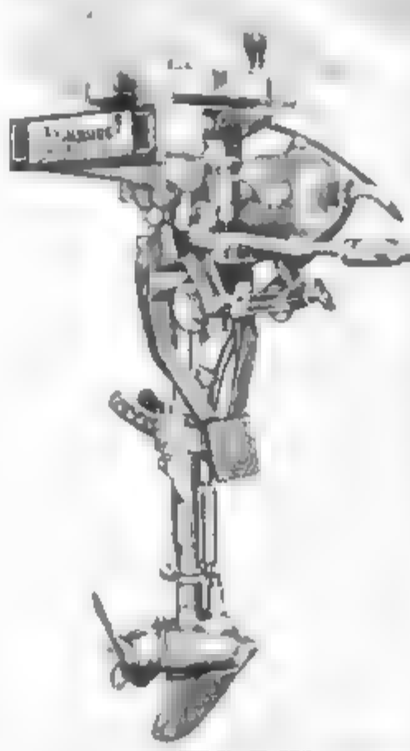

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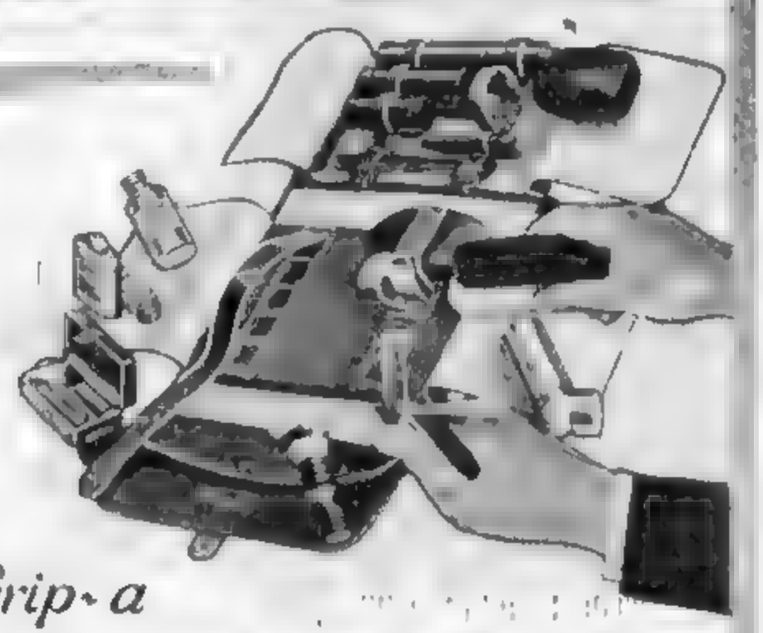

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Similar conditions prevail in all hospitals in Petrograd. Some of them are equipped a little bit better, but most of them are even in a worse condition. The sanitary condition of the Petrograd garrison is catastrophic. The soldiers are underfed. The lack of fuel and soap and the absence of bathing institutions have made the armories terribly filthy, and people are infected with cooties to an incredible degree. The soldiers ramble in the streets, crowding the street cars and the market places; they are engaged in bag carrying and contract diseases by the wholesale. They spread these diseases everywhere.

Having held the office of the chief assistant of the clinic for diagnosis of internal diseases, attached to the medical faculty of the Psychical-Neurological Institute, I am in a position to give a brief description of the condition of the medical college in Petrograd.

Scientific life has stopped entirely. There is no gas. Wood fuel is very scarce; so are alcohol and kerosene. It is impossible to obtain many chemicals, medicines and medical implements. It is also impossible to keep or procure animals for experimental research. The half-hungry, half-frozen professor's staff, with a completely broken-down nervous system, and the students, who are overburdened with work in many institutions, wasting their time while waiting in lines and running about from one end of the street to the other with no other thought than to procure bread, naturally are not in a position to devote their thoughts to science. There are no manuals whatsoever. All medical publications, both papers and journals, have been discontinued, while foreign medical publications do not reach Petrograd. The first and second classes of medical faculties were mobilized for combating spotted typhus. The fifth class was allowed to graduate in January, and therefore scientific study is pursued only in the third and fourth classes. Since 1915 the medical faculties have produced poorly trained physicians.

As a physician who visited both those affected by horrible misery and those who live in comparatively better conditions, I believe that sooner or later all the inhabitants of Petrograd, with very few exceptions, will contract spotted and intermittent typhus and Spanish influenza. Due to the lack of fuel, and considerable frosts in January and February, private apartments and public buildings were brought to a very unsanitary condition. Pipes burst, the water system decayed, bathtubs and toilets were put out of order, all the filth having come to the surface, while the tenants heaped up dirt to the last degree.

The Effects of Starvation

Dirt, rubbish and waste water are thrown out anywhere, on staircases, in yards, and even through windows to the streets. All this is not being removed. Dirt accumulates, converting houses into filthy places, in spite of the decreeing of sanitary days and weeks and the appointment of revolutionary committees of three or of five. The temperature in many apartments is below zero. The inhabitants do not undress any more, keeping on their fur overcoats while in their homes. They sleep with their clothes on, covered up with endless sweaters and scarfs. They do not wash for several months. They do not change their underwear and, of course, become infected with cooties. The slightest illness leads to most serious complications. Due to the effect of hunger and cold, in the skin on the hands and feet, especially among elderly men and children, there appear knots smaller or larger in size, which have a tendency of being converted into ulcers which practically cannot be healed.

I will refrain from discussing the question of feeding the Petrograd population, as the whole world knows about it. It is necessary to earn tens of thousands of rubles a month in order to be able to receive a little bit of fat in the food. Albugineous stuffs are almost excluded from food. Bread, potatoes and grain are given in small quantities, being of a poor quality, and being consumed in indigestible form.

In order to fill up the stomach with something, in order to create an illusion of satiety, the inhabitants of Petrograd drink without interruption different kinds of substitutes for tea and coffee, or plain hot water, consuming it in enormous quantities. As a result of this, puffiness and dropsy develop, which change the expression of the face to such an extent that one is unable to recognize his acquaintances, and which put the stamp of hunger on the whole appearance. The subcutaneous stratum of fat disappeared long ago among the majority of the population. At present the muscular tissue is being consumed; people are losing strength gradually. Part of the heart muscles are being used up. One excessive physical strain or even one slight illness is sufficient to bring the heart to a complete stop or to disorganize it for a long time. Due to the loss of muscular substances and the weakening of the muscular tissue the skeleton muscles are unable to perform sufficient work, which leads to the disorganization of the urinary apparatus and of the evacuation of the bowels.

The spread of intense anæmia often provokes fainting, the discontinuance of functions among women, and accentuated paleness of the skin, becoming like wax in color. The central and peripheral nervous system is in such a state of complete exhaustion that there develop an accentuated loss of memory, weakness, apathy, heavy neurasthenia, psychical neurasthenia and neuritis. The brain undergoes radical changes. One can observe instances of hunger delirium, melancholy, acute mental diseases, also provoked by hunger. A human being no longer resembles the sublime creation of God, but is being transformed into some kind of experimental animal. The newborn have not the slightest signs of the subcutaneous stratum of fat, and due to the low temperature surrounding them, as well as the complete absence of mother's milk, they perish the very first days of their lives.

The Plague of Vermin

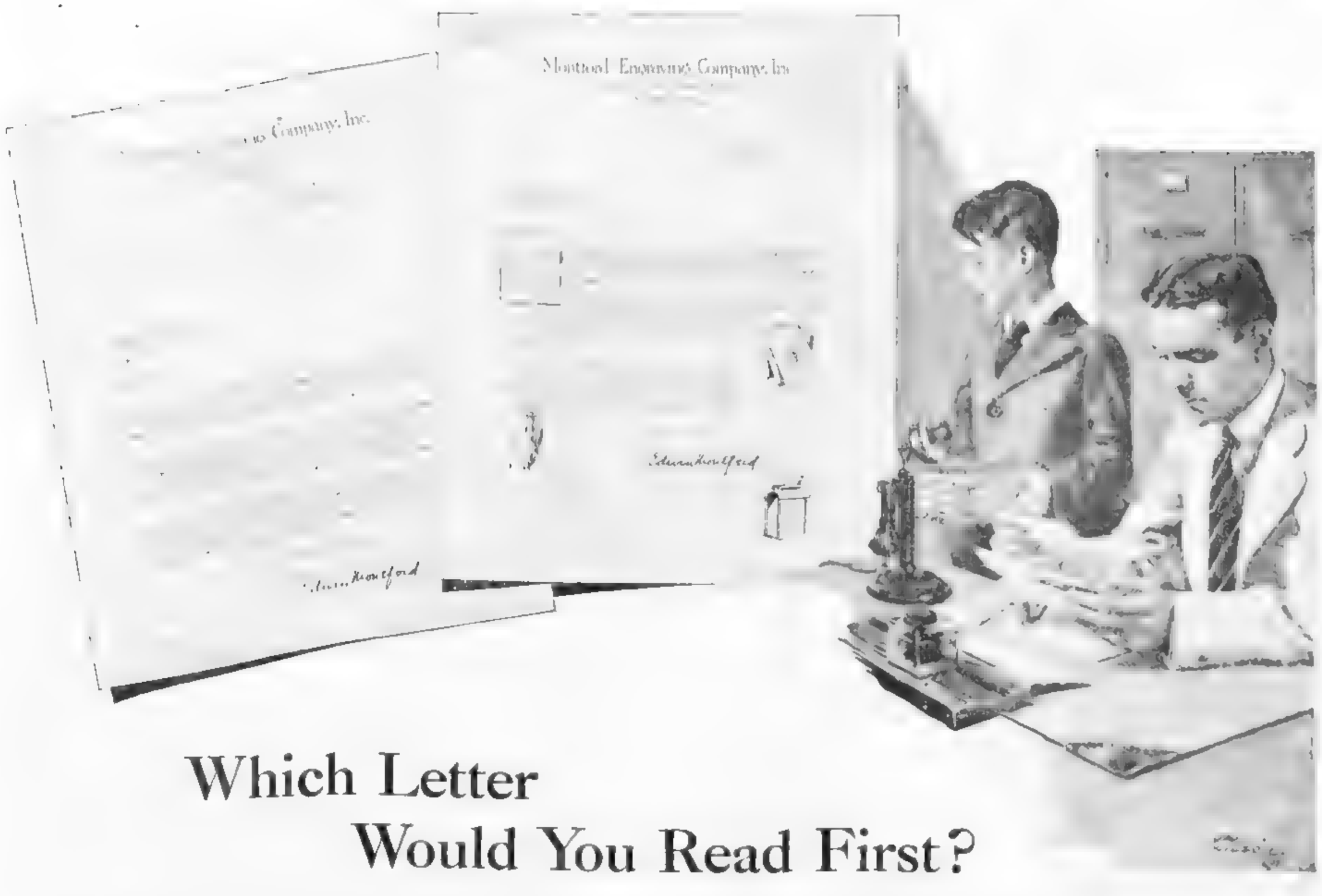
The physician has to face difficult hours when he has to treat his patients and when he feels his complete impotency. Many medicines, even the most indispensable ones, and such as are needed in urgent cases, are not available. One has to wait for the preparation of medicines from three to four days. Some pharmacies do not even have distilled water. Medicines are prepared carelessly. Often mistakes are made which sometimes threaten the very life of the patient.

The quantity of medicines allowed is reduced to a minimum. If a medicine has to be repeated the signature of the physician is required, and the most common and indispensable remedies are given only on a physician's prescription. The impossibility of the patient to build up satisfactory surrounding conditions, the absence of diet, as well as the absence of proper care, leave both the patient and the physician in an intolerable situation.

Those who come from provincial districts state that similar insanitary conditions prevail in almost all the cities of Soviet Russia. The fuel crisis is similar, the dirt is similar, the epidemic of cooties is the same. Various kinds of diseases are ravaging the provincial districts, sometimes even to a greater extent than Petrograd. It is interesting to note that all those who had to travel on the railroads inevitably contracted spotted or contagious typhus, it being obvious that such diseases are contracted in railroad cars.

It is justly considered that the first agents for spreading spotted and intermittent typhus are the bag carriers and those returning from the front. Recently the government adopted a series of measures for combating epidemics, such as the establishment of bathing institutions, but without hot water and soap, without fumigating plants, without fuel, and without the means of transportation for removing infected clothing and underwear, nothing can be done. Moreover, the permission to use private baths for public purposes, and the registration and numerous additional registrations, requisitions, mass meetings and endless mass meetings, aggravate the general conditions. The physicians' convention which dealt with the problem of combating spotted typhus, and which was held on February 16–18, 1920, came to the conclusion that no governmental or public measures of the kind which are practiced at present will put an end to the spread of epidemics. It is necessary to eradicate the very roots of the indifferent and rather optimistic attitude of the population toward parasites; it is necessary to convince it that parasites are its enemies; and finally it is necessary, in order to combat the epidemic, to supply sufficient fuel and soap and improve the food conditions.

(Continued on Page 165)



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THE GENERAL CORD TIRE

(Continued from Page 162)

But the epidemic of intermittent typhus in Petrograd does not slow down. Mortality has reached a terrible degree, and during the summer the epidemic of dysentery will develop, while it is possible that cholera and perhaps even a plague will affect the population. Thus it can be seen that Petrograd, being in such a horrible sanitary condition, constitutes a colossal danger for its neighbors, both from an epidemic point of view and in every other respect. My report gives but a weak picture of the conditions therein prevailing.

EXTRACTS FROM A REPORT OF THE ACTIVITIES OF THE STATISTICAL DIVISION OF THE DEPARTMENT OF REGIONAL PRODUCTS

High prices of products and an incredible increase in prices almost preclude, for the majority of the working population, the possibility of securing for themselves and for their families food supplies procured in the open markets. Moreover, difficulties in shipping food to Petrograd, the absence of a transportation system, mass raids of the markets artificially increase prices and make them higher and higher. Many products have almost completely disappeared from the markets and it is absolutely impossible to anticipate the level of prices to which they can rise.

Thus the underfeeding of an overwhelming majority of the population of Petrograd is inevitable. If in addition to that we take into consideration that the overwhelming majority of the population simultaneously suffer from cold, since a very few have a supply of fuel, while the majority have no fuel whatsoever and are unable to receive it from anywhere in a sufficient quantity, then it becomes clear that such a situation must affect mortality and the spread of diseases, as well as the birth rate; and much more so because the sanitary and hygienic conditions grow from bad to worse every day.

The aggravation of the situation manifests itself in the lack of medicines, the stoppage of the water supply and the decay of soil pipes—freezing—so that the tenants in many houses are themselves compelled to remove their filth and dirt to house yards, and fetch water, which results in the very economical use of water, especially on the upper floors.

The Staggering Death Rate

Let us refer to the figures pertaining to mortality which are given by the statistical department of the commissariat of public health. These figures show the per thousand rates during the respective years, and consequently run from 1911 to 1919 inclusive. The following is the characteristic row:

1911	21.5	1916	23.7
1912	25.1	1917	25.7
1913	22.2	1918	43.6
1914	22.5	1919	74.9
1915	23.2		

Due to cautiousness not to increase the figures deliberately, the statistical department of the commissariat of public health maintained as a basis of its calculation the total of the population of Petrograd as being 1,000,000, since the Communal Soviet determines the total population at 979,280, in accordance with the number of food cards. As a matter of fact, however, the number of food cards is much bigger than the estimated population, the discrepancy amounting to twenty-five per cent, or perhaps thirty per cent. Consequently the coefficient of mortality per thousand is much higher, and probably in reality reaches 100. But confining ourselves to official data, let us consider the rate of mortality as being equal to 74.9. For the characteristic of the mark thus reached let us note that the highest coefficient of mortality that was ever registered in Petrograd applies to the cholera year of 1848, having reached at that time sixty-six per thousand.

Let us further refer to figures of the birth rate in Petrograd during the period between 1911 and 1919 inclusive. The figures, also per thousand, show the following characteristic row:

1911	29.4	1916	19.4
1912	28	1917	15.9
1913	27.5	1918	15
1914	26.2	1919	13
1915	22.8		

Taking into consideration that the above figures, which were taken as a basis of the calculations of the commissariat of public health, are pretty accurate, since the regional soviets registered deaths more or less accurately, and since they do not possess data pertaining only to the mortality in the prisons and in the fortress, which makes the data of the regional soviets rather lower than higher, it becomes possible, taking into account the birth rate, to estimate the time, which is not far removed, when the city will completely die out—approximately in sixteen years. This will occur provided there be no radical change in the living conditions of the city. It is interesting to note that until 1915 the birth rate was higher than the rate of mortality, and in 1919 the rate of mortality was nearly six times the birth rate.

In order to make certain comparisons, the absolute figures of mortality are also indicative. Taking as the basis a population of 1,000,000 and a coefficient 74.9 we come to the conclusion that 74,900 died in Petrograd in one year. If we take into account that 22,000 deaths during a year—twenty-two per thousand—is a normal rate for Petrograd, then 52,000 deaths in 1919 were the result of abnormal living conditions. As a parallelism I wish to give the number of killed and wounded on the Russian side during the Liao-Yang Battle, which was 15,800 men; while during the whole Russo-Japanese War the number of Russians killed and wounded was 207,000. Among the wounded many came back to life and regained their health, whereas the above figure, 52,000, registers absolute deaths. Thus the population of Petrograd is engaged in a most bloody war; the number of victims continues to increase absolutely and relatively, so that all indications seem to be that in 1920 the mortality in Petrograd will be still higher and more accentuated than in 1919. The peculiarity of this war from a formal point of view is that men, women and children take part in it on an equal basis.

Professor Zeidler's Appeal

To the Red Cross Committees in All Countries: I appeal to you imploring you to consider the horror of the situation in Russia. Being, by virtue of my occupation, nearer to unfortunate Petrograd than other representatives of the Red Cross, I cannot longer keep silent in face of the horrors prevailing all over Russia, and particularly in her capital—Petrograd.

My appeal to you is justified by the great idea of mercy to those perishing, to those suffering. This idea underlies the whole activity of the Red Cross, lasting already many years, and which is the substance of the great task of extending help both to friends and enemies, without discrimination and separatism.

It is impossible not to be horrified by the scenes in the bitter everyday life of the unfortunate inhabitants of Petrograd. It is impossible not to be moved by their struggle with hunger and cold therein reigning, by the thousands of deaths occurring every month, and which threaten the speedy dying off of the remainder of the population of the former Russian capital, who are victims of spotted, abdominal and intermittent typhus, dysentery, Spanish influenza, smallpox, heavy pulmonary diseases and hunger exhaustion.

Nor is it possible to realize, without being moved, that these horrors are not a myth but a bitter reality, which is being confirmed by physician refugees who have escaped from Russia, and which is not being denied by the rulers of the perishing people, in statistical data published by them.

The dying off of a city with a population of many hundred thousands, the sufferings of people who are doomed to perish as a result of epidemics which are due to terrible unsanitary living conditions, compel us to appeal with all the might of our hearts for help and rescue, for the manifestation of a human attitude and mercy.

The appeal for help for perishing Russia on the part of the great nations is lost—they are busy with other problems; the sufferings, the very ruin of their former friends, are strange to them; or perhaps they haven't strength enough to render them assistance.

But there are all over the world branches of one organization which until now has faithfully performed its great task of giving relief to human sufferings—namely, the organization of the International Red Cross, which is free from any politics, any party dissensions and any class interests. And I believe that this organization will hear

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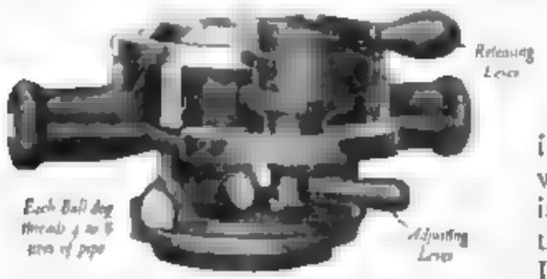

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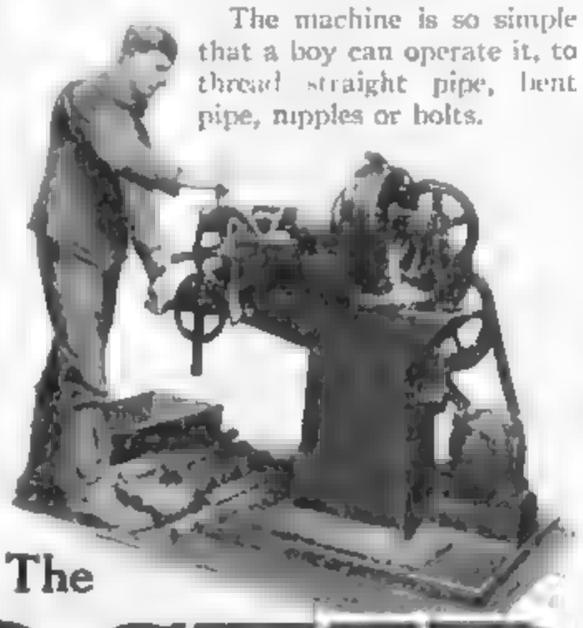

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the sobs of the perishing sufferers of Russia, and in the first place those of Petrograd. I do believe that the Red Cross will raise its voice before the parliaments and governments of all countries, and will speedily undertake the organization of efficient help by means of the establishment of an international sanitary-technical supply delegation which could render assistance in all respects, wherever help is needed.

In the statements preceding this memorandum correct data are given as to the situation in Petrograd, as well as certain considerations as to the means of bringing about relief.

I also take the liberty of mentioning in the following notes several considerations as to the establishment of the above international sanitary-technical and supply delegation.

(Signed) PROFESSOR ZEIDLER,
Chief Representative of the Russian Red Cross Society, Petrograd Branch.

BRIEF SCHEME FOR THE ORGANIZATION OF A SANITARY-TECHNICAL UNIT OF THE INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS

In proceeding with the achievement of its aims in Petrograd by means of dispatching thereto its sanitary-technical unit, the International Red Cross must previously receive guaranties as to the possibility of its working undisturbed and efficiently.

Such guaranties must consist of accurately formulated rights which would be given to the unit in its work, as well as in a precisely definite sphere within the limits of which the unit would be allowed to perform its work autonomously.

1. Complete personal inviolability, the inviolability of the chiefs of the unit, of all its representatives, agents, workmen, etc., who are employed by the unit, regardless of their citizenship; and also the inviolability of the members of their families, of private property and homes.

2. Exemption from requisition or compulsory expropriation, contributions, taxes, and any other kind of levy upon property, inventories, rolling stock, sanitary supplies, goods, materials, food supplies, animals, and other property of the unit.

3. Complete exemption of all the personnel of the unit, and of all its employees, from the first man to the last, regardless of age and citizenship, from any labor, duties, compulsory labor, mobilization both military and civil.

General Guaranties

4. Responsibility for all crimes and misdemeanors performed while on duty, of all employees of the unit, regardless of their citizenship, only and exclusively before the chief and the council of the unit. For any other crimes persons employed by the unit can be arrested upon request of court officials, regardless of their citizenship, exclusively, with the consent of the council of the unit.

5. Complete autonomy and uncontrollable liberty of activities of the unit within the granted sphere of its work.

6. Complete liberty of the personnel to travel, with the object of performing their work within the boundaries of the state and the right to apply for assistance to local governmental agents for the execution of the aims of the unit.

7. The right of leaving free the boundaries of Russia for all members of the unit, as well as the right to communicate by mail, wire and radio with institutions and persons outside of Russia.

8. The guaranty that general and special requests, decisions and instructions issued by the members of the unit, pertaining to the achievement of the aims of the unit within the limits of the granted sphere of activities, will be obeyed and fulfilled by agents of the civil authorities and private persons who are not employed by the sanitary-technical unit.

9. The protection of personal safety of all members of the unit, as well as of its dwellings, warehouses, belongings and other property, by means of armed force, upon the first request of the members of the unit.

10. The right to use the Red Cross flag as well as other signs, emblems and initials, by the members and institutions of the unit.

The necessity of establishing a sanitary-technical unit, and not merely a sanitary unit, is made clear by the information as to the complete destruction of all sanitary-technical apparatus in Petrograd—water pipe works, excavation, etc. Without the establishment of this apparatus of course no kind of sanitary work is possible.

In a general way the aim of the sanitary-technical unit consists in rendering assistance to the city of Petrograd:

1. In connection with the establishment of the sanitary-technical apparatus.

2. In connection with the establishment of sanitary conditions in dwellings and different other buildings, their disinfection and the cleansing of contagious localities as a means of combating mortality and epidemics.

3. In connection with the supplying of medical institutions with medicines, fumigative implements and materials, bandages, and other things necessary for treating the patients.

The Needs of the City

As to the scale of such help, it would depend entirely upon the financial and material assets of the unit. I deem it my duty to note that the personnel of the unit may not be numerous, as in Petrograd itself there are plenty of engineers, physicians, nurses, fumigators, etc., who are unable, however, to perform the necessary work, due to general disorganization and absence of materials.

In Petrograd there is a complete absence or at least a distinct lack of workmen of special technical training. Therefore it would be necessary to include a sufficient number of such workmen in the personnel of the unit.

In Petrograd there is a complete absence of materials needed for any kind of technical work, so that it would become necessary, in order to carry out the work of the sanitary-technical unit successfully, to prepare abroad as many materials of this kind as possible.

In Petrograd there is also an absence of medicines, Red Cross supplies and fumigative means, as well as of many objects of hospital equipment, hospital linen, etc. Things of this kind it is necessary to prepare in advance in as large quantities as possible.

There is also no means of transportation.

Substantial help can be rendered to Petrograd only with the above-mentioned equipment, and consequently only if there is a possibility of spending for such help very considerable sums, the refunding of which, it goes without saying, will be the first duty both of the Russian Red Cross and of the city of Petrograd, when at least there will be firm hope for their complete reëstablishment.

Confining myself to the above general remarks I wish to state only that the sanitary-technical committee attached to the office of the chief of the Petrograd Red Cross has worked out a detailed plan of sanitary-technical organization of Petrograd, which, of course, is at the full disposal of the international delegation, if only the idea of the establishment of such a delegation is carried out.

At the same time at the office of the chief of the Petrograd Red Cross there is available a fully elaborated and detailed plan for feeding the population of Petrograd. Without such help, of course, all other forms of help would be useless.

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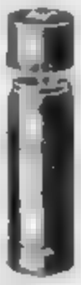

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THE CONFESSION OF A RECREATIONIST

(Continued from Page 19)

Frederick the Great was a wicked man, and engaged in long wars, but was so economical that at the conclusion of his controversies he owed nothing on war account. Contrast this economy with our waste; we had almost as many welfare workers to follow our armies abroad as Frederick had soldiers to win victories celebrated in history. A member of Congress says that in the recent war we spent three times as much as was necessary. Indeed, he declares that had we pursued an economical, sensible policy, we should have been abler fighters and of more assistance to our Allies.

If one dollar can be made more efficient than three in our democratic undertakings, I am unable to understand why, to oblige the writing men, we should throw in a two-dollar bill every time we invest a dollar in doing good.

Literature is well enough, more particularly as it relates to schoolbooks and news, but we should not make it a saint and put all it recommends on the tax rolls. Literature is noted for asking for things it cannot have, and is most eloquent in denouncing things that cannot be helped. In telling their wrongs the intellectuals are as unreliable as the little boy who has been justly whipped at school, and goes bawling home to tell his mother about it.

If a neighbor calls, attracted by the excitement, and the little boy is sent into the yard to get a switch of the size the teacher used in beating him, he will bring in a club much larger than the original, the teacher not being present to cross-examine him.

Writing men have long been busy demanding rights for the people that the people do not want.

As far back as the Paris Commune Paul Lafargue wrote a book entitled The Right to be Lazy, in which he said in the grand fashion:

"O laziness, mother of the arts and noble virtues, be thou the balm of human anguish! When it arrives at the realization of its strength, the proletariat must trample under foot the prejudices of Christian and economic ethics; it must proclaim the rights of laziness, a thousand times more noble and sacred than the anæmic rights of man concocted by the bourgeoisie. It must accustom itself to working but three hours a day, reserving the rest of the day and night for leisure and feasting. Instead of drinking moderately of bad wine, it will drink broad and deep bumpers of Bordeaux and Burgundy without a commercial baptism, and leave water to the beasts. Far better were it to scatter pestilence and poison the springs than to erect a factory in the midst of a rural population. The Indians of the warlike tribes of Brazil kill their invalids and old people; they show their affection for them by putting an end to lives no longer enlivened by combats, feasts and dances. How degenerate the modern proletarians to accept with patience the terrible miseries of labor!"

Seven Laws Repealed

Literature not only declares that laziness is the mother of the arts and virtues but that new laws may be adopted that will bless the people. I sometimes think there is not a more pitiful or hopeless muddle on the face of the earth than that existing to-day in one of our own states. North Dakota was given a perfect chance to bless its citizens by the literary method, but cursed them instead. These people are our own neighbors, and we know they are not anarchists, atheists or free lovers; they are largely hard working and worthy men and women who have believed too much in what idealists have taught them, with the result that after putting the literary method into effect their taxes "came nearer to trebling than doubling," I am informed by a teacher of political science who seems to have made an unprejudiced investigation.

I am told when Woodrow Wilson was governor of New Jersey he secured the adoption of seven laws for the good of humanity. These laws were so generous in their promises, and so forward looking, that some say they made a writing man President.

The last of the seven laws was repealed the other day by the New Jersey legislature. They were indeed forward looking, but it was found after a good deal of expense and trouble that they wouldn't work.

The sheep have been fooled so much in the past that I marvel that modern sheep are still asking the wolves: "What promises do you make us? What new laws will you give us?"

I have read a fine example of a book, Fathers and Sons, by the Russian Turgenieff, and I like his fathers better than I like his sons. One of the last named is Bazarov, the hero; a smart fellow, certainly, since he had Turgenieff's wonderful brain to form his speeches.

This Bazarov believed in nothing—not even in his own system.

There is, of course, much in the world to deny, question and investigate, but there is also much to accept and cherish. Bazarov's parents were fine old people, but he did not greatly care for them; they were old-fashioned, and not advanced, as he was. He made fun of everything, but had no adequate remedy for the evils of which he complained. He died early, as the result of a foolish action.

To the last an idler and braggart, his last words might have been: "I said I should rebel: and I rebel, I rebel."

Question and Answer

Life is a contest between fathers and sons. At thirty sons think they can improve on the conduct of their fathers, but in the end find insurmountable difficulties, as their fathers did. And the sons become old, sit in chimney corners, and are scolded in a manner almost as humiliating as a whipping. Sons find out for themselves; and they inevitably discover that some mountains cannot be stormed and crossed; that the old know a good many things it is a pity the young do not know.

In 1917 the brighter day long heralded by Bazarov arrived in Russia. There was nothing lacking to insure the peace and prosperity the Nihilists had long preached would come about as a result of their new thought.

You know the result: Russia is the shame of the world.

The leaders who promised so much were given their way, and they delivered nothing but starvation; they abandoned all their long-taught principles except murder, savagery and destruction.

A noted chief in useless endeavor writes me: "It has been officially shown that the profits of the big corporations producing the fundamental necessities of life during the period of the war exceeded the total capitalization of these concerns. Suppose that in the year 1914 the Government had taken over these industries, paying their full capitalized value—which is seventy per cent water. During the next five years the Government might have paid off all these bonds out of the profits, and the American people would have to-day been the undisputed owners of all the natural resources, with a perfect legal title. Can you answer this?"

When I was younger such a proposition and such a question would have stumped me; I should have been silent in the presence of a big-hearted man who knew of so much good that had not been accomplished, though so easy. But I can answer it now, after many years of experience.

The answer is: The statement isn't true.

And that is the answer to many other arguments in the books.

It is a beautiful and impressive theory that the people might have come into possession of all the natural resources in five years, under government ownership, but if the Government is so excellent a manager, why did it not pay off the bonds of the railroads during its recent control, and turn the properties over to the people with a perfect legal title?

Here is a good man who is constructive in his methods, and who has the highest possible ideals, but somewhere in the calculation he has dropped figures that properly belong in it.

The word "constructive" appears regularly in the speech and writing of every idealist; it is almost as popular with the

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To enjoy the comfortable assurance that body and clothing are free from all odors, apply a little "Mum" after the bath.

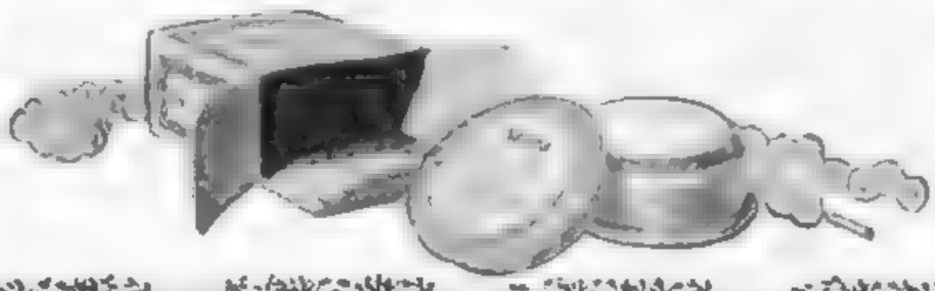
This dainty snow-white cream prevents all body odors, whether from perspiration or other causes.

"Mum" can be used with perfect safety, for it does not interfere with natural functions, and will not harm the skin or clothing.

You can get it at drug- and department-stores everywhere. Or we will mail you a jar postpaid on receipt of price, 25 cents.

Evans's Cucumber Jelly for sunburn and windburn—25c

George B. Evans 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia



The Penberthy Automatic Cellar Drainer Keeps Your Cellar Perfectly Dry

INSTALL a Penberthy Automatic Cellar Drainer and you will never again be bothered by having your cellar or basement flooded with water.

It is very easy and simple to install, as it simply connects to the water pipes. Once connected it works automatically.

When water collects it raises the float, of course, and this starts the drainer working. As soon as the water is gone the float drops down and it automatically stops.

The rising float opens a valve in the water pipe and the water flowing through the pipe creates a suction which pumps the refuse water out.

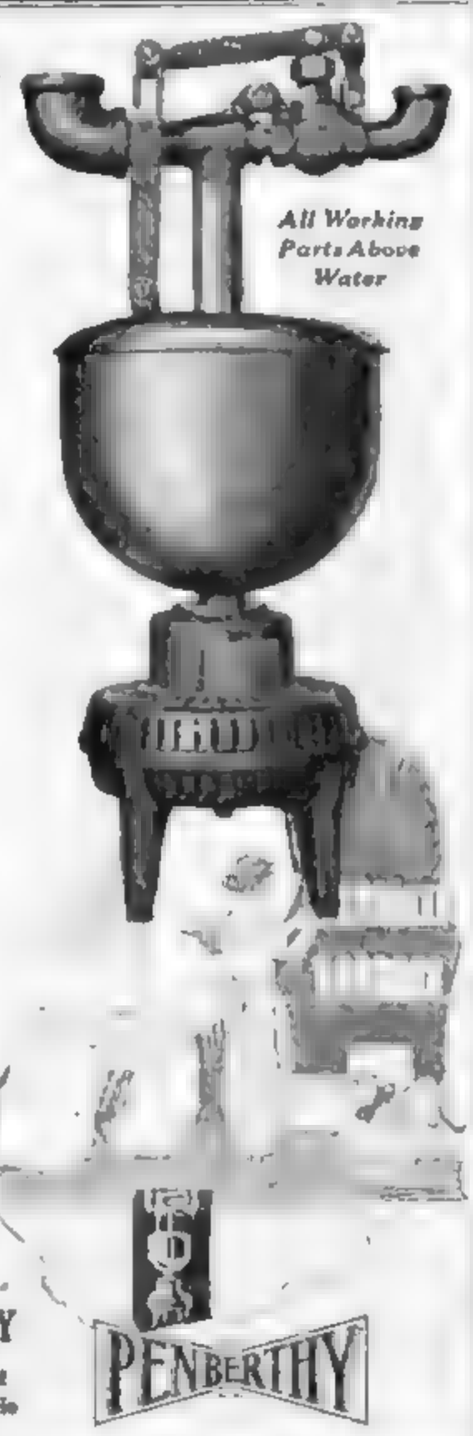
Nothing to get out of order. As all working parts are above water it is not damaged by rust or corrosion.

Requires only a very small space. Lasts for years.

For sale by plumbers and hardware stores. Your plumber or dealer should be able to show you one now.

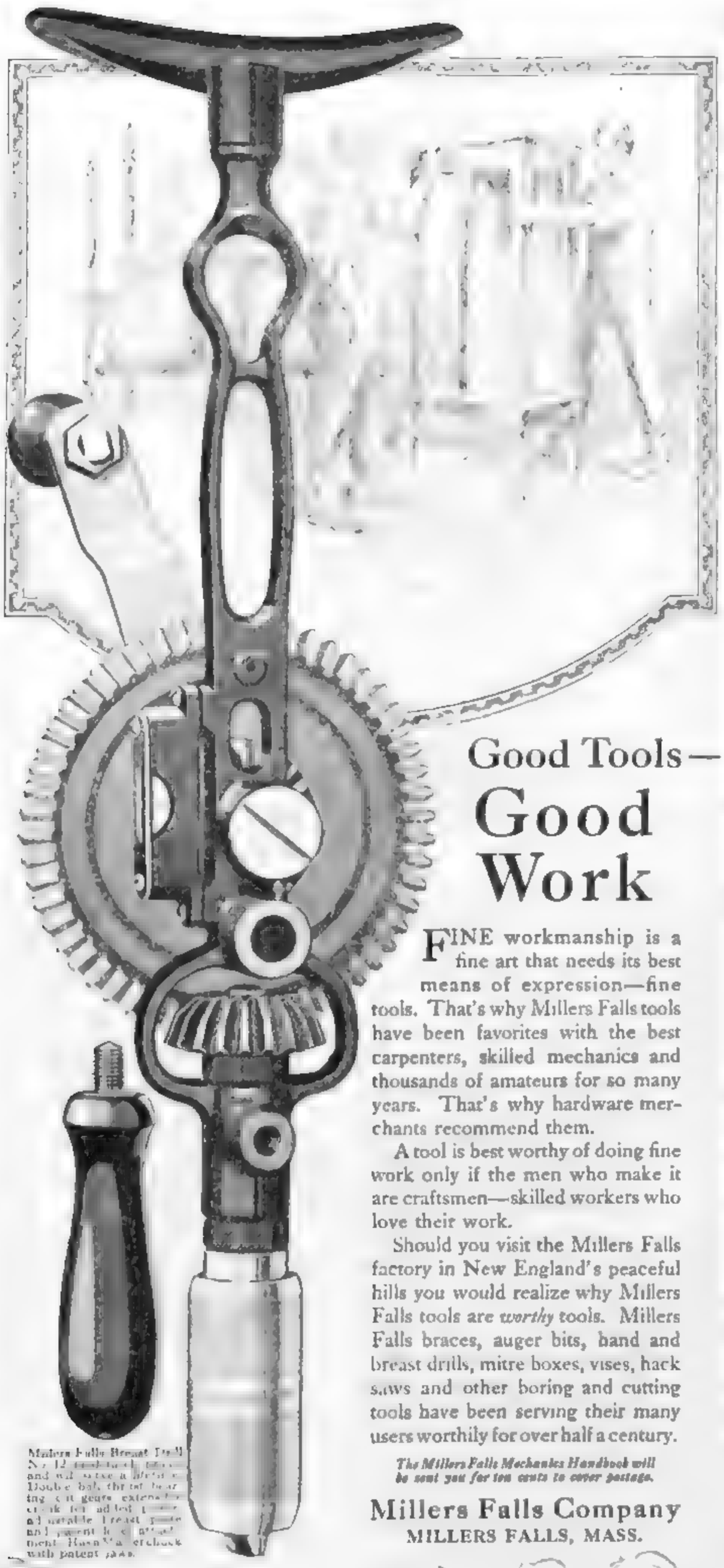
If he cannot, write us direct for complete details and the name of a dealer who can supply you. Address Dept. "I."

Penberthy Automatic Cellar Drainers are used also to drain scale pits, elevator pits, and by contractors and builders to keep excavations dry for workmen. Saves buying an expensive gasoline or electric pump.



PENBERTHY INJECTOR COMPANY

New York Depot 71 Beekman St. | Established 1858 DETROIT, MICH. | Canadian Plant Windsor, Ontario



Good Tools—
Good
Work

FINE workmanship is a fine art that needs its best means of expression—fine tools. That's why Millers Falls tools have been favorites with the best carpenters, skilled mechanics and thousands of amateurs for so many years. That's why hardware merchants recommend them.

A tool is best worthy of doing fine work only if the men who make it are craftsmen—skilled workers who love their work.

Should you visit the Millers Falls factory in New England's peaceful hills you would realize why Millers Falls tools are *worthy* tools. Millers Falls braces, auger bits, hand and breast drills, mitre boxes, vises, hack saws and other boring and cutting tools have been serving their many users worthily for over half a century.

The Millers Falls Mechanics Handbook will be sent you for ten cents to cover postage.

Millers Falls Company
MILLERS FALLS, MASS.

MILLERS FALLS TOOLS

The Berkshire Hills country—the home of Millers Falls Tools

gentry as "democracy." Both "constructive" and "democracy" are good words, as is "ideal"; but all three have been so greatly overloaded of late that worthy men may honestly and properly become reactionarists.

Bolshevism is actually the big question up for settlement to-day. We may put off other doctrines that have disturbed us, but we must accept or reject Bolshevism. And we know what that doctrine is; it is in practical operation in Russia, where a day's work is an hour's practice with rifle or pistol.

In case we decide Bolshevism is a bad thing, then we should watch literature more closely in future. The rioting of the Russians will finally be suppressed; it will burn itself out; but the rioting of the intellectuals extends to all parts of the earth; it has gone on many centuries, and is fiercer now than ever before. Literature has demanded too much, and we are on the verge of realizing it.

I used to believe that to build a big schoolhouse would educate a community, but lately have discovered that many ignorant people live in the shadow of large educational institutions. I once had an idea that when a public wrong had been committed, a mass meeting provided a remedy; but I am awakening to the knowledge that a mass meeting is sometimes a very ineffective and ridiculous affair—a criticism that may be passed on to Congress, state legislatures and conventions generally.

Many have told you what the trouble is. Possibly no great harm will result if it is attempted by an old-fashioned man and a reactionist. I say the trouble is we do not manage public affairs by rules we adopt in our own lives. With the best intentions in the world we have been led astray by boomers, propagandists, idealists and sentimentalists whose doctrines are not so sound as our own.

I do not appeal to the reader in the belief that he is an ignorant or a vicious man; I appeal to him as a good fellow who has been attempting too much on the advice of literature. I am not a wise man, but I know a little, and I know that little well. And this little convinces me there are clouds on the future so dark that we should return to old-fashioned principles well tried and safe. We have been crying "Wolf! Wolf!" a long time without a raid, but the wolves have become more numerous and bolder. Some spring in the near future, after a particularly hard winter, I fear the long-dreaded raid will occur, unless we sober up as soon as possible.

I do not complain because the fools are foolish. That is natural and inevitable, and to be expected. I complain because our most intelligent citizens are foolish in public affairs; they know conditions are bad and do nothing that can possibly improve the situation.

The typical American citizen of to-day is a fine fellow; a tremendous advance over his remote ancestors. If it is true our ancestors were once so bad it became necessary to drown all of them except members of one family, we are not that bad now. I find little fault with the people, except the muddle they have made of literature.

Grant what is justly due it, certainly; also all that is due sentiment, idealism, patriotism, democracy and progress, but remember you pay out many dollars in unnecessary taxes your wives and children could use to advantage. Depend more on the common sense tried out in your humdrum lives, and less on overwrought sentiment.

There is no dispute about the things we all should and do know, as individuals. Parents, the accepted books, schoolteachers, the neighbors—are agreed on the simple essentials; the big and expensive quarrels are over ideals.

A fact once established in the minds of individuals lasts a long time, and is disturbed with difficulty.

Everybody knows a crow is not so good to eat as a quail; yet I doubt if any man now living ever tried to eat a crow. But idealism will try dangerous experiments, not only once, which is sufficient for a wise man, but a dozen times.

The people everywhere are actually doing very well, as individuals. In every community you will find decency, order and progress the rule. I never knew a loafer, thief or drunkard who did not finally apologize, knowing he was an exception to the rule. I never knew a community where the ordinary moral standards did not prevail, nor one which did not improve a little from year to year, except in getting rid of overwrought sentiment. If the people could realize the absurd lengths to which this folly is being carried, and apply a remedy, they would almost be creditable to the progressive age in which they live.

The best advice I ever received, and which immediately demonstrated itself and did me good, came not from literature, but from a farmer who is my nearest neighbor. There is plenty of wisdom among the people; if it could be applied to public affairs we should finally be on our way, and know where we are going.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Table of Contents

October 16, 1920

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Temple Dusk—*Calvin Johnston*	3
A Delicate Adjustment—*Roland Pertwee*	12
The Kick—*Herschel S. Hall*	16
The Hard-Hearted Wretch—*Elizabeth R. King*	20

SERIALS

There Goes the Groom—*Gordon Arthur Smith*	9
The Pagan Madonna—*Harold MacGrath*	22
Seed of the Sun—*Wallace Irwin*	24

ARTICLES

Back to Barbarism	6
Can the Vice President be Useful?—*Franklin D. Roosevelt*	8
Maw's Vacation—*Emerson Hough*	14
The Confession of a Recreationist—*E. W. Howe*	19
How Radical are We?—*Samuel G. Blythe*	28
Raisin' Raisins—*Wilbur Hall*	31

DEPARTMENTS

Editorials	26
Sense and Nonsense	46

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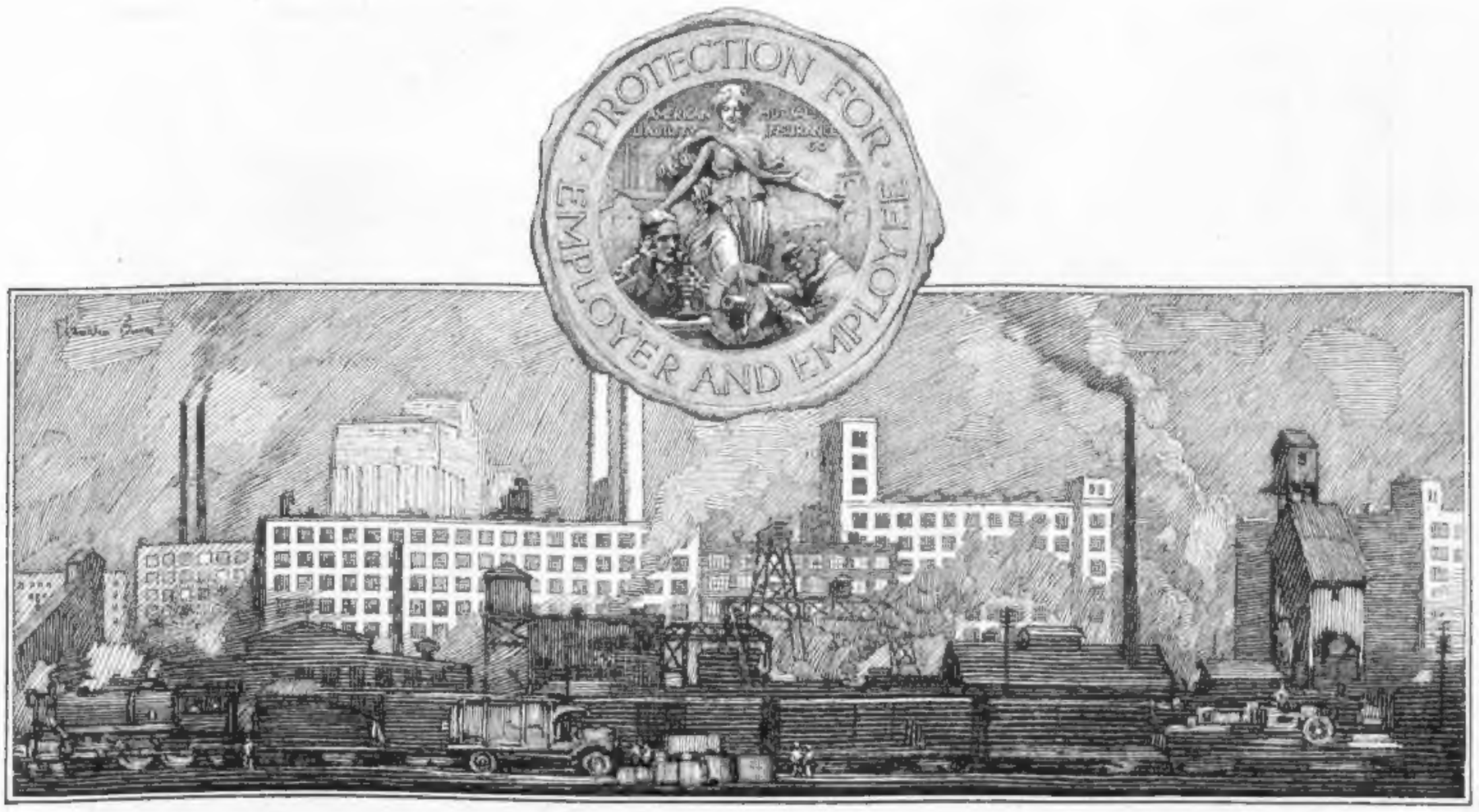

How Workmen's Compensation Insurance Helps to Stabilize Industry

The Ninth of a Series on the Story of Industrial Justice

IT IS just ten years since New York passed the first Workmen's Compensation Law in America. Today nearly every state in the Union protects its workers by Compensation Laws. What have these ten momentous years done to industry?

How easily we forget! The days before the Compensation enactments are lodged in memory with the days before the automobile; we have forgotten the clumsy injustice of the old system; we have forgotten the courts jammed with claims cases, the fleecing of the employee by ambulance-chasing lawyers, the terror of the "big verdict" that haunted the mind of the employer. . . .

Those days are past. Today Workmen's Compensation laws fix the sums to be paid by the employer for every accident. Complete justice is done to the injured man; and the liability of the employer can be accurately estimated in advance. A long step is taken toward the stabilizing of industry.

When the employer insures with the American Mutual he takes another step toward stabilizing his business. He pays the prevailing premium; he transfers his obligations—and with them his worries—to the capable hands of the American Mutual. His premium brings him membership in a league of far-seeing masters of industry; it brings him absolute security against the results of accident; it brings him Business Stability.

And membership in the American Mutual has always brought a great cash saving. *In 33 years the American Mutual has returned to its policyholders never less than thirty per cent of their premiums paid.*

The American Mutual has returned to its policyholders more than eight million dollars. And this at no sacrifice of its impregnable strength; its contingent fund is over $13,000,000—a bulwark of millions protecting the policyholders.

The American Mutual, the oldest, largest, and strongest mutual liability insurance company in America, will write Workmen's Compensation or Employers' Liability Insurance for firms of the same high standing as its present policyholders. It will give them the right to share in the cash saving made by the Mutual system.

And on Automobile Insurance, it extends thorough protection to the automobile owner; and has returned every year 30% of the premium to every policyholder.

It will pay you to learn more.

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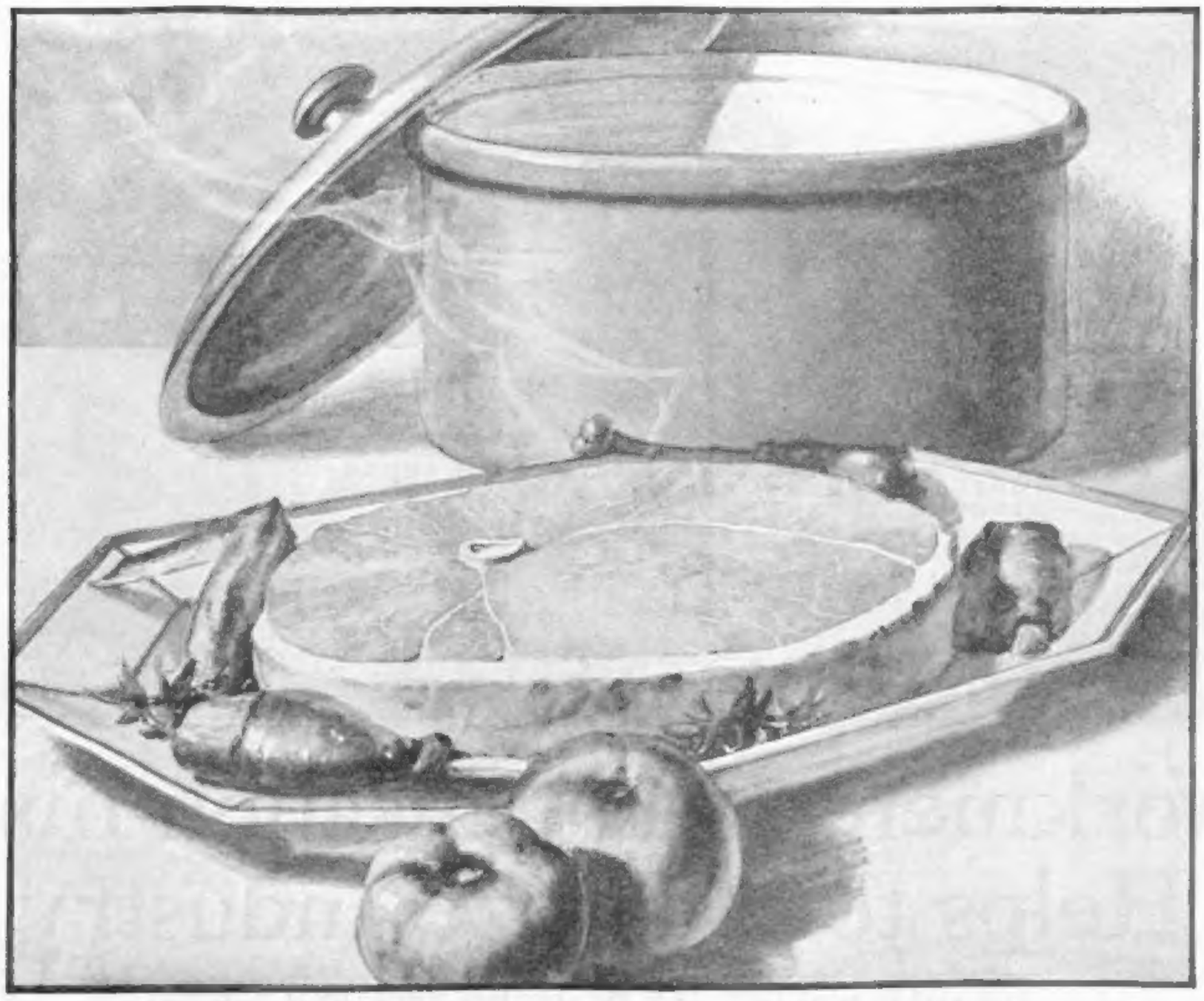


Premium ham and chicken en casserole

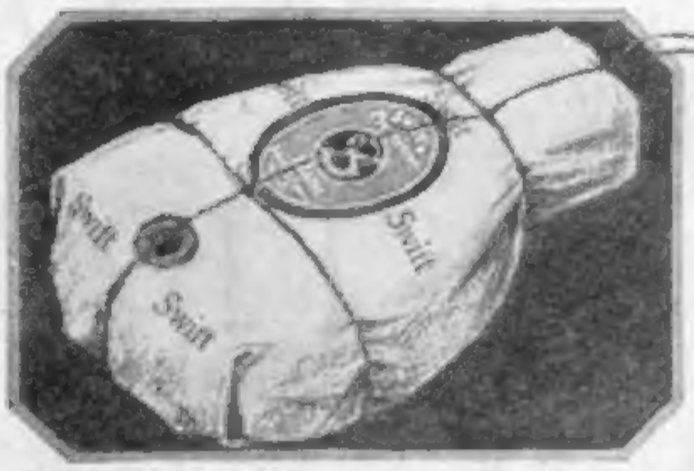
Put some butter or fat in a frying pan and in it brown a thick slice of ham and the joints of a chicken. Transfer them to a casserole and cover the ham with milk which has been slightly thickened. Put the cover on the casserole and set in the oven to bake for two hours. Season the gravy and serve.

Cooked together in this way the ham and chicken flavors blend into one delicious whole. The family will vow they have never tasted a finer meat dish. So savory, so tender and so good!

In ordering the ham make sure it is Swift's Premium. Swift's Premium Ham is just right when you buy it, sweet, mild and fine-textured. No need to parboil it before broiling or frying. There is no excessive salt in Swift's Premium Ham. It comes just right.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham



It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Hams before broiling or frying

Look for this blue tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

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It's "Big Y" Apple Time!

TRAINLOADS of big, juicy Jonathan apples are now leaving the famous Valley of the "Big Y" for convenient purchase from your neighborhood store.

"Big Y" Apples are scientifically raised in a real apple country. Particularly ideal, because here are combined rich soil, pure mountain water, warm sunny days, and nights cooled by mountain breezes. It's an atmosphere which makes for ruddy, juicy, health-giving apples.

"Big Y" Apples, having attained their irresistibly tempting ripe red color, are picked with greatest care, carefully graded, wrapped in clean white tissue and packed in sturdy boxes, insuring safe and sanitary delivery.

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"Big Y" Jonathans, in October and November. "Big Y" Delicious, best for eating—"Big Y" Spitzenburgs, for all purposes—"Big Y" Rome Beauties, premier baking and cooking apples, November to February inclusive. "Big Y" Winesaps, an all-winter variety, from December on. "Big Y" Yellow Newtowns, for eating and baking in the late winter and early spring.

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To assure utmost satisfaction to your apple-appetite, buy "Big Y's" and don't forget the economy and convenience of buying them by the box.

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Halloween 1920